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WORKS OF  
THOMAS CAMPION





# THOMAS CAMPION

SONGS AND MASQUES

WITH

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESY

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN

*Let well-tuned words amaze  
With harmony divine.*

LONDON

A. H. BULLEN

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MCMIII



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	ix
A BOOK OF AIRS . . . . .	. 6, 24 iv
TWO BOOKS OF AIRS . . . . .	46 . 41
THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOKS OF AIRS . . . . .	84 85
SONGS OF MOURNING . . . . .	142 . 131
MASQUE AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE LORD HAYES . . . . .	143
A RELATION OF THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE LORD KNOWLES . . . . .	177
THE LORDS' MASQUE . . . . .	195
MASQUE AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET . . . . .	215
OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESY . . . . .	229
SCATTERED VERSES . . . . .	268
NOTES . . . . .	281

## NOTE

WHEN I issued in 1887 the first edition of my anthology *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books*, the merits of Thomas Campion still waited recognition. Prof. Arber had included the greater part of his songs in *An English Garner*, vol. iii., but in 1887 Campion's admirers were few indeed. By critics and by anthologists he had been persistently neglected. I pleaded that the time had come for him to take his rightful place among our English poets; and the plea was so successful that he now runs the risk of becoming the object of uncritical adulation.

In the *editio princeps* (which I issued in 1889) of his collected works, I included all his Latin poems; but in the present volume I give only his English works—his songs, his masques and his *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*. The first edition of Campion's Latin poems (Campiani *Poemata*, 1595) is exceedingly rare. In 1889 I had not been able to trace a copy. At a later date Mr. W. H. Allnutt informed me that a perfect copy (the only perfect copy known) is in the possession of Viscount Clifden, who has very kindly allowed me to make free use of this precious little volume.

A. H. BULLEN.

February, 1903.

## INTRODUCTION

DR. THOMAS CAMPION was held in high esteem by his contemporaries ; but the materials for his memoir are very scanty. Dr. Jessopp, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, suggests that he was probably the second son of Thomas Campion of Witham, Essex, gent., by Anastace, daughter of John Spettey, of Chelmsford.<sup>1</sup> This suggestion cannot be accepted ; for it appears from Chester's *London Marriage Licences* that Thomas Campion of Witham married Anastace Spettey in 1597,—when Dr. Campion was about thirty years of age. Sir Harris Nicolas, in his preface to Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (p. cxxi), pointed out that a Thomas Campion was admitted a member of Gray's Inn in 1586 ;<sup>2</sup> and conjectured that this was the poet, who is shown to have had some connection with the Inn from the fact that in 1594 he wrote a song, "Of Neptune's empire let us sing," &c., for the Gray's Inn Masque. Had Nicolas been acquainted with Campion's Latin epigrams, he might

<sup>1</sup> See the *Visitation of London* (Harleian Society, 1880, i. 134).

<sup>2</sup> See *Admittances to Gray's Inn*, Harl. MS. 1912.

have greatly strengthened his case by adducing the following verses<sup>1</sup> addressed to the members of Gray's Inn :—

“ *Ad Graios.*

“ Graii, sive magis juvat vetustum  
Nomen Purpulii,<sup>2</sup> decus Britannum,  
Sic Astraea gregem beare vestrum,  
Sic Pallas velit, ut favere nugis  
Disjuncti socii velitis ipsi,  
Tetrae si neque sint, nec infacetæ,  
Sed quales merito exhibere plausu  
Vosmet, ludere cum lubet, soletis.”

The words “disjuncti socii” plainly show that Campion had at one time belonged to the society of Gray's Inn. But the legal profession (as we learn from more than one of his Latin epigrams) was not to his taste ; and he does not appear to have been called to the Bar. Applying himself to medicine, he took his degree of M.D., and practised as a physician. Dr. Jessopp supposes that his degree was taken abroad ; but we have clear evidence to prove that he studied at Cambridge. W[illiam] C[lerke] in *Polimanteia*, 1595, noticing various poets of the time, writes : “I know, Cambridge, howsoever now old, thou hast some young, bid them be chaste, yet suffer them to be witty ; let them be soundly learned, yet suffer them to be gentlemanlike qualified.” The marginal annotation to the passage is “Sweet Master Campion.” But I can find

<sup>1</sup> This epigram is not in the first edition (1595) of Campion's *Poemata*. It is found in the second edition (1619), No. 227 of “*Epigrammatum Liber Secundus*.”

<sup>2</sup> The name “Purpulii” has reference to the masque of 1594—“*Gesta Graiorum* ; or the History of the High and Mighty Prince Henry, Prince of *Purpoole*,” &c. Gray's Inn was jocularly styled for the occasion “The State of Purpoole.”

no particulars about Campion's Cambridge career. He is not once mentioned in Messrs. Cooper's *Athenae Cantabrigienses*.

Among the poems "of Sundrie other Noblemen and Gentlemen" annexed to the surreptitious edition (Newman's) of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591, was printed anonymously Campion's delightful song "Hark, all you ladies that do sleep;" and in 1593 he was praised in the prologue to Peele's *Honour of the Garter*. It is clear that many of his poems had been circulated in MS., according to the custom of the time, among his friends. Peele addresses him as

"thou  
That richly clothest conceit with well-made words."

The reference in *Polimanteia* is probably to his English poems; and in Harl. MS. 6910, which is dated 1596, three of his songs are found. Doubtless much of his best work was written before the close of the sixteenth century.

The first of Campion's publications was a volume of Latin poems, entered in the Stationers' Register 2nd December, 1594 (Arber's "Transcript,"<sup>1</sup> ii. 666), and printed in the following year. So rare is the edition of 1595 that only one perfect copy, in the library of Viscount Clifden, is known to exist. This collection, with large additions and a dedication to Charles, Prince of Wales, was reprinted in 1619. The

<sup>1</sup> "Richard feild Entred for his copie vnder the wardens hands in court a booke intituled THOMA CAMPIANE *Poema* . . . vj<sup>d</sup>."



first edition of the *Poemata* is a 16mo., containing fifty leaves (Title page; verso blank; A 2 "Ad Lectorem," with "Errata" on verso; sigs. B, C, D, E, F, G, each of eight leaves). It was issued by Richard Field,<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare's fellow-townsmen and the printer of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. The first poem is in praise of Queen Elizabeth, "Ad Dianam"; it is followed by poems on the Earl of Essex ("Ad Daphnin") and on the defeat of the Spanish Armada ("Ad Thamesin"). These three pieces were not reprinted in ed. 1619. The fourth poem, "Fragmentum Umbrae," was afterwards enlarged. Then follows a group of sixteen elegies:

<sup>1</sup> In the dedicatory address ("Ad Librum") to his friends Edward and Laurence Mychelburne, prefixed to the epigrams, Campion thus refers to Field:—

"I nunc, quicquid habes ineptiarum,  
 Dammate in tenebras diu libelle,  
 Dedas Feldisio, male apprehensum  
 Prælo ne quis ineptior prophanet.  
 Deinde ut fueris satis polite  
 Impressus, nec egens novi nitoris,  
 Mychelbornum adeas utrumque nostrum,  
 Quos ætas, studiumque par, amorque  
 Mi connexuit optime merentes:  
 Illis vindicibus nihil timebis  
 Celsas per maris æstuantis undas  
 Rhenum visere, lubricumve Tybrim  
 Aut hostile Tagi aureum fluentum."

(The text gives "Felsidio," but the correction "Feldisio" is made in the list of "Errata.") This dedication was retained in ed. 1619, but—as that volume was printed by E. Griffin—the mention of Field was cancelled, and the opening lines ran:—

"I nunc, quicquid habes ineptiarum  
 Damnatum tenebris diu, libelle,  
 In lucem sine candidam venire  
 Excusoris ope eruditioris:  
 Exinde ut fueris," &c.

THOMÆ  
CAMPIONI  
POEMAT.

*Ad Thameſin.*  
*Fragmentum ſ. mbræ.*  
*Liber Elegiarum.*  
*Liber Epigrammatum.*



LONDINI.  
Ex officina Typographica  
Richardi Field.

1595.



ten were reprinted in ed. 1619, with the addition of two new elegies. One of the six pieces that were omitted from the later edition is headed "Ad amicos cum aegrotaret," and vividly describes a fit of profound dejection. The rest of the volume consists of epigrams. Most of these were reprinted in ed. 1619, but a few are found only in the early edition. In ed. 1619 all the epigrams in the First Book were new: the epigrams reprinted from ed. 1595 were included (with more than a hundred additional pieces) in the Second Book.

From the epigrams we learn something of the society in which Campion moved. A tribute of glowing admiration is paid to the famous lutenist and composer John Dowland. In 1597 Campion prefixed commendatory Latin verses to Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Aires*; but I fear that in later years an estrangement must have been brought about, for the epigram given below from the 1595 volume was not reprinted in the edition of 1619:—

"*Ad Io. Dolundum* [*sic*].

"O qui sonora cœlites altos cheli  
 Mulces, & umbras incolas atræ Stygis,  
 Quam suave murmur! quale fluctu prominens  
 Lygia madentes rore dum siccat comas,  
 Quam suave murmur flaccidas aures ferit,  
 Dùm lenis oculos leviter invadit sopor!  
 Ut falce rosa dissecta purpureum caput  
 Dimittit, undique foliis spargens humum,  
 Labuntur hei sic debiles somno tori,  
 Terramque feriunt membra ponderibus suis.  
 Dolande, misero surripis mentem mihi,  
 Excorsque cordæ [*sic*] pectus impulsæ premunt.  
 Quis tibi deorum tam potenti numine  
 Digitos trementes dirigit? is inter deos  
 Magnos oportet principem obtineat locum.

Tu solus affers rebus antiquis fidem,  
 Nec miror Orpheus considens Rhodope super  
 Siquando rupes flexit et agrestes feras.  
 At, ô beate, siste divinas manus,  
 Jam jam parumper siste divinas manus !  
 Liquescit anima, quam cave exugas mihi."

Another friend of Campion was William Percy (a son of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland), the author of a collection of sonnets, *Caelia*, 1595. Percy was a member of Gloucester Hall, now Worcester College, Oxford; and to the same society belonged Edward Mychelburne (or Michelbourne), who, with his brothers Laurence and Thomas, was among Campion's most intimate friends.<sup>1</sup> Wood calls Edward Mychelburne "a most noted poet of his time;" but with the exception of two copies of commendatory verses prefixed to Peter Bales' *Art of Brachygraphy*, 1597, some Latin verses before Fitzgeffrey's *Affaniae* and a contribution to *Camdeni Insignia* 1624, he published nothing. Both Fitzgeffrey and Campion thought very highly of his abilities, and urged him to print a work which they had read with admiration in MS. Another member of the Oxford circle was Barnabe Barnes, the lyric poet and sonneteer. For some unknown reason Campion quarrelled with Barnes, whom he assailed with epigrams both Latin and English. Nashe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, refers gleefully to that "universal applauded Latin poem of Master Campion's" in which

<sup>1</sup> Epigrams to Percy, Edward Mychelburne and Laurence Mychelburne were reprinted in the 1619 edition, where is also found an epigram (not in ed. 1595) to Thomas Mychelburne.

Barnes is taunted with cowardice.<sup>1</sup> In or before 1606 a reconciliation was patched up between Barnes and Campion; for in that year Campion prefixed two copies of commendatory verses to Barnes' *Four Books of Offices*. But the quarrel was subsequently renewed; and in 1619 Campion not only retained the obnoxious epigram of 1595, but added another (i. 17) in ridicule of Barnes. Campion's relations with the brilliant satirist Thomas Nashe appear to have been most cordial. In the edition of 1595 we find the following epigram:—

*“Ad Nasium.*

“Commendo tibi, Nashe, Puritanum  
 Fordusum, & Taciti canem Vitellum  
 Teque oro tua per cruenta verba,  
 Perque vulnificos sales, tuosque  
 Natos non sine dentibus lepores,  
 Istudque ingenii tui per acre  
 Fulmen insipidis & inficetis  
 Perindè ac tonitru Jovis timendum;  
 Per te denique candidam Pyrenen,  
 Parnassumque Heliconaque Hippocrinenque  
 Et quicumque vacat locus camœnis  
 Nunc oro, rogoque improbos ut istos  
 Mactes continuis decem libellis:  
 Nam sunt putiduli, atque inelegantes,  
 Mireque exagitant sacros poetas  
 Publiumque tuum, & tuum Maronem,  
 Quos amas uti te decet, fovesque  
 Nec sines per ineptias perire.  
 Ergo si sapis undique hos latrones  
 Incursabis, & erues latentes,  
 Conceptoque semel furore nunquam  
 Desistes, at eos palam notatos  
 Saxis contuderit prophana turba.”

<sup>1</sup> *“In Barnum.*

“Mortales decem tela inter Gallica cæsos  
 Marte tuo perhibes, in numero vitium est:  
 Mortales nullos si dicere, Barne, volebas,  
 Servasset numerum versus, itemque fidem.”

The heading "Ad Nashum" was altered in ed. 1619 to "Ad Nassum," but undoubtedly the person addressed was Nashe. It may be noted that in ed. 1619 the first two lines ran :—

"Commendo tibi, Nasse, pædagogum  
Sextillum et Taciti canem Potitum."

The "Puritanum" or "pædagogum" may have been Gabriel Harvey, but I can make no guess at his fellow-delinquent. The words "putiduli atque inelegantes" and "exagitant sacros poetas" suggest that Campion is deriding Harvey's insipid attempts at writing English hexameters and elegiacs.

An epigram in ed. 1595, not reprinted in the later edition, is addressed to Sir John Davies, author of *Orchestra* and *Nosce Tripsum* :—

"*Ad. Io. Davisium.*

"Quod nostros, Davisi, laudas recitasque libellos  
Vultu quo nemo candidiore solet :  
Ad me mitte tuos, jam pridem postulo, res est  
In qua persolvi gratia vera potest."

The following couplet to Spenser was not reprinted :—

"*Ad Ed. Spencerum.*

"Sive canis silvas, Spencere, vel horrida belli  
Fulmina, dispeream ni te amem, et intime amem."

There are memorial poems on Walter Devereux (brother of the Earl of Essex), who was killed by a musket shot under the walls of Rouen in September 1591, and on Sir Philip Sidney. One epigram is inscribed "Ad Ge. Chapmannum," doubtless George Chapman the poet. In ed. 1619 it was reprinted with the heading "Ad Corvinum," and under that



title was included in my 1889 edition of Campion (pp. 339-340). A clever but somewhat malicious couplet was directed against Nicholas Breton:—

“*In Bretonem.*

“*Carmine defunctum, Breto, caute inducis Amorem;  
Nam numeris nunquam viveret ille tuis.*”

This was retained in ed. 1619.

Other epigrams show that Campion was jealous for the honour of his profession and viewed with contempt the pretensions of quacks.<sup>1</sup>

Among the epigrams first printed in ed. 1619 we find mention of other friends of Campion. Two are addressed to Charles Fitzgeffrey, the author of a spirited poem, *Sir Francis Drake, His Honorable Life's Commendation*, &c., 1596. In 1601 Fitzgeffrey published a volume of Latin epigrams, *Affaniae*, and addressed two of them to Campion. As *Affaniae* is a scarce little book, which few readers have seen, I will quote one of the epigrams:—

“*Ad Thomam Campianum.*

“*O cujus genio Romana elegeia debet  
Quantum Nasoni debuit ante suo!  
Ille, sed invitus, Latiis deduxit ab oris  
In Scythicos fines barbaricosque Getas.  
Te duce caeruleos invisit prima Britannos  
Quamque potest urbem dicere jure suam.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Campion was a physician of note. He is mentioned in a copy of satirical verses, “Of London Physicians,” privately printed (in 1879) from a MS. common-place book of a Cambridge student, circa 1611:—

“How now Doctor Champion, musick's & poesies stout  
Champion,  
Will you nere leaue prating?”

This is very mild satire. Many of his brother practitioners are far more severely noticed.

(Magnus enim domitor late, dominator et orbis  
 Viribus effractis, Cassivelane, tuis,  
 Julius Ausonium populum Latiosque penates  
 Victor in hac olim jusserat urbe coli.)  
 Ergo relegatas Nasonis crimine Musas  
 In patriam revocas restituisque suis."

A couple of fine epigrams are addressed by Campion to Bacon, whose *De Sapientia Veterum* is enthusiastically praised. To Bacon's learning, eloquence, and munificence Campion paid a worthy tribute :—

"Quantus ades, seu te spinosa volumina juris,  
 Seu schola, seu dulcis Musa (Bacone) vocat !  
 Quam super ingenti tua re Prudentia regnat,  
 Et tota aethereo nectare lingua madens !  
 Quam bene cum tacita nectis gravitate lepores !  
 Quam semel admissis stat tuus almus amor !  
 Haud stupet aggesti mens in fulgore metalli ;  
 Nunquam visa tibi est res peregrina dare."

Well-earned praise is bestowed on William Camden, and Sir Robert Carey, first Lord Monmouth, is very cordially greeted. Poor voluminous Anthony Munday is gently satirised. He had been a popular writer in his time, but the public had tired of him. Hence publishers would take his work only on condition that his name was kept off the title-page (a stipulation that publishers sometimes make to-day) :—

"*In Mundum.*

"Mundo libellos nemo vendidit plures,  
 Novos, stiloque a plebe non abhorrenti ;  
 Quos nunc licet lectoribus minus gratos  
 Librarii emptitant, ea tamen lege  
 Ne Mundus affigat suis suum nomen."

From one epigram we learn that Campion was sparely built, and that he envied men of a full habit of body.

"Crassis invideo tenuis nimis ipse, videtur  
 Satque mihi felix qui sat obesus erit.  
 Nam vacat assidue mens illi, corpore gaudet,  
 Et risu curas tristitiamque fugat.  
 Praecipuum venit haec etiam inter commoda, Luci,  
 Quod moriens minimo saepe labore perit."

I suspect that few will care to read all these epigrams, though Campion's Latinity is usually easy and elegant, and occasionally recalls the compact neatness of Martial. He handled hendecasyllables with some success, and the Sapphics are gracefully turned. Meres, in *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, mentions him among the "English men, being Latin poets," who had "attained good report and honourable advancement in the Latin empire." It would be difficult to name any other English writer of that time whose Latin verse shows so much spirit and polish.

But it is not by his Latin verse that Campion will be remembered. In 1601 appeared the first collection of his English songs, *A Booke of Aires*. The music was written partly by Campion and partly by Philip Rosseter; but all the poetry, we may be sure, was Campion's. From the dedicatory epistle by Rosseter it appears that Campion's songs had been circulated in MS., "whereby they grew both public and, as coin cracked in exchange, corrupt"; further, that some impudent persons had claimed the credit both of the music and the poetry. The unsigned address To the Reader, which follows the dedicatory epistle, was clearly written by Campion. "The lyric poets among the Greeks and Latins," we are told, "were first

inventors of airs, tying themselves strictly to the number and value of their syllables; of which sort you shall find here only one song, in Sapphic verse; the rest are after the fashion of the time, ear-pleasing rhymes without art." Let us be thankful that there was only one Sapphic, and that the rest of the songs were in "ear-pleasing rhymes." It would have been a sad loss to English poetry if Campion had abandoned rhyme and written his songs in unrhymed metres formed on classical models. In 1602, the year after the publication of his *Book of Airs*, he produced his *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*, in which he strove to show that the "vulgar and unartificial custom of rhyming" should be forthwith discontinued. The specimens of unrhymed verse that he gives in his *Observations*—iambic dimetres, trochaics, Anacreontics, and the rest—are, with few exceptions, merely interesting as metrical curiosities. There was a time when Spenser busied himself with profitless metrical experiments and sought the advice of such persons as Drant and Gabriel Harvey; but both Spenser and Campion soon saw the error of their ways. Rhyme found an able champion in Samuel Daniel, who promptly published his *Defence of Rhyme*, 1602 (ed. 2, 1603), in answer to Campion's *Observations*. Daniel expressed his surprise that an attack on rhyme should have been made by one "whose commendable rhymes, albeit now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth." He was careful to state, with that courtesy which distinguished him,

that Campion was "a man of fair parts and good reputation." Ben Jonson wrote (as we learn from his conversations with Drummond) a Discourse of Poesy "both against Campion and Daniel"; but it was never published.

"Ear-pleasing rhymes without art." Such is the description that Campion gives of his songs. "Ear-pleasing" they undoubtedly are; there are no sweeter lyrics in English poetry than are to be found in Campion's song-books. But "without art" they assuredly are not, for they are frequently models of artistic perfection. It must be admitted that there is inequality in Campion's work; that some of the poems are carelessly worded, others diffuse. But when criticism has said its last word in the way of disparagement, what a wealth of golden poetry is left! There is nothing antiquated about these old songs; they are as fresh as if they had been written yesterday. Campion was certainly not "born out of his due time"; he came at just the right moment. Lodge and Nicholas Breton were less fortunate; they could not emancipate themselves, once for all, from the lumbering versification on which their youth had been fostered. Campion's poetry is sometimes thin, common-place if you will, but it is never rude or heavy. "In these English airs," he writes in the address To the Reader before *Two Books of Airs*, "I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together"; and he succeeded. His lyrics are graceful and happy and unconstrained; never a jarring note; everywhere ease and simplicity. John

Davies of Hereford (in the addresses To Worthy Persons appended to *The Scourge of Folly*, 1610-11) praised him in most felicitous language :—

“ Never did lyrics' more than happy strains,  
Strained out of Art by Nature so with ease,  
So purely hit the moods and various veins  
Of Music and her hearers as do these.”

The praise could hardly be bettered ; for every reader must be struck by Campion's sureness of touch and by his variety. His devotional poetry impresses the reader by its sincerity. The achievements of our devotional poets are for the most part worthless, and our secular poets seem to lose their inspiration when they touch on sacred themes. To fine religious exaltation Campion joined the true lyric faculty ; and such a union is one of the rarest of literary phenomena. His sacred poems never offend against good taste. In richness of imagination the man who wrote “ When thou must home to shades of underground,” and “ Hark, all you ladies that do sleep,” was the equal of Crashawe ; but he never failed to exhibit in his sacred poetry that sobriety of judgment in which Crashawe was sometimes painfully deficient.<sup>1</sup>

In 1607 was published Campion's first masque,

<sup>1</sup> I suspect that Campion clung to the older faith. He may have been related to Edmund Campion the Jesuit, executed in 1581. Some of his most intimate friends—the Mychelburnes, William Percy, Monson and others—were Roman Catholics. Whatever may have been his religious convictions, no charge of disloyalty could be laid against him. In the Latin poem “ Ad Thamesin ” he had exulted over the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and in “ Bravely decked, come forth, bright day ” (p. 51) he expressed his detestation of the Gunpowder Plot.

written for the marriage of Sir James Hay, and presented at Whitehall before the King on Twelfth-night, 1606-7. It is a pleasing and ingenious entertainment, the song of the Sylvens—"Now hath Flora robbed her bowers"—being in Campion's choicest style. The additional songs at the end are not so successful; but the Apology to the Reader, "Neither buskin now nor bay," is wholly delightful. In 1613 Campion prepared three masques: one, the Lords' Masque, for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, another for the Queen's entertainment at Cawsome [Caversham] House near Reading, and the third for the marriage of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset. Chamberlain gives an indifferent account of the Lords' Masque in one of his letters: "Of the Lords' Masque I hear no great commendation, save only for riches, their devices being long and tedious, and more like a play than a masque" (Winwood's *Memorials*, iii. 435). It is to be noticed that Chamberlain himself was not present; he wrote merely from hearsay. The star-dance, arranged by Inigo Jones, was surely most effective; and the hearers must have been indeed insensate if they were not charmed by the beautiful song, "Advance your choral motions now." It is gratifying to find Campion at the close of the song commending Inigo Jones' skill and modestly putting himself in the background: "According to the humour of this song, the stars moved in an exceeding strange and delightful manner, and I suppose few have ever seen more neat artifice than Master Inigo Jones



shewed in contriving their motion, who in all the rest of the workmanship which belonged to the whole invention shewed extraordinary industry and skill, which if it be not as lively exprest in writing as it appeared in view, rob not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his instructions for the adorning of his art." Campion's relations with Inigo Jones were pleasanter than Ben Jonson's. Of the masque in honour of the nuptials of the Earl of Somerset and the infamous Lady Frances Howard, presented at Whitehall on St. Stephen's night, 1613, Chamberlain again speaks disparagingly: "I hear little or no commendation of the masque made by the Lords that night, either for device or dancing, only it was rich and costly." One thing is certain,—that it was infinitely too good for the occasion. With what bitter mockery the Fates answered the poet's prayer for the happiness of the bridegroom and the bride!—

"All blessing which the Fates prophetic sung  
At Peleus' nuptials, and whatever tongue  
Can figure more, this night and aye betide  
The honoured bridegroom and the honoured bride."

It is to be regretted that Campion should have come forward to bless so unhallowed a union.<sup>1</sup>

The untimely death of Prince Henry, in November 1612, was a heavy blow for the whole nation, and for

<sup>1</sup> The *Masque of Flowers*, presented by the Gentlemen of Grays' Inn on Twelfth-night, 1613-4, in honour of Somerset's marriage, has been hastily attributed to Campion; but I cannot discover that he had any hand in it. The poetry is of an inferior order.

men of letters in particular. There was no insincerity in the grief shown by the poets. Each felt that he had lost a friend and a protector; for this young Prince—he was but eighteen when he died—had shown himself a true patron of art and letters. To him Drayton had dedicated the *Polyolbion*, and under his patronage Chapman had laboured at his translation of Homer. Campion, who no doubt had been personally acquainted with the Prince, was among those whose grief found utterance in verse. He issued in 1613 a small collection of songs entitled *Songs of Mourning*, set to music by an eminent composer, John Coperario (whose real name was John Cooper). The songs are dedicated to the King, the Queen, Prince Charles, Princess Elizabeth, the Count Palatine (who had come to England to marry the Princess Elizabeth, and whose marriage had been postponed owing to the Prince's death), to Great Britain, and to the World. Good though they are, these songs do not rank with Campion's best work, for he was necessarily somewhat cramped by the nature of the subject. The elegy that precedes the songs bears eloquent testimony to the Prince's virtues and abilities.

Campion's second song-book, *Two Books of Aires*, is undated; but it must have been issued after November 1612 (probably in 1613), for in one of the songs there is a reference to the death of Prince Henry (p. 62). The first book consists of "Divine and Moral Songs," and is dedicated to the Earl of Cumberland, who appears from the prefatory sonnet to have been a patron of Campion:—

“What patron could I choose, great Lord, but you?  
 Grave words your ears may challenge as their own :  
 And every note of music is your due  
 Whose house the Muses' Palace I have known.”

The second book, a collection of love-songs, “*Light Conceits of Lovers*,” is dedicated to the Earl's eldest son, Lord Clifford. From the Address to the Reader we learn that Campion had many other songs in reserve; “but of many songs,” he writes, “which, partly at the request of friends, partly for mine own recreation, were by me long since composed, I have now enfranchised a few.”

In his latest collection, the *Third and Fourth Books of Airs*, he enfranchised a few more. The third book was dedicated to Sir Thomas Monson, and the fourth book to his son, John Monson. In 1615 Sir Thomas Monson was examined in regard to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and in October of that year a warrant was issued for his arrest. During his confinement in the Tower Campion was allowed to act as his medical attendant (Hist. MS. Comm., Rep. vii., 671). It appears that Campion himself was examined on 26 October, 1615. He admitted that he had received £1400—£1000 in gold and £400 in “white money”—from Alderman Helwys (or Elwys) on behalf of Sir Gervase Helwys, for the use of Sir Thomas Monson, the midsummer after Sir Gervase became Lieutenant of the Tower; but he knew not for what consideration the money was paid (Cal. State Papers, Dom., 1611-19).<sup>1</sup> Sus-

<sup>1</sup> I have referred to the original document in the Record Office, but it gives no additional particulars.

pitions attached to Sir Thomas Monson, but no evidence of a definite character was forthcoming. In October 1616 he was released on bail, and he was pardoned—not acquitted, but pardoned—in February 1617. Campion's undated song-book was published after Monson's pardon had been granted, for in the dedicatory epistle he congratulated his patron upon the fact that

“those clouds that lately overcast  
Your fame and fortune are dispersed at last.”

Prefixed to the fourth book is an Address to the Reader in which Campion remarks, “Some words are in these books which have been clothed in music by others, and I am content they then served their turn : yet give me now leave to make use of mine own.” I think there can be little doubt that Campion did not reclaim all his poems, but that some are scattered up and down the song-books of the time. In the autumn of 1617 the Earl of Cumberland received the King, on his return journey from Scotland, at Brougham Castle. Preparations were made for a musical entertainment ; and the Earl wrote to his son Lord Clifford : “Sonn, I have till now expected your lettres according to your promis at your departure : so did George Minson [Mason] your directions touching the musicke, whereupon he mought the better have writt to Dr. Campion.” The *Airs sung and played at Brougham Castle* were published in 1618. Mason and Earsden were the composers of the music ; but I have little doubt that Campion supplied the words. The charming song, “Robin is a lovely lad”

(printed in my *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books*), is quite in Campion's vein. In Robert Jones' collections we find some songs that unquestionably belong to Campion and were claimed by him; and I have a strong suspicion that Jones' "My love bound me with a kiss"<sup>1</sup> (also in the *Lyrics*) is Campion's.

There is one work by Campion which is not reprinted,—*A New Way of making Four parts in Counter-point, by a most familiar and infallible Rule, &c.*, n.d. (1617 ?), 8vo. It is a strictly technical treatise. For long it was considered a standard work, and was frequently reprinted (from 1655 onwards) in Playford's *Introduction*. I give here the dedicatory epistle to Prince Charles :—

TO THE FLOWER OF PRINCES, CHARLES, PRINCE  
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The first inventor of music (most sacred Prince) was by old records Apollo, a King, who, for the benefit which mortals received from his so divine invention, was by them made a God. David, a Prophet and a King, excelled all men in the same excellent art. What then can more adorn the greatness of a Prince, than the knowledge thereof? But why should I, being by profession a physician, offer a work of music to his Highness? Galen either first, or next the first of physicians, became so expert a musician that he could not contain himself, but needs he must apply all the proportions of music to the uncertain motions of the pulse. Such far-fetched doctrine dare not I

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<sup>1</sup> At the end of each stanza are the lines :—

"Alas that women doth not know  
Kisses make men loth to go."

Cf. one of Campion's Latin epigrams ("In Melleam") :—

"Mellea mi si abeam promittit basia septem;  
Basia dat septem, nec minus inde moror:  
Euge, licet vafras fugit haec fraus una puellas,  
Basia majores ingerere usque moras."

attempt, contenting myself with only a poor and easy invention ; yet new and certain ; by which the skill of music shall be redeemed from much darkness, wherein envious antiquity of purpose did involve it. To your gracious hands most humbly I present it, which if your clemency will vouchsafe favourably to behold, I have then attained to the full estimate of all my labour. Be all your days ever musical (most mighty Prince) and a sweet harmony guide the events of all your royal actions. So zealously wisheth

*Your Highness'*  
*most humble servant,*  
THO : CAMPION.

In 1619 Campion republished, with large additions, his Latin epigrams ; and he died on 1st March, 1619-20. Mr. Gordon Goodwin, to whom students are indebted for so many valuable discoveries, found his will in the Commissary Court of London, Book 1616-1621, folio 358b. In the presence of divers witnesses Campion executed a nuncupative will on 1st March, 1619-20, leaving "all that he had vnto Mr. Phillip Rosseter,<sup>1</sup> and wished that his estate had bin farr more." The value of the estate, as set forth in the inventory, amounted to twenty-two pounds (Probate and Admin. Act Book, 1619-1625, fol. 31b). He was described in his will as "late of the parishe of St. Dunston's in the West, Doctor of phisicke" ; and on 1st March, 1619-20 is the entry in St. Dunstan's Register, "Thomas Campion doctor of Physicke was buried." As he was buried on the day of his death, it may perhaps be inferred that he died of the plague.

The more we read his songs the more their charm will grow upon us. They tell of Love with all its

<sup>1</sup> Philip Rosseter, the composer, died on 5th May, 1623, and was buried at St. Dunstan's in the West on 7th May.

sweets and sours, its raptures and laments ; of patience under suffering ; of faith in a benign Providence. At their best—as in “Kind are her answers” or “Follow your Saint” or “Now winter nights enlarge” (to cite but three)—they display a metrical skill that is nothing short of sheer witchery. Few indeed are the poets who have handled our stubborn English language with such masterly deftness. So long as “elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy” are admired, Campion’s fame will be secure.



## ON CAMPION'S MUSIC<sup>1</sup>

BY JANET DODGE

To understand the peculiar character of Campion's music, we have but to read his own prefaces, wherein he reveals, with a clearness that scarcely needs amplifying, his attitude to that kind of song-writing, within whose limits he ever strictly confined himself, and which he made so especially his own. That he belonged to a certain set of musicians who practised the homophonic style then newly introduced into England by Italian composers, is in no way better emphasized than by those little thrusts he could never resist at the school of polyphonists he was himself fast helping to supplant, whose music, when applied to his own form of art, he evidently found so tedious. "There are some," he says, "who, to appear the more deep and singular in their judgment, will admit no music but that which is long, intricate, bated with fugue, chained with syncopation, and where the nature of every word is precisely expressed in the

<sup>1</sup> In my *Introduction* I did not venture to touch on Campion's music, as I have not the necessary technical knowledge. My friend Miss Janet Dodge, who recently edited *Twelve Elizabethan Songs* (1902), has kindly come to my aid.

note." With such "childish observing of words," as with the rather indirect ways of some of the old school, he had scant sympathy. For "we ought," he thinks, "to maintain as well in notes, as in action, a manly carriage ; gracing no word but that which is eminent and emphatical."

But though he shared its modern tendencies, Campion yet stands somewhat apart from that little group of homophonists with which he is naturally classed, both in the scope and in the quality of his work. While most of the more eminent composers of that transition time were as well known for their instrumental as their vocal music, Campion wrote airs, and only airs. And whereas much of their music is still haunted by the shade of that departing style—a simple intention often being complicated by little tricks of the old manner, which somewhat interrupt the perfect flow of its expression—Campion's is possessed of a simplicity and a directness which, as a rule, leave such tricks far behind. His airs, for the most part, are short and for a single voice (the two books which were published for two, three and four voices having been originally written for one), and being such are at once better fitted than any other style of song to contain those "light conceits" which he brought to so high a perfection. He had indeed a mastery over the "light air," and was able to infuse into it an appropriate grace and a significance which was, even at that time, uncommon. Not even Robert Jones, who claimed in the preface to his "Second Book of Airs," 1601, for one voice, that there had not before "been any extant

of this fashion " (though *Campion's*, published in the same year, could not have been far behind)—not even Robert Jones understood its bounds quite so perfectly, and he, more nearly than any other, approaches *Campion* in the character of his shorter lyrics. It was the secret of *Campion's* success as a song-writer that he knew the exact pitch of feeling to which he might tune his air; and at what height, what depth, his notes would best express it.

"A naked air, without guide or prop or colour but his own, is easily censured of every ear, and requires so much the more invention to make it please." *Campion* has thus hit upon one of his most telling characteristics, for it is an ever-fresh invention animating his songs which makes them often both so effective and so varied. Akin to it is that epigrammatic quality which, in "short and well-seasoned airs," he deemed so essential. And again he reminds us of another important point, when he says: "I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together." That subtle association of word and note, which is one of the marks that most distinguishes Elizabethan song-writers, was ever, with *Campion*, of the highest consequence, and is one of the principal sources of his success. His melodies are so compact in form and so tuneful as to have been compared to the earlier folk-songs and ballads, to which in a measure they owe these qualities. But *Campion's* are of a finer, more gem-like consistence, and with few exceptions have none of the homely character of the old popular music. Indeed, the most perfect of his airs are marvels in

finish and direct appeal. What could be more faultless than the song "Follow your Saint" in the "Book of Airs," 1601, the opening theme of which he seems to have liked so well that he used it later to the words "Love me or not"; or what more delightful than the first phrase of "Awake thou Spring of Speaking Grace"—



A - wake, thou spring of speak - ing grace,

where the melody, as it were, springs to meet the idea? And again how perfectly each note to the lyric "Shall I come, Sweet Love, to Thee" is matched with its word, and how deliciously the sentiment is enhanced by judicious repetition and emphasis at the cadence! Perhaps the "Third Book of Airs" is richest in examples such as these, for it contains, besides the last two mentioned, and others of great charm, such haunting melodies as "Thrice Toss these Oaken Ashes," and "Silly Boy, 'tis Full Moon yet," each so different from the other, but each so entirely expressive in its own way. Yet it would be difficult to choose between these and some of the songs in the First Book, 1601, or in the "Light Conceits of Lovers." "Follow thy Fair Sun," in the former, has a series of chromatic harmonies which is rather remarkable (the music appears again in the "Divine and Moral Songs" to the words "Seek the Lord"); and in the latter there is an enchanting air,

"O what unhopèd-for sweet Supply," with a cadence which, in its rapture, is quite unique in Campion. Of the three songs in the Masques, the most delightful, perhaps, is that to the words "Move now with Measured Tread," the tune of which, full of grace and gaiety, we find again in "The Peaceful Western Wind."

Of Campion's treatise on Counterpoint, Mr. Henry Davey has spoken in his "History of English Music." He draws attention to the inclination towards the modern system displayed throughout the book, and to several points of technical interest—such as the forbidding of false relations, and the passage wherein Campion demonstrates that, "contrary to some opinions, the bass contains in it both the air and true judgment of the key" instead of the tenor, from which ancient musicians were wont to take their "sight." But the most remarkable chapter is that "Of the Tones of Music," which shows a feeling for tonality much in advance of the time. "Of all things," he tells us, "that belong to the making up of a musician, the most necessary and useful for him is the true knowledge of the key, or mood, or tone, for all signify the same thing, with the closes belonging unto it, for there is no tune that can have any grace or sweetness, unless it be bounded within a proper key, without running into strange keys which have no affinity with the air of the song." He even grows indignant over a "tune ordinarily used, or rather abused, in our churches, which is begun in one key, and ended in another, quite contrary to

nature; which error crept in first through the ignorance of some parish clerks who understood better how to use the keys of their church-doors than the keys of music, at which I do not much marvel, but that the same should pass in the Book of Psalms set forth in four parts, and authorized by so many musicians, makes me much amazed." The tune to which he refers was authorized and set by two no less important composers than John Dowland and George Kirbye! The treatise was reprinted by Playford in 1655 and later, with annotations by Christopher Sympson; and Mr. Davey adds, "no other, not even Morley's" [Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music, 1597] "was then in sufficient request to justify another edition; the value of Campion's was immediate, that of Morley's had already become antiquarian."

The reason for the neglect of Campion as a composer would be difficult to find, especially when we remember that the popularity of the madrigal and many of the part-song writers has scarcely ever flagged. It may be that his part-songs, not being originally meant for more than one voice, lose some of their sparkle when treated otherwise. And for the rest of his airs, there are, perhaps, few editors who have cared to face the question of the lute accompaniments. But that, in his own field, Campion merits no less consideration than the madrigalists in theirs, seems hardly too high praise, whether that field be considered narrower or not. It cannot be denied that he sometimes wrote carelessly enough—his fault

lay on the side of slightness ; such experiments as the Sapphic at the end of the First Book of 1601, where there is scarcely a note but is "chained with synco-  
pation," being fortunately rare. Nor did he attain to the richness of Dowland or Ferrabosco : such a note as Dowland struck in "Dear, if you change," or in the "Lacrymae," was, perhaps, never attempted by Campion. His medium was not fitted to so high an emotional pitch. But in his own way, judged by the greater proportion of his airs—by the warmth that glows in them, by their charm of phrase and of cadence, their harmony of word and note, and their perfect modelling—there is no other Elizabethan song-writer who both allures and holds us in quite the same way.<sup>4</sup><sub>H</sub>





He comes again !

    The latest, not the least desired !

    Too long in mouldering tomes retired,

We sought in vain

Those breathing airs

    Which, from his instrument,

    Like vocal winds of perfume, blent

To soothe man's piercing cares.

Bullen, well done !

    Where Campion lies in London-land,

    Lulled by the thunders of the Strand,

Screened from the sun,

Surely there must

    Now pass some pleasant gleam

    Across his music-haunted dream .

Whose brain and lute are dust.

*Edmund Gosse.*



*A Booke of Ayres, Set foorth to be song to the Lute,  
Orpherian, and Base Violl, by Philip Rosseter,  
Lutenist: And are to be solde at his house in Fleet-  
streete neere to the Gray-hound. At Lonond [sic].  
Printed by Peter Short, by the assent of Thomas  
Morley, 1601. fol.*



TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND WORTHY  
KNIGHT, SIR THOMAS MOUNSON.

SIR,

The general voice of your worthiness, and the many particular favours which I have heard Master CAMPION, with dutiful respect, often acknowledge himself to have received from you, have emboldened me to present this *Book of Aires* to your favourable judgement and gracious protection ; especially because the first rank of Songs are of his own composition, made at his vacant hours, and privately imparted to his friends : whereby they grew both public, and, as coin cracked in exchange, corrupted ; and some of them, both words and notes, unrespectively challenged by others. In regard of which wrongs, though his self neglects these light fruits as superfluous blossoms of his deeper studies, yet hath it pleased him, upon my entreaty, to grant me the impression of part of them : to which I have added an equal number of mine own. And this two-faced JANUS, thus in one body united, I humbly entreat you to entertain and defend : chiefly in respect of the affection which I suppose you bear him who, I am assured, doth, above all others, love and honour you.

And for my part I shall think myself happy if in any service I may deserve this favour.

Your Worship's humbly devoted,  
PHILIP ROSSETER.

## TO THE READER.

*WHAT epigrams are in poetry, the same are airs in music : then in their chief perfection when they are short and well seasoned. But to clog a light song with a long præludium, is to corrupt the nature of it. Many rests in music were invented, either for necessity of the fugue, or granted as an harmonical licence in songs of many parts : but in airs I find no use they have, unless it be to make a vulgar and trivial modulation seem to the ignorant, strange ; and to the judicial, tedious. A naked air without guide, or prop, or colour but his own, is easily censured of every ear ; and requires so much the more invention to make it please. And as MARTIAL speaks in defence of his short epigrams ; so may I say in the apology of airs : that where there is a volume, there can be no imputation of shortness. The lyric poets among the Greeks and Latins were first inventors of airs, tying themselves strictly to the number and value of their syllables : of which sort, you shall find here, only one song in Sapphic verse ; the rest are after the fashion of the time, ear-pleasing rhymes, without art. The subject of them is, for the most part, amorous : and why not amorous songs, as well as amorous attires ? Or why not new airs, as well as new fashions ?*

*For the note and tablature, if they satisfy the most,*

*we have our desire ; let expert masters please themselves with better. And if any light error hath escaped us, the skilful may easily correct it, the unskilful will hardly perceive it. But there are some who, to appear the more deep and singular in their judgement, will admit no music but that which is long, intricate, baited with fugue, chained with syncopation, and where the nature of every word is precisely expressed in the note : like the old exploded action in comedies, when if they did pronounce Memini, they would point to the hinder part of their heads ; if Video, put their finger in their eye. But such childish observing of words is altogether ridiculous : and we ought to maintain, as well in notes as in action, a manly carriage ; gracing no word, but that which is eminent and emphatical. Nevertheless, as in poesy we give the preeminence to the Heroical Poem ; so in music we yield the chief place to the grave and well invented Motet : but not to every harsh and dull confused Fantasy, where, in multitude of points, the harmony is quite drowned.*

*Airs have both their art and pleasure : and I will conclude of them, as the poet did in his censure of CATULLUS the Lyric, and VIRGIL the Heroic writer :*

Tantum magna suo debet Verona CATULLO,  
Quantum parva suo Mantua VIRGILIO.

A TABLE OF HALF THE SONGS CONTAINED  
IN THIS BOOK, BY T. C.

1. My sweetest Lesbia,
2. Though you are young.
3. I care not for these ladies.
4. Follow thy fair sun.
5. My love hath vowed.
6. When to her lute.
7. Turn back, you wanton flyer.
8. It fell on a summer's day.
9. The cypress curtain.
10. Follow your saint.
11. Fair, if you expect admiring.
12. Thou art not fair.
13. See where she flies.
14. Blame not my cheeks.
15. When the god of merry love.
16. Mistress, since you so much desire.
17. Your fair looks inflame.
18. The man of life upright.
19. Hark, all you ladies.
20. When thou must home.
21. Come, let us sound with melody.



## I

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love ;  
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,  
Let us not weigh them : heaven's great lamps do dive  
Into their west, and straight again revive :  
But soon as once set is our little light,  
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,  
Then bloody swords and armour should not be ;  
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,  
Unless alarm came from the camp of love : 10  
But fools do live, and waste their little light,  
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,  
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends ;  
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come  
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb :  
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,  
And crown with love my ever-during night.

## II

THOUGH you are young, and I am old,  
Though your veins hot, and my blood cold,  
Though youth is moist, and age is dry ;  
Yet embers live, when flames do die.

The tender graft is easily broke,  
 But who shall shake the sturdy oak ?  
 You are more fresh and fair than I ;  
 Yet stubs do live when flowers do die.

Thou, that thy youth doth vainly boast,  
 Know buds are soonest nipt with frost : 10  
 Think that thy fortune still doth cry,  
 "Thou fool ! to-morrow thou must die !"

## III

I CARE not for these ladies,  
 That must be wooed and prayed :  
 Give me kind Amarillis,  
 The wanton country maid.  
 Nature art disdaineth,  
 Her beauty is her own.  
     Her when we court and kiss,  
     She cries, " Forsooth, let go !" 10  
     But when we come where comfort is,  
     She never will say " No !"

If I love Amarillis,  
 She gives me fruit and flowers :  
 But if we love these ladies,  
 We must give golden showers.  
 Give them gold, that sell love,  
 Givè me the nut-brown lass,

Who, when we court and kiss,  
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"  
But when we come where comfort is,  
She never will say "No!" 20

These ladies must have pillows,  
And beds by strangers wrought;  
Give me a bower of willows,  
Of moss and leaves unbought,  
And fresh Amarillis,  
With milk and honey fed;  
Who, when we court and kiss,  
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"  
But when we come where comfort is,  
She never will say "No!" 30

## IV

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!  
Though thou be black as night,  
And she made all of light,  
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth;  
Though here thou livest disgraced,  
And she in heaven is placed,  
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,  
That so have scorched thee, 10  
As thou still black must be,  
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her ! while yet her glory shineth :  
There comes a luckless night,  
That will dim all her light ;  
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still ! since so thy fates ordained ;  
The sun must have his shade,  
Till both at once do fade ;  
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained. 20

## V

My love hath vowed he will forsake me,  
And I am already sped ;  
Far other promise he did make me  
When he had my maidenhead.  
If such danger be in playing  
And sport must to earnest turn,  
I will go no more a-maying.

Had I foreseen what is ensued,  
And what now with pain I prove,  
Unhappy then I had eschewed 10  
This unkind event of love :  
Maids foreknow their own undoing,  
But fear naught till all is done,  
When a man alone is wooing.

Dissembling wretch, to gain thy pleasure,  
What didst thou not vow and swear ?  
So didst thou rob me of the treasure  
Which so long I held so dear.

Now thou provest to me a stranger :  
Such is the vile guise of men 20  
When a woman is in danger.  
That heart is nearest to misfortune  
That will trust a feigned tongue ;  
When flatt'ring men our loves importune  
They intend us deepest wrong.  
If this shame of love's betraying  
But this once I cleanly shun,  
I will go no more a-maying.

## VI

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,  
Her voice revives the leaden strings,  
And doth in highest notes appear,  
As any challenged Echo clear ;  
But when she doth of mourning speak,  
E'en with her sighs the strings do break.  
And as her lute doth live or die,  
Led by her passion, so must I !  
For when of pleasure, she doth sing,  
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring ; 10  
But if she doth of sorrow speak,  
E'en from my heart the strings do break.

## VII

TURN back, you wanton flyer,  
And answer my desire,  
With mutual greeting :  
Yet bend a little nearer,

True beauty still shines clearer,  
 In closer meeting.  
 Hearts, with hearts delighted,  
 Should strive to be united ;  
 Either other's arms with arms enchaining :  
 Hearts with a thought, 10  
 Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.  
 What harvest half so sweet is  
 As still to reap the kisses  
 Grown ripe in sowing ?  
 And straight to be receiver  
 Of that, which thou art giver,  
 Rich in bestowing ?  
 There's no strict observing  
 Of times' or seasons' swerving ; 20  
 There is ever one fresh spring abiding.  
 Then what we sow with our lips,  
 Let us reap, love's gains dividing !

## VIII

IT fell on a summer's day,  
 While sweet Bessy sleeping lay,  
 In her bower, on her bed,  
 Light with curtains shadowed,  
 Jamy came : she him spies,  
 Opening half her heavy eyes.

Jamy stole in through the door,  
 She lay slumb'ring as before ;

l. 20. *swerving*. Old ed. "changing.

Softly to her he drew near,  
She heard him, yet would not hear : 10  
Bessy vowed not to speak,  
He resolved that dump to break.

First a soft kiss he doth take,  
She lay still and would not wake ;  
Then his hands learned to woo,  
She dreamt not what he would do,  
But still slept, while he smiled  
To see love by sleep beguiled.

Jamy then began to play,  
Bessy as one buried lay, 20  
Gladly still through this sleight  
Deceived in her own deceit ;  
And since this trance begoon,  
She sleeps every afternoon.

## IX

THE cypress curtain of the night is spread,  
And over all a silent dew is cast.  
The weaker cares, by sleep are conquered :  
But I alone, with hideous grief aghast,  
In spite of Morpheus' charms, a watch do keep  
Over mine eyes, to banish careless sleep.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintness close,  
And then the Map of Hell before me stands ;  
Which ghosts do see, and I am one of those  
Ordnained to pine in sorrow's endless bands, 10

Since from my wretched soul all hopes are reft  
And now no cause of life to me is left.

Grief, seize my soul ! for that will still endure  
When my crazed body is consumed and gone ;  
Bear it to thy black den ! there keep it sure  
Where thou ten thousand souls dost tire upon !  
Yet all do not afford such food to thee !  
As this poor one, the worser part of me.

## X

FOLLOW your saint, follow with accents sweet !  
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet !  
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,  
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love :  
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,  
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return  
again !

All that I sung still to her praise did tend ;  
Still she was first ; still she my songs did end :  
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,  
The music that her Echo is and beauty's sympathy. 10  
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight !  
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for  
her delight.

## XI

FAIR, if you expect admiring ;  
Sweet, if you['d] provoke desiring ;



Grace dear love with kind requiting !  
Fond, but if thy sight be blindness ;  
False, if thou affect unkindness ;  
Fly both love and love's delighting !  
Then when hope is lost and love is scorned,  
I'll bury my desires, and quench the fires that ever yet  
in vain have burned.

Fates, if you rule lovers' fortune ;  
Stars, if men your powers importune ; 10  
Yield relief by your relenting !  
Time, if sorrow be not endless,  
Hope made vain, and pity friendless,  
Help to ease my long lamenting !  
But if griefs remain still unredressed,  
I'll fly to her again, and sue for pity to renew my hopes  
distressed.

## XII

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,  
For all those rosy ornaments in thee ;  
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,  
Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me.  
I will not soothe thy fancies : thou shalt prove  
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure  
My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine :  
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,  
I'll not be wrapt up in those arms of thine : 10  
Now show it, if thou be a woman right,—  
Embrace, and kiss, and love me, in despite !

## XIII

SEE where she flies enraged from me !  
 View her when she intends despite,  
 The wind is not more swift than she.  
 Her fury moved such terror makes  
 As to a fearful guilty sprite  
 The voice of heaven's huge thunder-cracks :  
 But when her appeased mind yields to delight,  
 All her thoughts are made of joys,  
 Millions of delights inventing ;  
 Other pleasures are but toys 10  
 To her beauty's sweet contenting.

My fortune hangs upon her brow ;  
 For as she smiles or frowns on me,  
 So must my blown affections bow ;  
 And her proud thoughts too well do find  
 With what unequal tyranny  
 Her beauties do command my mind.  
 Though, when her sad planet reigns,  
 Froward she be,  
 She alone can pleasure move, 20  
 And displeasing sorrow banish.  
 May I but still hold her love,  
 Let all other comforts vanish.

## XIV

BLAME not my cheeks, though pale with love they be ;  
 The kindly heat unto my heart is flown,  
 To cherish it that is dismayed by thee,  
 Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown :

For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,  
Neglects and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained,  
Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts ;  
And, when they woo, they speak with passion feigned,  
For their fat love lies in their outward parts : 10  
But in their breasts, where love his court should hold,  
Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for cold,

## XV

WHEN the god of merry love  
As yet in his cradle lay,  
Thus his withered nurse did say :  
“Thou a wanton boy wilt prove  
To deceive the powers above ;  
For by thy continual smiling  
I see thy power of beguiling.”

Therewith she the babe did kiss ;  
When a sudden fire outcame  
From those burning lips of his, 10  
That did her with love inflame.  
But none would regard the same :  
So that, to her day of dying,  
The old wretch lived ever crying.

## XVI

MISTRESS, since you so much desire  
To know the place of Cupid's fire,

In your fair shrine that flame doth rest,  
 Yet never harboured in your breast.  
 It 'bides not in your lips so sweet,  
 Nor where the rose and lilies meet ;  
 But a little higher, but a little higher,  
 There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Even in those starry piercing eyes,  
 There Cupid's sacred fire lies.  
 Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,  
 For they have power to destroy ;  
 Nor woo I for a smile or kiss,  
 So meanly triumphs not my bliss ;  
 But a little higher, but a little higher,  
 I climb to crown my chaste desire.

10

## XVII

YOUR fair looks inflame my desire :  
     Quench it again with love !  
 Stay, O strive not still to retire :  
     Do not inhuman prove !  
 If love may persuade,  
     Love's pleasures, dear, deny not.  
 Here is a silent grovy shade ;  
     O tarry then, and fly not !

Have I seized my heavenly delight  
     In this unhaunted grove ?  
 Time shall now her fury requite  
     With the revenge of love.

10

Then come, sweetest, come,  
My lips with kisses gracing !  
Here let us harbour all alone,  
Die, die in sweet embracing !

Will you now so timely depart,  
And not return again ?  
Your sight lends such life to my heart  
That to depart is pain. 20  
Fear yields no delay,  
Secureness helpeth pleasure :  
Then, till the time gives safer stay,  
O farewell, my life's treasure !

XVIII

THE man of life upright,  
Whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds,  
Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days,  
In harmless joys are spent,  
Whom hopes cannot delude  
Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers  
Nor armour for defence, 10  
Nor secret vaults to fly  
From thunder's violence :

He only can behold  
 With unaffrighted eyes  
 The horrors of the deep  
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares  
 That fate or fortune brings,  
 He makes the heaven his book,  
 His wisdom heavenly things;

20

Good thoughts his only friends,  
 His wealth a well-spent age,  
 The earth his sober inn  
 And quiet pilgrimage.

## XIX

HARK, all you ladies that do sleep !  
 The fairy-queen Proserpina  
 Bids you awake and pity them that weep :  
 You may do in the dark  
 What the day doth forbid ;  
 Fear not the dogs that bark,  
 Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,  
 The fairy-queen Proserpina  
 Will send abroad her fairies every one,  
 That shall pinch black and blue  
 Your white hands and fair arms  
 That did not kindly rue  
 Your paramours' harms.

10

In myrtle arbours on the downs  
The fairy-queen Proserpina,  
This night by moonshine leading merry rounds,  
Holds a watch with sweet love,  
Down the dale, up the hill ;  
No plaints or groans may move . 20  
Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,  
The fairy-queen Proserpina  
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove ;  
Roses red, lilies white,  
And the clear damask hue,  
Shall on your cheeks alight :  
Love will adorn you.

All you that love or loved before,  
The fairy-queen Proserpina 30  
Bids you increase that loving humour more :  
They that have not fed  
On delight amorous,  
She vows that they shall lead  
Apes in Avernus.

## XX

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,  
And there arrived, a new admired guest,  
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,  
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,  
To hear the stories of thy finished love  
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,  
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,  
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,  
 And all those triumphs for thy beauty's sake : 10  
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,  
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

## XXI

COME, let us sound with melody, the praises  
 Of the King's King, th' omnipotent Creator,  
 Author of number, that hath all the world in  
 Harmony framed.

Heav'n is His throne perpetually shining,  
 His divine power and glory, thence He thunders,  
 One in All, and All still in One abiding,  
 Both Father and Son.

O sacred Sprite, invisible, eternal,  
 Ev'rywhere, yet unlimited, that all things 10  
 Can'st in one moment penetrate, revive me,  
 O Holy Spirit !

Rescue, O rescue me from earthly darkness !  
 Banish hence all these elemental objects !  
 Guide my soul that thirsts to the lively fountain  
 Of thy divineness !



Cleanse my soul, O God ! thy bespotted image,  
Altered with sin so that heavenly pureness  
Cannot acknowledge me, but in thy mercies,  
O Father of grace ! 20

But when once Thy beams do remove my darkness ;  
O then I'll shine forth as an angel of light,  
And record, with more than an earthly voice, Thy  
Infinite honours.

FINIS

A TABLE OF THE REST OF THE SONGS  
CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK, MADE  
BY PHILIP ROSSETER. *-/LVI*

1. Sweet, come again.
2. And would you see.
3. No grave for woe.
4. If I urge my kind desires.
5. What heart's content.
6. Let him that will be free.
7. Reprove not love.
8. And would you fain.
9. When Laura smiles.
10. Long have mine eyes.
11. Though far from joy.
12. Shall I come if I swim.
13. Aye me ! that love.
14. Shall then a traitorous.
15. If I hope I pine.
16. Unless there were consent.
17. If she forsake<sup>1</sup> me.
18. What is a day.
19. Kind in unkindness.
20. What then is love but.
21. Whether men do laugh.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "forsakes."

## I

SWEET, come again !

    Your happy sight, so much desired,  
    Since you from hence are now retired,

I seek in vain :

Still must I mourn

    And pine in longing pain,  
    Till you, my life's delight, again

Vouchsafe your wished return.

If true desire,

    Or faithful vow of endless love, 10

    Thy heart inflamed may kindly move

With equal fire ;

O then my joys,

    So long distraught, shall rest,

    Reposed soft in thy chaste breast,

Exempt from all annoys.

You had the power

    My wand'ring thoughts first to restrain,

    You first did hear my love speak plain !

A child before, 20

Now it is grown

    Confirmed, do you it keep,

    And let it safe in your bosom sleep,

There ever made your own !

And till we meet,  
Teach absence inward art to find,  
Both to disturb and please the mind.  
Such thoughts are sweet :  
And such remain  
In hearts whose flames are true ; 30  
Then such will I retain, till you  
To me return again.

## II

AND would you see my mistress' face ?  
It is a flowery garden place,  
Where knots of beauties have such grace  
That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,  
Where day is breeding, never born ;  
It is a meadow, yet unshorn,  
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,  
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex : 10  
It is th' Idea of her sex,  
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of Death that smiles,  
Pleasing, though it kills the whiles :  
Where Death and Love in pretty whiles  
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,  
It is the feigned Elizium's truth :  
The spring, that wintered hearts reneweth ;  
And this is that my soul pursueth. 20

## III

No grave for woe, yet earth my watery tears devours ;  
Sighs want air, and burnt desires kind pity's showers :  
Stars hold their fatal course, my joys preventing :  
The earth, the sea, the air, the fire, the heavens vow  
my tormenting.

Yet still I live, and waste my weary days in groans,  
And with woful tunes adorn despairing moans.  
Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow ;  
My day is night, my life my death, and all but sense  
of sorrow.

## IV

If I urge my kind desires,  
She unkind doth them reject ;  
Women's hearts are painted fires  
To deceive them that affect.  
I alone love's fires include ;  
She alone doth them delude.

She hath often vowed her love ;  
But, alas ! no fruit I find.  
That her fires are false I prove,  
Yet in her no fault I find : 10

I was thus unhappy born,  
And ordained to be her scorn.

Yet if human care or pain,  
May the heavenly order change,  
She will hate her own disdain,  
And repent she was so strange :  
For a truer heart than I,  
Never lived or loved to die.

## v

WHAT heart's content can he find,  
What happy sleeps can his eyes embrace,  
That bears a guilty mind ?  
His taste sweet wines will abhor :  
No music's sound can appease the thoughts  
That wicked deeds deplore.  
The passion of a present fear  
Still makes his restless motion there ;  
And all the day he dreads the night,  
And all the night, as one aghast, he fears the morning  
light. 10

But he that loves to be loved,  
And in his deeds doth adore heaven's power,  
And is with pity moved ;  
The night gives rest to his heart,  
The cheerful beams do awake his soul,  
Revived in every part.

He lives a comfort to his friends,  
 And heaven to him such blessing sends  
 That fear of hell cannot dismay  
 His steadfast heart that is . . . 20

## VI

LET him that will be free and keep his heart from  
 care,

Retired alone, remain where no discomforts are.  
 For when the eye doth view his grief, or hapless ear  
 his sorrow hears,  
 Th' impression still in him abides, and ever in one  
 shape appears.

Forget thy griefs betimes ; long sorrow breeds long  
 pain,

For joy far fled from men, will not return again ;  
 O happy is the soul which heaven ordained to live in  
 endless peace !

His life is a pleasing dream, and every hour his joys  
 increase.

You heavy sprites, that love in severed shades to  
 dwell,

That nurse despair and dream of unrelenting hell, 10  
 Come sing this happy song, and learn of me the Art  
 of True Content,—

Load not your guilty souls with wrong, and heaven  
 then will soon relent.

l. 20. *that is.* . . In old ed. the type is broken away

## VII

REPROVE not love, though fondly thou hast lost  
Greater hopes by loving :  
Love calms ambitious spirits, from their breasts  
Danger oft removing :  
Let lofty humours mount up on high,  
Down again like to the wind,  
While private thoughts, vowed to love,  
More peace and pleasure find.

Love and sweet beauty makes the stubborn mild,  
And the coward fearless ; 10  
The wretched miser's care to bounty turns,  
Cheering all things cheerless.  
Love chains the earth and heaven,  
Turns the spheres, guides the years in endless peace :  
The flowery earth through his power  
Receives her due increase.

## VIII

AND would you fain the reason know  
Why my sad eyes so often flow ?  
My heart ebbs joy, when they do so,  
And loves the moon by whom they go.

And will you ask why pale I look ?  
'Tis not with poring on my book :  
My mistress' cheek my blood hath took,  
For her mine own hath me forsook.



Do not demand why I am mute :  
Love's silence doth all speech confute. 10  
They set the note, then tune the lute ;  
Hearts frame their thoughts, then tongues their suit.

Do not admire why I admire :  
My fever is no other's fire :  
Each several heart hath his desire ;  
Else proof is false, and truth a liar.

If why I love you should see cause :  
Love should have form like other laws,  
But Fancy pleads not by the clause :  
'Tis as the sea, still vexed with flaws. 20

No fault upon my love espy :  
For you perceive not with my eye ;  
My palate to your taste may lie,  
Yet please itself deliciously.

Then let my sufferance be mine own :  
Sufficeth it these reasons shown :  
Reason and love are ever known  
To fight till both be overthrown.

## IX

WHEN Laura smiles her sight revives both night and  
day ;  
The earth and heaven views with delight her wanton  
play :  
And her speech with ever-flowing music doth repair  
The cruel wounds of sorrow and untamed despair.

The sprites that remain in fleeting air  
 Affect for pastime to untwine her tressed hair :  
 And the birds think sweet Aurora, Morning's Queen,  
     doth shine  
 From her bright sphere, when Laura shows her looks  
     divine.

Diana's eyes are not adorned with greater power  
 Than Laura's, when she lists awhile for sport to  
     lower : 10  
 But when she her eyes encloseth, blindness doth appear  
 The chiefest grace of beauty, sweetly seated there.

Love hath no power but what he steals from her  
     bright eyes ;  
 Time hath no power but that which in her pleasure  
     lies :  
 For she with her divine beauties all the world subdues,  
 And fills with heavenly spirits my humble Muse:

## X

LONG have mine eyes gazed with delight,  
     Conveying hopes unto my soul ;  
 In nothing happy, but in sight  
     Of her, that doth my sight control :  
 But now mine eyes must lose their light.  
 My object now must be the air ;  
     To write in water words of fire ;  
 And teach sad thoughts how to despair :  
     Desert must quarrel with Desire.  
 All were appeased were she not fair. 10

For all my comfort, this I prove,  
That Venus on the sea was born :  
If seas be calm, then doth she love ;  
If storms arise, I am forlorn ;  
My doubtful hopes like wind do move.

## XI

THOUGH far from joy, my sorrows are as far,  
And I both between ;  
Not too low, nor yet too high  
Above my reach, would I be seen.  
Happy is he that so is placed,  
Not to be envied nor to be disdained or disgraced.

The higher trees, the more storms they endure ;  
Shrubs be trodden down :  
But the Mean, the Golden Mean,  
Doth only all our fortunes crown : 10  
Like to a stream that sweetly slideth  
Through the flowery banks, and still in the midst his  
course guideth.

## XII

SHALL I come, if I swim? wide are the waves, you  
see :  
Shall I come, if I fly, my dear Love, to thee?  
Streams Venus will appease ; Cupid gives me wings ;  
All the powers assist my desire  
Save you alone, that set my woful heart on fire !

You are fair, so was Hero that in Sestos dwelt ;  
She a priest, yet the heat of love truly felt.  
A greater stream than this, did her love divide ;  
But she was his guide with a light :  
So through the streams Leander did enjoy her  
sight. 10

## XIII

AVE me ! that love should Nature's work accuse !  
Where cruel Laura still her beauty views,  
River, or cloudy jet, or crystal bright,  
Are all but servants of herself, delight.

Yet her deformed thoughts she cannot see ;  
And that's the cause she is so stern to me.  
Virtue and duty can no favour gain :  
A grief, O death ! to live and love in vain.

## XIV

SHALL then a traitorous kiss or a smile  
All my delights unhappily beguile ?  
Shall the vow of feigned love receive so rich regard,  
When true service dies neglected, and wants his due  
reward ?

Deeds meritorious soon be forgot,  
But one offence no time can ever blot ;  
Every day it is renewed, and every night it bleeds,  
And with bloody streams of sorrow drowns all our  
better deeds.

Beauty is not by Desert to be won ;  
Fortune hath all that is beneath the sun. 10  
Fortune is the guide of Love, and both of them be  
blind :  
All their ways are full of errors, which no true feet  
can find.

## XV

If I hope, I pine ; if I fear, I faint and die ;  
So between hope and fear, I desperate lie,  
Looking for joy to heaven, whence it should come :  
But hope is blind ; joy, deaf ; and I am dumb.  
Yet I speak and cry ; but, alas, with words of woe :  
And joy conceives not them that murmur so.  
He that the ears of joy will ever pierce,  
Must sing glad notes, or speak in happier verse.

## XVI

UNLESS there were consent 'twixt hell and heaven  
That grace and wickedness should be combined,  
I cannot make thee and thy beauties even :  
Thy face is heaven, and torture in thy mind,  
For more than worldly bliss is in thy eye  
And hellish torture in thy mind doth lie.

A thousand Cherubins fly in her looks,  
And hearts in legions melt upon their view :  
But gorgeous covers wall up filthy books ;  
Be it sin to say, that so your eyes do you : 10  
But sure your mind adheres not with your eyes,  
For what they promise, that your heart denies.

But, O, lest I religion should misuse,

Inspire me thou, that ought'st thyself to know  
(Since skillless readers, reading do abuse),

What inward meaning outward sense doth show :  
For by thy eyes and heart, chose and contemned,  
I waver, whether saved or condemned.

## XVII

IF she forsake me, I must die :

Shall I tell her so ?

Alas, then straight she will reply,

“No, no, no, no, no !”

If I disclose my desperate state,

She will but make sport thereat,

And more unrelenting grow.

What heart can long such pains abide ?

Fie upon this love !

I would venture far and wide,

10

If it would remove.

But Love will still my steps pursue,

I cannot his ways eschew :

Thus still helpless hopes I prove.

I do my love in lines commend,

But, alas, in vain ;

The costly gifts, that I do send,

She returns again :

Thus still is my despair procured,

And her malice more assured :

20

Then come, Death, and end my pain !

## XVIII

WHAT is a day, what is a year  
Of vain delight and pleasure ?  
Like to a dream it endless dies,  
And from us like a vapour flies :  
And this is all the fruit that we find,  
Which glory in worldly treasure.

He that will hope for true delight,  
With virtue must be graced ;  
Sweet folly yields a bitter taste,  
Which ever will appear at last : 10  
But if we still in virtue delight,  
Our souls are in heaven placed.

## XIX

KIND in unkindness, when will you relent  
And cease with faint love true love to torment ?  
Still entertained, excluded still I stand ;  
Her glove still hold, but cannot touch the hand.

In her fair hand my hopes and comforts rest :  
O might my fortunes with that hand be blest !  
No envious breaths then my deserts could shake,  
For they are good whom such true love doth make.

O let not beauty so forget her birth,  
That it should fruitless home return to earth ! 10  
Love is the fruit of beauty, then love one ;  
Not your sweet self, for such self-love is none.

Love one that only lives in loving you ;  
Whose wronged deserts would you with pity view,  
This strange distaste which your affections sways  
Would relish love, and you find better days.

Thus till my happy sight your beauty views,  
Whose sweet remembrance still my hope renews,  
Let these poor lines solicit love for me,  
And place my joys where my desires would be. 20

## XX

WHAT then is love but mourning ?  
What desire, but a self-burning ?  
Till she, that hates, doth love return,  
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,  
“ Come away ! come away, my darling ! ”

Beauty is but a blooming,  
Youth in his glory entombing ;  
Time hath a while, which none can stay :  
Then come away, while thus I sing,  
“ Come away ! come away, my darling ! ” 10

Summer in winter fadeth ;  
Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth :  
Like to the morn, are Venus' flowers ;  
Such are her hours : then will I sing,  
“ Come away ! come away, my darling ! ”



## XXI

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,  
Whether they do wake or sleep,  
Whether they die young or old,  
Whether they feel heat or cold ;  
There is, underneath the sun,  
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest ;  
None are worst, and none are best ;  
Grief and joy, and hope and fear,  
Play their pageants everywhere :  
Vain opinion all doth sway,  
And the world is but a play.

10

Powers above in clouds do sit,  
Mocking our poor apish wit ;  
That so lamely, with such state,  
Their high glory imitate :  
No ill can be felt but pain,  
And that happy men disdain.

FINIS



*Two Bookes of Ayres. The First Contayning  
Diuine and Morall Songs: The Second, Light Con-  
ceits of Louers. To be sung to the Lute and Viols,  
in two, three, and foure parts: or by one Voyce to  
an Instrumēt. Composed by Thomas Campian.  
London: Printed by Tho. Snodham, for Matthew  
Lowmes, and I. Browne cum Priuilegio. n.d. [circ.  
1613]. fol.*



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, BOTH IN  
BIRTH AND VIRTUE, FRANCIS  
EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

WHAT patron could I choose, great Lord, but you?  
Grave words your ears may challenge as their own :  
And every note of music is your due,  
Whose house the Muses' Palace I have known.

To love and cherish them, though it descends  
With many honours more on you, in vain  
Preceding fame herein with you contends,  
Who have both fed the Muses and their train.

These leaves I offer you, Devotion might  
Herself lay open. Read them, or else hear  
How gravely, with their tunes, they yield delight  
To any virtuous and not curious ear :  
Such as they are, accept them, noble Lord :  
If better, better could my zeal afford.

Your Honour's,  
THOMAS CAMPIAN.

## TO THE READER.

*OUT of many songs which, partly at the request of friends, partly for my own recreation, were by me long since composed, I have now enfranchised a few; sending them forth divided, according to their different subject, into several books. The first are grave and pious: the second, amorous and light. For he that in publishing any work hath a desire to content all palates, must cater for them accordingly.*

Non omnibus unum est  
Quod placet, hic spinas colligit, ille rosas.

*These airs were for the most part framed at first for one voice with the lute or viol: but upon occasion they have since been filled with more parts, which whoso please may use, who like not may leave. Yet do we daily observe that when any shall sing a treble to an instrument, the standers by will be offering at an inward part out of their own nature; and, true or false, out it must, though to the perverting of the whole harmony. Also, if we consider well, the treble tunes (which are with us, commonly called *Airs*) are but tenors mounted eight notes higher; and therefore an inward part must needs well become them, such as may take up the whole distance of the diapason, and fill up the gaping between the two extreme parts: whereby though they are not three parts in perfection,*

yet they yield a sweetness and content both to the ear and mind; which is the aim and perfection of Music.

Short airs, if they be skilfully framed, and naturally expressed, are like quick and good epigrams in poesy: many of them showing as much artifice, and breeding as great difficulty as a larger poem. Non omnia possumus omnes, said the Roman epic poet. But some there are who admit only French or Italian airs; as if every country had not his proper air, which the people thereof naturally usurp in their music. Others taste nothing that comes forth in print; as if Catullus or Martial's Epigrams were the worse for being published.

In these English airs, I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together; which will be much for him to do that hath not power over both. The light of this, will best appear to him who hath payseed our monosyllables and syllables combined: both of which, are so loaded with consonants, as that they will hardly keep company with swift notes, or give the vowel convenient liberty.

To conclude; my own opinion of these songs I deliver thus:

Omnia nec nostris bona sunt, sed nec mala libris;

Si placet hac cantes, hac quoque lege legas.

Farewell.

# A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THESE BOOKS.

## IN THE FIRST BOOK.

### *Songs of Four Parts.*

1. Author of light.
2. The man of life upright.
3. Where are all thy beauties now?
4. Out of my soul's depth.
5. View me, Lord, a work of Thine.
6. Bravely decked come forth, bright day.
7. To music bent is my retired mind.
8. Tune thy music to thy heart.
9. Most sweet and pleasing.
10. Wise men patience never want.
11. Never weather-beaten sail.
12. Lift up to heaven, sad wretch.
13. Lo, when back mine eye.
14. As by the streams of Babylon.
15. Sing a song of joy.
16. Awake, [awake,] thou heavy sprite.

### *Songs of Three Parts.*

17. Come, cheerful day.
18. Seek the Lord.
19. Lighten, heavy heart, thy sprite.
20. Jack and Joan they think no ill.

### *Songs of Two Parts.*

21. All looks be pale.

## IN THE SECOND BOOK.

### *Songs of Three Parts.*

1. Vain men whose follies.
2. How easily wert thou chained.
3. Harden now thy tired heart.
4. O what unhopèd-for sweet supply.
5. Where she her sacred bower adorns.
6. Fain would I my love disclose.
7. Give Beauty all her right.
8. O, dear that I with thee.
9. Good men, shew if you can tell.
10. What harvest half so sweet is.
11. Sweet, exclude me not.
12. The peaceful western wind.
13. There is none, O none but you.
14. Pined I am and like to die.
15. So many loves have I neglected.
16. Though your strangeness.
17. Come away, armed with love's.
18. Come, you pretty false-eyed.
19. A secret love or two.
20. Her rosy cheeks.

### *Songs of Two Parts.*

21. Where shall I refuge seek?



I

AUTHOR of light, revive my dying sprite !  
Redeem it from the snares of all-confounding night ;  
    Lord, light me to Thy blessed way,  
For blind with worldly vain desires, I wander as a  
    stray.  
Sun and moon, stars and under-lights I see ;  
But all their glorious beams are mists and darkness,  
    being compared to Thee.

Fountain of health, my soul's deep wounds recure !  
Sweet showers of pity rain, wash my uncleanness pure :  
    One drop of Thy desired grace  
The faint and fading heart can raise, and in joy's  
    bosom place. 10  
Sin and death, hell and tempting fiends may rage,  
But God His own will guard, and their sharp pains  
    and grief in time assuage.

II

THE man of life upright,  
    Whose cheerful mind is free  
From weight of impious deeds  
    And yoke of vanity ;

The man whose silent days  
 In harmless joys are spent,  
 Whom hopes cannot delude  
 Nor sorrows discontent ;

That man needs neither towers,  
 Nor armour for defence, 10  
 Nor vaults his guilt to shroud  
 From thunder's violence ;

He only can behold  
 With unafrighted eyes  
 The horrors of the deep  
 And terrors of the skies ;

Thus, scorning all the cares  
 That fate or fortune brings,  
 His book the heavens he makes,  
 His wisdom heavenly things ; 20

Good thoughts his surest friends,  
 His wealth a well-spent age,  
 The earth his sober inn  
 And quiet pilgrimage.

## III

WHERE are all thy beauties now, all hearts enchaining ?  
 Whither are thy flatterers gone with all their feigning ?  
 All fled ! and thou alone still here remaining !

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turned !  
 Cold, as thou art, are thy loves, that so much burned !  
 Who die in flatterers' arms are seldom mourned.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still proclaimed,  
That none worthier than thyself thy worth hath blamed ;  
When their poor names are lost, thou shalt live famed.

When thy story, long time hence, shall be perused, 10  
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused,  
“ None ever lived more just, none more abused.”

IV

OUT of my soul's depth to Thee my cries have  
sounded :  
Let Thine ears my complaints receive, on just fear  
grounded.  
Lord, shouldst Thou weigh our faults, who's not con-  
founded ?

But with grace Thou censur'st Thine when they have  
erred,  
Therefore shall Thy blessed Name be loved and  
feared.  
Even to Thy throne my thoughts and eyes are reared.

Thee alone my hopes attend, on Thee relying ;  
In Thy sacred word I'll trust, to Thee fast flying,  
Long ere the watch shall break, the morn descreying.

In the mercies of our God who live secured, 10  
May of full redemption rest in Him assured ;  
Their sin-sick souls by Him shall be recured.

## V

VIEW me, Lord, a work of Thine :  
Shall I then lie drowned in night ?  
Might Thy grace in me but shine,  
I should seem made all of light.

But my soul still surfeits so  
On the poisoned baits of sin,  
That I strange and ugly grow,  
All is dark and foul within.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel  
At Thine altar, pure and white :  
They that once Thy mercies feel,  
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

10

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade  
When the heavenly light appears ;  
But the covenants Thou hast made,  
Endless, know nor days nor years.

In Thy Word, Lord, is my trust,  
To Thy mercies fast I fly ;  
Though I am but clay and dust,  
Yet Thy grace can lift me high.

20

VI

BRAVELY decked, come forth, bright day !  
 Thine hours with roses strew thy way,  
     As they well remember.  
 Thou received shalt be with feasts :  
 Come, chiefest of the British guests,  
     Thou Fifth of November !  
 Thou with triumph shalt exceed  
     In the strictest Ember ;  
 For by thy return the Lord records His blessed deed.

Britons, frolic at your board ! 10  
 But first sing praises to the Lord  
     In your congregations,  
 He preserved your State alone,  
 His loving grace hath made you one  
     Of His chosen nations.  
 But this light must hallowed be  
     With your best oblations :  
 Praise the Lord ! for only great and merciful is He.

Death had entered in the gate,  
 And Ruin was crept near the State ; 20  
     But Heaven all revealed.  
 Fiery powder hell did make  
 Which, ready long the flame to take,  
     Lay in shade concealed.  
 God us helped, of His free grace :  
     None to Him appealed ;  
 For none was so bad to fear the treason or the place.

God His peaceful monarch chose,  
To him the mist He did disclose,  
                    To him, and none other :                      30  
This He did, O King, for thee,  
That thou thine own renown might'st see,  
                    Which no time can smother.  
May blest Charles, thy comfort be,  
                    Firmer than his brother :  
May his heart the love of peace and wisdom learn  
                    from thee !

To music bent, is my retired mind,  
And fain would I some song of pleasure sing ;  
But in vain joys no comfort now I find,  
From heavenly thoughts, all true delight doth spring :  
Thy power, O God, Thy mercies, to record,  
Will sweeten every note and every word.

All earthly pomp or beauty to express,  
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write ;  
Celestial things, though men conceive them less,  
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light : 10  
Such beams they yield as know no means to die,  
Such heat they cast as lifts the spirit high.

TUNE thy music to thy heart,  
Sing thy joy with thanks and so thy sorrow :  
Though Devotion needs not Art,  
Sometimes of the poor the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways :  
Concord pleaseth more, the less 'tis strained ;  
Zeal affects not outward praise,  
Only strives to show a love unfeigned.

Love can wondrous things effect,  
Sweetest sacrifice all wrath appeasing ; 10  
Love the Highest doth respect ;  
Love alone to Him is ever pleasing.

IX

MOST sweet and pleasing are Thy ways, O God,  
Like meadows decked with crystal streams and  
flowers :

Thy paths no foot profane hath ever trod,  
Nor hath the proud man rested in Thy bowers :  
There lives no vulture, no devouring bear,  
But only doves and lambs are harboured there.

The wolf his young ones to their prey doth guide ;  
The fox his cubs with false deceit endues ;  
The lion's whelp sucks from his dam his pride ;  
In hers the serpent malice doth infuse : 10  
The darksome desert all such beasts contains,  
Not one of them in Paradise remains.

X

WISE men patience never want ;  
Good men pity cannot hide ;  
Feeble spirits only vaunt  
Of revenge, the poorest pride :

He alone, forgive that can,  
Bears the true soul of a man.

Some there are, debate that seek,  
Making trouble their content,  
Happy if they wrong the meek,  
Vex them that to peace are bent : 10  
Such undo the common tie  
Of mankind, Society.

Kindness grown is, lately, cold ;  
Conscience hath forgot her part ;  
Blessed times were known of old,  
Long ere Law became an Art :  
Shame deterred, not Statutes then,  
Honest love was law to men.

Deeds from love, and words, that flow,  
Foster like kind April showers ; 20  
In the warm sun all things grow,  
Wholesome fruits and pleasant flowers :  
All so thrives his gentle rays,  
Whereon human love displays.

## XI

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,  
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,  
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my  
troubled breast.  
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to  
rest !



Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,  
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our  
eyes :

Glory there the sun outshines ; whose beams the  
Blessed only see.

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to  
Thee !

XII

LIFT up to heaven, sad wretch, thy heavy sprite !  
What though thy sins thy due destruction threat ?  
The Lord exceeds in mercy as in might ;  
His ruth is greater, though thy crimes be great.  
Repentance needs not fear the heaven's just rod,  
It stays even thunder in the hand of God.

With cheerful voice to Him then cry for grace :  
Thy Faith and fainting Hope with Prayer revive ;  
Remorse for all that truly mourn hath place ;  
Not God, but men of Him themselves deprive : 10  
Strive then, and He will help ; call Him, He'll hear :  
The son needs not the father's fury fear.

XIII

Lo, when back mine eye,  
Pilgrim-like, I cast,  
What fearful ways I spy,  
Which, blinded, I securely past !

But now heaven hath drawn  
From my brows that night ;  
As when the day doth dawn,  
So clears my long imprisoned sight.

Straight the caves of hell,  
Dressed with flowers I see : 10  
Wherein false pleasures dwell,  
That, winning most, most deadly be.

Throngs of masked fiends,  
Winged like angels, fly :  
Even in the gates of friends  
In fair disguise black dangers lie.

Straight to heaven I raised  
My restored sight,  
And with loud voice I praised  
The Lord of ever-during light. 20

And since I had strayed  
From His ways so wide,  
His grace I humbly prayed  
Henceforth to be my guard and guide.

## XIV

As by the streams of Babylon  
Far from our native soil we sat,  
Sweet Sion, thee we thought upon,  
And every thought a tear begat.

Aloft the trees, that spring up there,  
Our silent harps we pensive hung :  
Said they that captived us, "Let's hear  
Some song, which you in Sion sung !"

Is then the song of our God fit  
To be profaned in foreign land ? 10  
O Salem, thee when I forget,  
Forget his skill may my right hand !

Fast to the roof cleave may my tongue,  
If mindless I of thee be found !  
Or if, when all my joys are sung,  
'Jerusalem be not the ground !

Remember, Lord, how Edom's race  
Cried in Jerusalem's sad day,  
"Hurl down her walls, her towers deface,  
And, stone by stone, all level lay !" 20

Curst Babel's seed ! for Salem's sake  
Just ruin yet for thee remains !  
Blest shall they be thy babes that take  
And 'gainst the stones dash out their brains !

XV

SING a song of joy !  
Praise our God with mirth !  
His flock who can destroy ?  
Is He not Lord of heaven and earth ?

Sing we then secure,  
Tuning well our strings !  
With voice, as echo pure,  
Let us renown the King of Kings !

First who taught the day  
From the East to rise ? 10  
Whom doth the sun obey  
When in the seas his glory dies ?

He the stars directs  
That in order stand :  
Who heaven and earth protects  
But He that framed them with His hand ?

Angels round attend,  
Waiting on His will :  
Armed millions He doth send  
To aid the good or plague the ill. 20

All that dread His name,  
And His 'hests observe,  
His arm will shield from shame :  
Their steps from truth shall never swerve.

Let us then rejoice,  
Sounding loud His praise :  
So will He hear our voice  
And bless on earth our peaceful days.

XVI

AWAKE, awake, thou heavy sprite,  
That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin !  
Rise now and walk the ways of light !  
'Tis not too late yet to begin.  
Seek heaven early, seek it late :  
True Faith still finds an open gate.

Get up, get up, thou leaden man !  
Thy track to endless joy or pain  
Yields but the model of a span ;  
Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain ! 10  
One minute bounds thy bane or bliss :  
Then watch and labour, while time is !

XVII

COME, cheerful day, part of my life to me :  
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,  
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,  
And I still onward haste to my last night.  
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly :  
So every day we live a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,  
How are my days deprived of life in you,  
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,  
By feigned death life sweetly to renew ! 10  
Part of my life in that, you life deny :  
So every day we live a day we die.

## XVIII

SEEK the Lord, and in His ways persevere !  
O faint not, but as eagles fly,  
For His steep hill is high ;  
Then striving gain the top and triumph ever !  
When with glory there thy brows are crowned,  
New joys so shall abound in thee,  
Such sights thy soul shall see,  
That worldly thoughts shall by their beams be  
drowned.  
Farewell, World, thou mass of mere confusion !  
False light, with many shadows dimmed ;      10  
Old witch, with new foils trimmed ;  
Thou deadly sleep of soul, and charmed illusion !  
I the King will seek, of Kings adored ;  
Spring of light ; tree of grace and bliss,  
Whose fruit so sovereign is  
That all who taste it are from death restored.

## XIX

LIGHTEN, heavy heart, thy sprite,  
The joys recall that thence are fled ;  
Yield thy breast some living light ;  
The man that nothing doth is dead.  
Tune thy temper to these sounds,  
And quicken so thy joyless mind ;  
Sloth the worst and best confounds :  
It is the ruin of mankind.

*DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS* 61

From her cave rise all distastes,  
Which unresolved Despair pursues ; 10  
Whom soon after Violence hastes,  
Herself, ungrateful, to abuse.  
Skies are cleared with stirring winds,  
Th' unmoved water moorish grows ;  
Every eye much pleasure finds  
To view a stream that brightly flows.

XX

JACK and Joan they think no ill,  
But loving live, and merry still ;  
Do their week-days' work, and pray  
Devoutly on the holy day :  
Skip and trip it on the green,  
And help to choose the Summer Queen ;  
Lash out, at a country-feast,  
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,  
And tell at large a winter tale ; 10  
Climb up to the apple loft,  
And turn the crabs till they be soft.  
Tib is all the father's joy,  
And little Tom the mother's boy.  
All their pleasure is Content ;  
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,  
And deck her windows with green boughs ;

She can wreaths and tuttyes make,  
 And trim with plums a bridal cake. 20  
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss ;  
 And his long flail can stoutly toss :  
 Makes the hedge, which others break ;  
 And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,  
 That study only strange delights ;  
 Though you scorn the homespun gray,  
 And revel in your rich array :  
 Though your tongues dissemble deep,  
 And can your heads from danger keep ; 30  
 Yet, for all your pomp and train,  
 Securer lives the silly swain.

## XXI

ALL looks be pale, hearts cold as stone,  
 For Hally now is dead and gone !  
     Hally, in whose sight,  
     Most sweet sight,  
     All the earth late took delight.  
 Every eye, weep with me !  
 Joys drowned in tears must be.

His ivory skin, his comely hair,  
 His rosy cheeks, so clear and fair,  
     Eyes that once did grace 10  
     His bright face,—  
 Now in him all want their place



Eyes and hearts weep with me !  
For who so kind as he ?

His youth was like an April flower,  
Adorned with beauty, love, and power.

Glory strewed his way,

Whose wreathes gay

Now are all turned to decay.

Then again weep with me ! 20

None feel more cause than we.

No more may his wished sight return,  
His golden lamp no more can burn.

Quenched is all his flame ;

His hoped fame

Now hath left him nought but name.

For him all weep with me !

Since more him none shall see.

THE SECOND BOOK OF AIRS, CONTAINING  
LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS HENRY,  
LORD CLIFFORD, SON AND HEIR TO THE RIGHT  
HONOURABLE FRANCIS, EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

SUCH days as wear the badge of holy red  
Are for devotion marked and sage delight ;  
The vulgar low-days, undistinguished,  
Are left for labour, games, and sportful sights.

This several and so differing use of time,  
Within th' enclosure of one week we find ;  
Which I resemble in my Notes and Rhyme,  
Expressing both in their peculiar kind.

Pure Hymns, such as the Seventh Day loves, do lead ;  
Grave age did justly challenge those of me : 10  
These weekday works, in order that succeed,  
Your youth best fits ; and yours, young Lord, they  
be,

As he is who to them their being gave :  
If th' one, the other you of force must have.

Your Honour's

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

TO THE READER.

*THAT holy hymns with lovers' cares are knit  
Both in one quire here, thou mayest think't unfit.  
Why dost not blame the Stationer as well,  
Who in the same shop sets all sorts to sell ?  
Divine with styles profane, grave shelved with vain,  
And some matched worse. Yet none of him complain.*

I

VAIN men, whose follies make a god of Love,  
Whose blindness beauty doth immortal deem ;  
Praise not what you desire but what you prove,  
Count those things good that are, not those that seem :  
I cannot call her true that's false to me,  
Nor make of women more than women be.

How fair an entrance breaks the way to love !  
How rich of golden hope and gay delight !  
What heart cannot a modest beauty move ?  
Who, seeing clear day once, will dream of night ? 10  
She seemed a saint, that brake her faith with me,  
But proved a woman as all other be.

So bitter is their sweet that true content  
Unhappy men in them may never find :  
Ah ! but without them none. Both must concent,  
Else uncouth are the joys of either kind.  
Let us then praise their good, forget their ill :  
Men must be men, and women women still.

II

How eas'ly wert thou chained,  
Fond heart, by favours feigned !

Why lived thy hopes in grace,  
Straight to die disdained ?  
But since th' art now beguiled  
By love that falsely smiled,  
In some less happy place  
Mourn alone exiled !  
My love still here increaseth,  
And with my love my grief,  
While her sweet bounty ceaseth,  
That gave my woes relief.  
Yet 'tis no woman leaves me,  
For such may prove unjust ;  
A goddess thus deceives me,  
Whose faith who could mistrust ?

10

A goddess so much graced,  
That Paradise is placed  
In her most heav'nly breast,  
Once by love embraced :  
But love, that so kind proved,  
Is now from her removed,  
Nor will he longer rest  
Where no faith is loved.  
If powers celestial wound us  
And will not yield relief,  
Woe then must needs confound us,  
For none can cure our grief.  
No wonder if I languish  
Through burden of my smart :  
It is no common anguish  
From Paradise to part.

20

30



III

HARDEN now thy tired heart, with more than flinty  
rage !

Ne'er let her false tears henceforth thy constant grief  
assuage !

Once true happy days thou saw'st when she stood  
firm and kind,

Both as one then lived and held one ear, one tongue,  
one mind :

But now those bright hours be fled, and never may  
return ;

What then remains but her untruths to mourn ?

Silly trait'ress, who shall now thy careless tresses  
place ?

Who thy pretty talk supply, whose ear thy music  
grace ?

Who shall thy bright eyes admire ? what lips triumph  
with thine ?

Day by day who'll visit thee and say " Th' art only  
mine " ?

IO

Such a time there was, God wot, but such shall never  
be :

Too oft, I fear, thou wilt remember me.

IV

O WHAT unhop'd for sweet supply !

O what joys exceeding !

What an affecting charm feel I,

From delight proceeding !

That which I long despaired to be,  
To her I am, and she to me.

She that alone in cloudy grief  
Long to me appeared :  
She now alone with bright relief  
All those clouds hath cleared.  
Both are immortal and divine :  
Since I am hers, and she is mine.

10

## V

WHERE she her sacred bower adorns,  
The rivers clearly flow ;  
The groves and meadows swell with flowers,  
The winds all gently blow.  
Her sun-like beauty shines so fair,  
Her spring can never fade :  
Who then can blame the life that strives  
To harbour in her shade ?

Her grace I sought, her love I wooed,  
Her love thought to obtain ;  
No time, no toil, no vow, no faith,  
Her wished grace can gain.  
Yet truth can tell my heart is hers,  
And her will I adore ;  
And from that love when I depart,  
Let heaven view me no more !

10

l. 10. *thought to.* Old ed. "though I."

Her roses with my praye[r]s shall spring ;  
And when her trees I praise,  
Their boughs shall blossom, mellow fruit  
Shall straw her pleasant ways. 20

The words of hearty zeal have power  
High wonders to effect ;  
O why should then her princely ear  
My words or zeal neglect ?

If she my faith misdeems, or worth,  
Woe worth my hapless fate !  
For though time can my truth reveal,  
That time will come too late.  
And who can glory in the worth,  
That cannot yield him grace ? 30  
Content in everything is not,  
Nor joy in every place.

But from her bower of joy since I  
Must now excluded be,  
And she will not relieve my cares,  
Which none can help but she ;  
My comfort in her love shall dwell,  
Her love lodge in my breast,  
And though not in her bower, yet I  
Shall in her temple rest. 40

VI

FAIN would I my love disclose,  
Ask what honour might deny ;  
But both love and her I lose,  
From my motion if she fly.

Worse than pain is fear to me :  
 Then hold in fancy though it burn !  
 If not happy, safe I'll be,  
 And to my cloistered cares return.

Yet, O yet, in vain I strive  
 To repress my schooled desire ;                    10  
 More and more the flames revive,  
 I consume in mine own fire.  
 She would pity, might she know  
 The harms that I for her endure :  
 Speak then, and get comfort so ;  
 A wound long hid grows past recure.

Wise she is, and needs must know  
 All th' attempts that beauty moves :  
 Fair she is, and honoured so  
 That she, sure, hath tried some loves.                    20  
 If with love I tempt her then,  
 'Tis but her due to be desired :  
 What would women think of men  
 If their deserts were not admired ?

Women, courted, have the hand  
 To discard what they distaste :  
 But those dames whom none demand  
 Want oft what their wills embraced.  
 Could their firmness iron excel,  
 As they are fair, they should be sought :                    30  
 When true thieves use falsehood well,  
 As they are wise they will be caught.



VII

GIVE beauty all her right,  
 She's not to one form tied ;  
 Each shape yields fair delight,  
 Where her perfections 'bide.  
 Helen, I grant, might pleasing be ;  
 And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends ;  
 Some swelling lips and red ;  
 Pale looks have many friends,  
 Through sacred sweetness bred. 10  
 Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,  
 Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound  
 To one unmoved clime :  
 She visits every ground,  
 And favours every time.  
 Let the old loves with mine compare,  
 My Sovereign is as sweet and fair.

VIII

O DEAR ! that I with thee might live,  
 From human trace removed !  
 Where jealous care might neither grieve,  
 Yet each dote on their loved.  
 While fond fear may colour find, love's seldom pleased :  
 But much like a sick man's rest, it's soon diseased.

l. 8. *swelling*. Old ed. "smelling."

Why should our minds not mingle so,  
 When love and faith is plighted,  
 That either might the other's know,  
 Alike in all delighted? 10  
 Why should frailty breed suspect, when hearts are  
 fixed?  
 Must all human joys of force with grief be mixed?

How oft have we ev'n smiled in tears,  
 Our fond mistrust repenting?  
 As snow when heavenly fire appears,  
 So melts love's hate relenting.  
 Vexed kindness soon falls off and soon returneth :  
 Such a flame the more you quench the more it burneth.

## IX

GOOD men, show, if you can tell,  
 Where doth Human Pity dwell?  
 Far and near her I would seek,  
 So vext with sorrow is my breast.  
 "She," they say, "to all is meek ;  
 And only makes th' unhappy blest."

Oh ! if such a saint there be,  
 Some hope yet remains for me :  
 Prayer or sacrifice may gain  
 From her implored grace relief ; 10  
 To release me of my pain,  
 Or at the least to ease my grief.

Young am I, and far from guile,  
The more is my woe the while :  
Falsehood with a smooth disguise  
My simple meaning hath abused :  
Casting mists before mine eyes,  
By which my senses are confused.

Fair he is, who vowed to me  
That he only mine would be ; 20  
But, alas, his mind is caught  
With every gaudy bait he sees :  
And too late my flame is taught  
That too much kindness makes men freeze.

From me all my friends are gone,  
While I pine for him alone ;  
And not one will rue my case,  
But rather my distress deride :  
That I think there is no place  
Where Pity ever yet did 'bide. 30

X

WHAT harvest half so sweet is  
As still to reap the kisses  
Grown ripe in sowing ?  
And straight to be receiver  
Of that which thou art giver,  
Rich in bestowing ?

Kiss then, my Harvest Queen,  
 Full garners heaping !  
 Kisses, ripest when th' are green,  
 Want only reaping. 10

The dove alone expresses  
 Her fervency in kisses,  
 Of all most loving :  
 A creature as offenceless  
 As those things that are senseless  
 And void of moving.  
 Let us so love and kiss,  
 Though all envy us :  
 That which kind, and harmless is,  
 None can deny us. 20

## XI

SWEET, exclude me not, nor be divided  
 From him that ere long must bed thee :  
 All thy maiden doubts law hath decided ;  
 Sure we are, and I must wed thee.  
 Presume then yet a little more :  
 Here's the way, bar not the door.

Tenants, to fulfil their landlord's pleasure,  
 Pay their rent before the quarter :  
 'Tis my case, if you it rightly measure ;  
 Put me not then off with laughter. 10  
 Consider then a little more :  
 Here's the way to all my store.

Why were doors in love's despight devised?  
Are not laws enough restraining?  
Women are most apt to be surprised  
Sleeping, or sleep wisely feigning.  
Then grace me yet a little more :  
Here's the way, bar not the door.

XII

THE peaceful western wind  
The winter storms hath tamed,  
And Nature in each kind  
The kind heat hath inflamed :  
The forward buds so sweetly breathe  
Out of their earthly bowers,  
That heaven, which views their pomp beneath,  
Would fain be decked with flowers.

See how the morning smiles  
On her bright eastern hill, 10  
And with soft steps beguiles  
Them that lie slumbering still !  
The music-loving birds are come  
From cliffs and rocks unknown,  
To see the trees and briars bloom  
That late were overflown.

What Saturn did destroy,  
Love's Queen revives again ;  
And now her naked boy  
Doth in the fields remain, 20

Where he such pleasing change doth view  
 In every living thing,  
 As if the world were born anew  
 To gratify the spring.

If all things life present,  
 Why die my comforts then ?  
 Why suffers my content ?  
 Am I the worst of men ?  
 O, Beauty, be not thou accused  
 Too justly in this case !  
 Unkindly if true love be used,  
 'Twill yield thee little grace.

30

## XIII

THERE is none, O none but you,  
 That from me estrange your sight,  
 Whom mine eyes affect to view  
 Or chained ears hear with delight.

Other beauties others move,  
 In you I all graces find ;  
 Such is the effect of love,  
 To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust,  
 Only seem you fair to me ;  
 Yet prove truly kind and just,  
 For that may not dissembled be.

10

Sweet, afford me then your sight,  
That, surveying all your looks,  
Endless volumes I may write  
And fill the world with envied books :

Which when after-ages view,  
All shall wonder and despair,  
Woman to find man so true,  
Or man a woman half so fair. 20

XIV

PINED I am and like to die,  
And all for lack of that which I  
Do every day refuse.  
If I musing sit or stand,  
Some puts it daily in my hand,  
To interrupt my muse :  
The same thing I seek and fly,  
And want that which none would deny.

In my bed, when I should rest,  
It breeds such trouble in my breast 10  
That scarce mine eyes will close ;  
If I sleep it seems to be  
Oft playing in the bed with me,  
But, waked, away it goes.  
'Tis some spirit sure, I ween,  
And yet it may be felt and seen.

Would I had the heart and wit  
 To make it stand and conjure it,  
     That haunts me thus with fear.  
 Doubtless 'tis some harmless sprite,      20  
 For it by day as well as night  
     Is ready to appear.  
 Be it friend, or be it foe,  
 Ere long I'll try what it will do.

## XV

So many loves have I neglected  
     Whose good parts might move me,  
 That now I live of all rejected ;  
     There is none will love me.  
 Why is maiden heat so coy ?  
     It freezeth when it burneth,  
 Loseth what it might enjoy,  
     And, having lost it, mourneth.

Should I then woo, that have been wooed,  
     Seeking them that fly me ?      10  
 When I my faith with tears have vowed,  
     And when all deny me,  
 Who will pity my disgrace,  
     Which love might have prevented ?  
 There is no submission base  
     Where error is repented.



O happy men, whose hopes are licensed  
To discourse their passion,  
While women are confined to silence,  
Losing wished occasion ! 20  
Yet our tongues than theirs, men say,  
Are apter to be moving :  
Women are more dumb than they,  
But in their thoughts more moving.

When I compare my former strangeness  
With my present doting,  
I pity men that speak in plainness  
Their true heart's devoting ;  
While we (with repentance) jest  
At their submissive passion. 30  
Maids, I see, are never blest  
That strange be but for fashion.

XVI

THOUGH your strangeness frets my heart,  
Yet may not I complain :  
You persuade me, 'tis but art,  
That secret love must feign.  
If another you affect,  
'Tis but a show, t'avoid suspect.  
Is this fair excusing? O, no ! all is abusing !

Your wished sight if I desire,  
Suspicious you pretend :  
Causeless you yourself retire, 10  
While I in vain attend.

This a lover whets, you say,  
 Still made more eager by delay.  
 Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

When another holds your hand,  
 You swear I hold your heart :  
 When my rivals close do stand,  
 And I sit far apart,  
 I am nearer yet than they,  
 Hid in your bosom, as you say. 20  
 Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Would my rival then I were,  
 Or else your secret friend :  
 So much lesser should I fear,  
 And not so much attend.  
 They enjoy you, every one,  
 Yet I must seem your friend alone.  
 Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

## XVII

COME away, armed with love's delights !  
 Thy spriteful graces bring with thee !  
 When love and longing fights,  
 They must the sticklers be.  
 Come quickly, come ! the promised hour is well-nigh  
 spent,  
 And pleasure being too much deferred, loseth her best  
 content.

l. 23. *Or.* Old ed. "Some."

Is she come? O, how near is she!  
How far yet from this friendly place!  
How many steps from me!  
When shall I her embrace? 10  
These arms I'll spread, which only at her sight shall  
close,  
Attending as the starry flower that the sun's noontide  
knows.

XVIII

COME, you pretty false-eyed wanton,  
Leave your crafty smiling!  
Think you to escape me now  
With slipp'ry words beguiling!  
No; you mocked me th'other day;  
When you got loose, you fled away;  
But, since I have caught you now,  
I'll clip your wings for flying:  
Smoth'ring kisses fast I'll heap,  
And keep you so from crying. 10

Sooner may you count the stars,  
And number hail down pouring,  
Tell the osiers of the Thames,  
Or Goodwin sands devouring,  
Than the thick-showered kisses here  
Which now thy tired lips must bear.  
Such a harvest never was,  
So rich and full of pleasure,  
But 'tis spent as soon as reaped,  
So trustless is love's treasure. 20

Would it were dumb midnight now,  
 When all the world lies sleeping !  
 Would this place some desert were,  
 Which no man hath in keeping !  
 My desires should then be safe,  
 And when you cried then would I laugh :  
 But if aught might breed offence,  
 Love only should be blamed :  
 I would live your servant still,  
 And you my saint unnamed.

30

## XIX

A SECRET love or two I must confess  
 I kindly welcome for change in close playing,  
 Yet my dear husband I love ne'ertheless,  
 His desires, whole or half, quickly allaying,  
 At all times ready to offer redress :  
 His own he never wants but hath it duly,  
 Yet twits me I keep not touch with him truly.

The more a spring is drawn the more it flows,  
 No lamp less light retains by light'ning others :  
 Is he a loser his loss that ne'er knows ?

Or is he wealthy that waste treasure smothers ?  
 My churl vows no man shall scent his sweet rose :  
 His own enough and more I give him duly,  
 Yet still he twits me I keep not touch truly.

10

Wise archers bear more than one shaft to field,  
The venturer loads not with one ware his shipping ;  
Should warriors learn but one weapon to wield,  
Or thrive fair plants e'er the worse for the slipping ?  
One dish cloy, many fresh appetite yield.  
Mine own I'll use, and his he shall have duly : 20  
Judge then what debtor can keep touch more truly.

XX

HER rosy cheeks, her ever-smiling eyes,  
Are spheres and beds where Love in triumph lies :  
Her rubine lips, when they their pearl unlock,  
Make them seem as they did rise  
All out of one smooth coral rock.  
O that of other creatures' store I knew  
More worthy and more rare !  
For these are old, and she so new,  
That her to them none should compare.

O could she love ! would she but hear a friend ! 10  
Or that she only knew what sighs pretend !  
Her looks inflame, yet cold as ice is she.  
Do or speak, all's to one end,  
For what she is that will she be.  
Yet will I never cease her praise to sing,  
Though she gives no regard :  
For they that grace a worthless thing  
Are only greedy of reward.

## XXI

WHERE shall I refuge seek, if thou refuse me ?  
In you my hope, in you my fortune lies,  
In you my life ! though you unjust accuse me,  
My service scorn, and merit underprize :  
    O bitter grief ! that exile is become  
    Reward for faith, and pity deaf and dumb !

Why should my firmness find a seat so wav'ring ?  
My simple vows, my love you entertained ;  
Without desert the same again disfav'ring ;  
Yet I my word and passion hold unstained.                    10  
    O wretched me ! that my chief joy should breed  
    My only grief and kindness pity need !

## FINIS

*The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres : Composed  
by Thomas Campian. So as they may be expressed by  
one Voyce, with a Violl, Lute, or Orpharion. Lon-  
don : Printed by Thomas Snodham. Cum Priuilegio.  
n.d. [circ. 1617]. fol.*





# A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THE TWO BOOKS FOLLOWING.

## *The Table of the First Book.*

- |                           |                               |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Oft have I sighed.     | 16. If thou long'st so much.  |
| 2. Now let her change.    | 17. Shall I come, sweet       |
| 3. Were my heart as.      | love ?                        |
| 4. Maids are simple, some | 18. Thrice toss these         |
| men say.                  | oaken.                        |
| 5. So tired are all my    | 19. Be thou then my           |
| thoughts.                 | Beauty.                       |
| 6. Why presumes thy       | 20. Fire, fire, fire ! lo,    |
| pride ?                   | here.                         |
| 7. Kind are her answers.  | 21. O sweet delight.          |
| 8. O grief, O spite !     | 22. Thus I resolve.           |
| 9. O never to be moved.   | 23. Come, O come, my          |
| 10. Break now, my heart   | life's.                       |
| and die.                  | 24. Could my heart more.      |
| 11. If Love loves truth.  | 25. Sleep, angry beauty.      |
| 12. Now winter nights en- | 26. Silly boy, 'tis full moon |
| large.                    | yet.                          |
| 13. Awake, thou spring.   | 27. Never love unless you     |
| 14. What is it [all] that | can.                          |
| men possess ?             | 28. So quick, so hot.         |
| 15. Fire that must flame. | 29. Shall I then hope.        |

## *The Table of the Second Book.*

- |                             |                              |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Leave prolonging.        | 13. O Love, where are thy    |
| 2. Respect my faith.        | shafts ?                     |
| 3. Thou joy'st, fond boy.   | 14. Beauty is but a painted  |
| 4. Veil, love, mine eyes.   | hell.                        |
| 5. Every dame affects       | 15. Are you what you ?       |
| good fame.                  | 16. Since she, even she.     |
| 6. So sweet is thy dis-     | 17. I must complain.         |
| course.                     | 18. Think'st thou to         |
| 7. There is a garden in     | seduce.                      |
| her face.                   | 19. Her fair inflaming eyes. |
| 8. To his sweet lute.       | 20. Turn all thy thoughts.   |
| 9. Young and simple         | 21. If any hath the heart    |
| though I am.                | to kill.                     |
| 10. Love me or not.         | 22. Beauty, since you.       |
| 11. What means this folly ? | 23. Your fair looks.         |
| 12. Dear, if I with guile.  | 24. Fain would I wed.        |

TO MY HONOURABLE FRIEND, SIR  
THOMAS MOUNSON, KNIGHT AND  
BARONET.

SINCE now these clouds, that lately over-cast  
Your fame and fortune, are dispersed at last :  
And now since all to you fair greetings make ;  
Some out of love, and some for pity's sake :  
Shall I but with a common style salute  
Your new enlargement ? or stand only mute ?  
I, to whose trust and care you durst commit  
Your pined health, when art despaired of it ?  
I, that in your affliction often viewed  
In you the fruits of manly fortitude, 10  
Patience, and even constancy of mind  
That rock-like stood, and scorned both wave and  
wind ?

Should I, for all your ancient love to me,  
Endowed with weighty favours, silent be ?  
Your merits and my gratitude forbid  
That either should in Lethean gulf lie hid ;  
But how shall I this work of fame express ?  
How can I better, after pensiveness,  
Than with light strains of Music, made to move  
Sweetly with the wide-spreading plumes of Love ? 20  
These youth-born Airs, then, prisoned in this book,  
Which in your bowers much of their being took,  
Accept as a kind offering from that hand  
Which, joined with heart, your virtue may command !

Who love a sure friend, as all good men do,  
Since such you are, let those affect you too.  
And may the joys of that Crown never end,  
That innocence doth pity and defend.

Yours devoted,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

## I

OFT have I sighed for him that hears me not ;  
Who absent hath both love and me forgot.  
O yet I languish still through his delay :  
Days seem as years when wished friends break their  
day.

Had he but loved as common lovers use,  
His faithless stay some kindness would excuse :  
O yet I languish still, still constant mourn  
For him that can break vows but not return.

## II

NOW let her change and spare not !  
Since she proves strange I care not :  
Feigned love charmed so my delight  
That still I doted on her sight.  
But she is gone, new joys embracing  
And my desires disgracing.

When did I err in blindness,  
Or vex her with unkindness ?

If my cares served her alone,  
 Why is she thus untimely gone? 10  
 True love abides to th' hour of dying :  
 False love is ever flying.

False ! then, farewell for ever !  
 Once false proves faithful never :  
 He that boasts now of thy love,  
 Shall soon my present fortunes prove.  
 Were he as fair as bright Adonis,  
 Faith is not had, where none is.

## III

WERE my heart as some men's are, thy errors would  
 not move me ;  
 But thy faults I curious find and speak because I love  
 thee :  
 Patience is a thing divine and far, I grant, above me.

Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker deeds  
 objecting,  
 Than th' obsequious bosom guest, with false respect  
 affecting.  
 Friendship is the Glass of Truth, our hidden stains  
 detecting.

While I use of eyes enjoy and inward light of reason,  
 Thy observer will I be and censor, but in season :  
 Hidden mischief to conceal in State and Love is  
 treason.

## IV

"MAIDS are simple," some men say,  
"They, forsooth, will trust no men."  
But should they men's wills obey,  
Maids were very simple then.

Truth, a rare flower now is grown,  
Few men wear it in their hearts;  
Lovers are more easily known  
By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give  
To a faithless wandering Jew  
Than a young man's vows believe  
When he swears his love is true. 10

Love they make a poor blind child,  
But let none trust such as he :  
Rather than to be beguiled,  
Ever let me simple be.

## V

So tired are all my thoughts, that sense and spirits  
fail :

Mourning I pine, and know not what I ail.

O what can yield ease to a mind

Joy in nothing that can find ?

How are my powers fore-spoke? What strange dis-  
taste is this?

Hence, cruel hate of that which sweetest is!

Come, come delight! make my dull brain

Feel once heat of joy again.

The lover's tears are sweet, their mover makes them  
so ;

Proud of a wound the bleeding soldiers grow. 10

Poor I alone, dreaming, endure

Grief that knows nor cause nor cure.

And whence can all this grow? even from an idle  
mind,

That no delight in any good can find.

Action alone makes the soul blest :

Virtue dies with too much rest.

## VI

WHY presumes thy pride on that that must so private  
be,

Scarce that it can good be called, though it seems  
best to thee,

Best of all that Nature framed or curious eye can see?

'Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid, that like a blossom  
grows ;

Which who views no more enjoys than on a bush a  
rose,

That, by many's handling, fades : and thou art one of  
those.

If to one thou shalt prove true and all beside reject,  
Then art thou but one man's good ; which yields a  
poor effect :

For the commonest good by far deserves the best  
respect.

But if for this goodness thou thyself wilt common  
make, 10

Thou art then not good at all : so thou canst no way  
take

But to prove the meanest good or else all good  
forsake.

Be not then of beauty proud, but so her colours bear  
That they prove not stains to her, that them for grace  
should wear :

So shalt thou to all more fair than thou wert born  
appear.

## VII

KIND are her answers,  
But her performance keeps no day ;  
Breaks time, as dancers  
From their own music when they stray.  
All her free favours  
And smooth words wing my hopes in vain.  
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign ?  
Can true love yield such delay,  
Converting joy to pain ?

Lost is our freedom, 10  
 When we submit to women so :  
 Why do we need them  
 When, in their best they work our woe ?  
 There is no wisdom  
 Can alter ends, by Fate prefixt.  
 O why is the good of man with evil mixt ?  
 Never were days yet called two,  
 But one night went betwixt.

## VIII

O GRIEF, O spite, to see poor Virtue scorned,  
 Truth far exiled, False Art loved, Vice adored,  
 Free Justice sold, worst causes best adorned,  
 Right cast by Power, Pity in vain implored !  
 O who in such an age could wish to live,  
 When none can have or hold, but such as give ?  
 O times, O men to Nature rebels grown,  
 Poor in desert, in name rich, proud of shame  
 Wise but in ill ! Your styles are not your own  
 Though dearly bought ; Honour is honest fame. 10  
 Old stories, only, goodness now contain,  
 And the true wisdom that is just and plain.

## IX

O NEVER to be moved,  
 O beauty unrelenting !  
 Hard heart, too dearly loved !  
 Fond love, too late repenting !



Why did I dream of too much bliss ?

Deceitful hope was cause of this.

O hear me speak this, and no more,

“ Live you in joy, while I my woes deplore ! ”

All comforts despaired

Distaste your bitter scorning ; 10

Great sorrows unrepaired

Admit no mean in mourning :

Die, wretch, since hope from thee is fled.

He that must die, is better dead.

O dear delight yet, ere I die,

Some pity show, though you relief deny !

## X

BREAK now, my heart, and die ! O no, she may  
relent.

Let my despair prevail ! O stay, hope is not spent.

Should she now fix one smile on thee, where were  
despair ?

The loss is but easy, which smiles can repair.

A stranger would please thee, if she were as fair.

Her must I love or none, so sweet none breathes as  
she ;

The more is my despair, alas, she loves not me !

But cannot time make way for love through ribs of  
steel ?

The Grecian, enchanted all parts but the heel,

At last a shaft daunted, which his heart did feel. 10

## XI

IF Love loves truth, then women do not love ;  
 Their passions all are but dissembled shows ;  
 Now kind and free of favour if they prove,  
 Their kindness straight a tempest overthrows.  
 Then as a seaman the poor lover fares ;  
 The storm drowns him ere he can drown his cares.

But why accuse I women that deceive ?  
 Blame then the foxes for their subtle wile :  
 They first from Nature did their craft receive :  
 It is a woman's nature to beguile. 10  
 Yet some, I grant, in loving steadfast grow ;  
 But such by use are made, not Nature, so.

O why had Nature power at once to frame  
 Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love ?  
 O would Deceit had died when Beauty came  
 With her divineness every heart to move !  
 Yet do we rather wish, whate'er befall,  
 To have fair women false than none at all.

## XII

Now winter nights enlarge  
 The number of their hours ;  
 And clouds their storms discharge  
 Upon the airy towers.

Let now the chimneys blaze  
And cups o'erflow with wine,  
Let well-tuned words amaze  
With harmony divine !  
Now yellow waxen lights  
Shall wait on honey love 10  
While youthful revels, masques, and Courtly sights,  
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

    This time doth well dispense  
    With lovers' long discourse ;  
Much speech hath some defence,  
    Though beauty no remorse.  
All do not all things well ;  
    Some measures comely tread,  
Some knotted riddles tell,  
    Some poems smoothly read. 20  
The summer hath his joys,  
    And winter his delights ;  
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,  
    They shorten tedious nights.

## XIII

AWAKE, thou spring of speaking grace ! mute rest  
    becomes not thee !  
The fairest women, while they sleep, and pictures,  
    equal be.

    O come and dwell in love's discourses !  
    Old renewing, new creating.  
The words which thy rich tongue discourses,  
    Are not of the common rating !

Thy voice is as an Echo clear which Music doth beget,  
Thy speech is as an Oracle which none can counterfeit :  
    For thou alone, without offending,  
        Hast obtained power of enchanting ; 10  
And I could hear thee without ending,  
    Other comfort never wanting.

Some little reason brutish lives with human glory share ;  
But language is our proper grace, from which they  
    severed are.

    As brutes in reason man surpasses,  
        Men in speech excel each other :  
If speech be then the best of graces,  
    Do it not in slumber smother !

## XIV

WHAT is it all that men possess, among themselves  
    conversing ?  
Wealth or fame, or some such boast, scarce worthy  
    the rehearsing.  
Women only are men's good, with them in love con-  
    versing.

If weary, they prepare us rest ; if sick, their hand  
    attends us ;  
When with grief our hearts are prest, their comfort best  
    befriends us :  
Sweet or sour, they willing go to share what fortune  
    sends us.

What pretty babes with pain they bear, our name and  
form presenting !

What we get, how wise they keep ! by sparing, wants  
preventing ;

Sorting all their household cares to our observed con-  
tenting.

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words is  
expressed :

10

Good Wife is the good I praise, if by good men  
possessed ;

Bad with bad in ill suit well ; but good with good live  
blessed.

## XV

FIRE that must flame is with apt fuel fed,  
Flowers that will thrive in sunny soil are bred.  
How can a heart feel heat that no hope finds?  
Or can he love on whom no comfort shines?

Fair ! I confess there's pleasure in your sight !  
Sweet ! you have power, I grant, of all delight !  
But what is all to me, if I have none ?  
Churl, that you are, t'enjoy such wealth alone !

Prayers move the heavens but find no grace with you ;  
Yet in your looks a heavenly form I view, 10  
Then will I pray again, hoping to find,  
As well as in your looks heaven in your mind!

Saint of my heart, Queen of my life and love,  
O let my vows thy loving spirit move !  
Let me no longer mourn through thy disdain ;  
But with one touch of grace cure all my pain.

## XVI

IF thou long'st so much to learn, sweet boy, what  
'tis to love,  
Do but fix thy thought on me and thou shalt quickly  
prove.

Little suit, at first, shall win  
Way to thy abashed desire,  
But then will I hedge thee in  
Salamander-like with fire !

With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond  
dalliance bear ;

We the grovy hills will climb, and play the wantons  
there ;

Other whiles we'll gather flowers,  
Lying dallying on the grass !                    10  
And thus our delightful hours  
Full of waking dreams shall pass !

When thy joys were thus at height, my love should  
turn from thee ;

Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as  
strange might be ;

Twenty rivals thou shouldst find,  
Breaking all their hearts for me,  
While to all I'll prove more kind  
And more forward than to thee.

Thus, thy silly youth, enraged, would soon my love  
defy ;

But, alas, poor soul too late! clipt wings can never  
fly. 20

Those sweet hours which we had past,  
Called to mind, thy heart would burn ;  
And couldst thou fly ne'er so fast,  
They would make thee straight return.

## XVII

SHALL I come, sweet love, to thee,  
When the evening beams are set ?  
Shall I not excluded be ?  
Will you find no feigned let ?  
Let me not, for pity, more,  
Tell the long hours at your door !

Who can tell what thief or foe,  
In the covert of the night,  
For his prey will work my woe,  
Or through wicked foul despite ? 10  
So may I die unredrest,  
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers pass,  
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,  
'Tis enough in such a place  
To attend love's joys in vain.  
Do not mock me in thy bed,  
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

## XVIII

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,  
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair ;  
And thrice three times, tie up this true love's knot !  
And murmur soft " She will, or she will not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,  
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar ;  
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave ;  
That all thy fears and cares, an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies, dance with me a round !  
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound ! 10  
In vain are all the charms I can devise :  
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

## XIX

BE thou then my Beauty named,  
Since thy will is to be mine !  
For by that I am enflamed,  
Which on all alike doth shine.  
Others may the light admire,  
I only truly feel the fire.

But if lofty titles move thee,  
Challenge then a Sovereign's place !  
Say I honour when I love thee ;  
Let me call thy kindness Grace. 10  
State and Love things diverse be,  
Yet will we teach them to agree !



Or if this be not sufficing ;  
Be thou styled my Goddess then :  
I will love thee, sacrificing ;  
In thine honour, hymns I'll pen.  
To be thine what canst thou more ?  
I'll love thee, serve thee, and adore.

## XX

FIRE, fire, fire, fire !  
Lo here I burn in such desire  
That all the tears that I can strain  
Out of mine idle empty brain  
Cannot allay my scorching pain.  
Come Trent, and Humber, and fair Thames !  
Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streams !  
And if you cannot quench my fire,  
O drown both me and my desire !

Fire, fire, fire, fire !  
There is no hell to my desire.  
See, all the rivers backward fly !  
And th' Ocean doth his waves deny,  
For fear my heat should drink them dry !  
Come, heavenly showers, then, pouring down !  
Come you, that once the world did drown !  
Some then you spared, but now save all,  
That else must burn, and with me fall !

## XXI

O SWEET delight, O more than human bliss,  
With her to live that ever loving is ;  
To hear her speak, whose words are so well placed,  
That she by them, as they in her are graced :  
Those looks to view, that feast the viewer's eye,  
How blest is he that may so live and die !

Such love as this the golden times did know,  
When all did reap, yet none took care to sow ;  
Such love as this an endless summer makes,  
And all distaste from frail affection takes. 10  
So loved, so blessed, in my beloved am I ;  
Which till their eyes ache, let iron men envy !

## XXII

THUS I resolve, and time hath taught me so,  
Since she is fair and ever kind to me,  
Though she be wild and wanton-like in show,  
Those little stains in youth I will not see.  
That she be constant, heaven I oft implore :  
If prayers prevail not, I can do no more.

Palm tree the more you press, the more it grows ;  
Leave it alone it will not much exceed.  
Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose :  
And for affection, strange distaste you breed. 10  
What Nature hath not taught, no Art can frame :  
Wild born be wild still, though by force you tame.

## XXIII

COME, O come, my life's delight,  
Let me not in languor pine !  
Love loves no delay ; thy sight,  
The more enjoyed, the more divine :  
O come, and take from me  
The pain of being deprived of thee !

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,  
Like a little world of bliss.  
Beauty guards thy looks : the rose  
In them pure and eternal is. 10  
Come, then, and make thy flight  
As swift to me, as heavenly light.

## XXIV

COULD my heart more tongues employ  
Than it harbours thoughts of grief ;  
It is now so far from joy,  
That it scarce could ask relief.  
Truest hearts by deeds unkind  
To despair are most inclined.

Happy minds, that can redeem  
Their engagements how they please !  
That no joys or hopes esteem  
Half so precious as their ease ! 10  
Wisdom should prepare men so  
As if they did all foreknow.

Yet no art or caution can  
Grown affections easily change ;  
Use is such a Lord of man  
That he brooks worst what is strange.  
Better never to be blest  
Than to lose all at the best.

## XXV

SLEEP, angry beauty, sleep, and fear not me.  
For who a sleeping lion dares provoke ?  
It shall suffice me here to sit and see  
Those lips shut up, that never kindly spoke.  
What sight can more content a lover's mind  
Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind ?  
My words have charmed her, for secure she sleeps ;  
Though guilty much of wrong done to my love ;  
And in her slumber, see ! she, close-eyed, weeps !  
Dreams often more than waking passions move. 10  
Plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee,  
That she in peace may wake and pity me.

## XXVI

SILLY boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day shines  
clearly ;  
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst not love  
so dearly.  
Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures are  
bereaved ;  
Little knows he how to love that never was deceived.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs yet  
unstained ;  
All is artless now you speak, not one word, yet, is  
feigned ;  
All is heaven that you behold, and all your thoughts  
are blessed ;  
But no spring can want his fall, each Troilus hath his  
Cressid.  
Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely hang  
neglected ;  
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on earth  
dejected. 10  
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that made thy  
heart so holy,  
And with sighs confess, in love that too much faith is  
folly.  
Yet be just and constant still ! Love may beget a  
wonder,  
Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's fatal thunder.  
He that holds his sweetheart true, unto his day of  
dying,  
Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy the  
envying.

## XXVII

NEVER love unless you can  
Bear with all the faults of man :  
Men sometimes will jealous be,  
Though but little cause they see ;  
And hang the head, as discontent,  
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,  
 Make a show of love to more :  
 Beauty must be scorned in none,  
 Though but truly served in one :  
 For what is courtship, but disguise ?  
 True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

10

Men when their affairs require,  
 Must a while themselves retire :  
 Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,  
 And not ever sit and talk.  
 If these and such like you can bear,  
 Then like, and love, and never fear !

## XXVIII

So quick, so hot, so mad is thy fond suit,  
 So rude, so tedious grown, in urging me,  
 That fain I would, with loss, make thy tongue mute,  
 And yield some little grace to quiet thee :  
 An hour with thee I care not to converse,  
 For I would not be counted too perverse.

But roofs too hot would prove for me all fire ;  
 And hills too high for my unused pace ;  
 The grove is charged with thorns and the bold briar ;  
 Grey snakes the meadows shroud in every place : 10  
 A yellow frog, alas, will fright me so,  
 As I should start and tremble as I go.

xxviii. l. 7. *me.* Old ed. "men."

Since then I can on earth no fit room find,  
In heaven I am resolved with you to meet :  
Till then, for hope's sweet sake, rest your tired mind  
And not so much as see me in the street :  
A heavenly meeting one day we shall have,  
But never, as you dream, in bed, or grave.

## XXIX

SHALL I then hope when faith is fled ?  
Can I seek love when hope is gone ?  
Or can I live when love is dead ?  
Poorly he lives, that can love none.  
Her vows are broke and I am free ;  
She lost her faith in losing me.

When I compare mine own events,  
When I weigh others' like annoy :  
All do but heap up discontents  
That on a beauty build their joy. 10  
Thus I of all complain, since she  
All faith hath lost in losing me.

So my dear freedom have I gained,  
Though her unkindness and disgrace :  
Yet could I ever live enchained,  
As she my service did embrace.  
But she is changed, and I am free :  
Faith failing her, love died in me.

## FOURTH BOOK OF AIRS.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MASTER JOHN  
MOUNSON, SON AND HEIR TO SIR  
THOMAS MOUNSON, KNIGHT  
AND BARONET.

ON you th' affections of your father's friends,  
With his inheritance, by right descends :  
But you your graceful youth so wisely guide  
That his you hold, and purchase much beside.  
Love is the fruit of Virtue ; for whose sake  
Men only liking each to other take.  
If sparks of virtue shined not in you then  
So well, how could you win the hearts of men ?  
And since that honour and well-suited praise  
Is Virtue's golden spur, let me now raise  
Unto an act mature your tender age ;  
This half commending to your patronage,  
Which from your noble father's, but one side,  
Ordained to do you honour, doth divide.  
And so my love betwixt you both I part,  
On each side placing you as near my heart !

Yours ever,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.



## TO THE READER.

*THE Apothecaries have Books of Gold, whose leaves, being opened, are so light as that they are subject to be shaken with the least breath ; yet rightly handled, they serve both for ornament and use. Such are light Airs.*

*But if any squeamish stomachs shall check at two or three vain ditties in the end of this book, let them pour off the clearest and leave those as dregs in the bottom. Howsoever, if they be but conferred with the Canterbury Tales of that venerable poet Chaucer, they will then appear toothsome enough.*

*Some words are in these Books, which have been clothed in music by others, and I am content they then served their turn : yet give me now leave to make use of mine own. Likewise you may find here some three or four Songs that have been published before : but for them, I refer you to the Player's bill, that is styled, Newly revived, with Additions ; for you shall find all of them reformed, either in words or notes.*

*To be brief. All these Songs are mine, if you express them well ; otherwise they are your own. Farewell.*

*Yours, as you are his,*

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

## I

LEAVE prolonging thy distress !  
All delays afflict the dying.  
Many lost sighs long I spent, to her for mercy  
crying ;  
But now, vain mourning, cease !  
I'll die, and mine own griefs release.

Thus departing from this light  
To those shades that end in sorrow,  
Yet a small time of complaint a little breath I'll  
borrow,  
To tell my once delight  
I die alone through her despite. 10

## II

RESPECT my faith, regard my service past ;  
The hope you winged call home to you at last.  
Great price it is that I in you shall gain,  
So great for you hath been my loss and pain.  
My wits I spent and time for you alone,  
Observing you and losing all for one.

Some raised to rich estates in this time are,  
That held their hopes to mine, inferior far :  
Such, scoffing me, or pitying me, say thus,  
“ Had he not loved, he might have lived like us.” 10  
O then, dear sweet, for love and pity's sake  
My faith reward and from me scandal take.

## III

THOU joy'st, fond boy, to be by many loved,  
To have thy beauty of most dames approved ;  
For this dost thou thy native worth disguise  
And playest the sycophant t' observe their eyes ;  
Thy glass thou counsellest more to adorn thy skin,  
That first should school thee to be fair within.

'Tis childish to be caught with pearl or amber,  
And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber ;  
Youths should the fields affect, heat their rough steeds,  
Their hardened nerves to fit for better deeds. 10  
Is 't not more joy strongholds to force with swords  
Than women's weakness take with looks or words ?

Men that do noble things all purchase glory :  
One man for one brave act hath proved a story :  
But if that one ten thousand dames o'ercame,  
Who would record it, if not to his shame ?  
'Tis far more conquest with one to live true  
Than every hour to triumph lord of new.

## IV

VEIL, Love, mine eyes ! O hide from me  
The plagues that charge the curious mind !  
If beauty private will not be,  
Suffice it yet that she proves kind.  
Who can usurp heaven's light alone ?  
Stars were not made to shine on one !

Griefs past recure, fools try to heal,  
That greater harms on less inflict,  
The pure offend by too much zeal ;  
Affection should not be too strict. 10  
He that a true embrace will find,  
To beauty's faults must still be blind.

## V

EVERY dame affects good fame, whate'er her doings  
be,  
But true praise is Virtue's bays which none may wear  
but she.  
Borrowed guise fits not the wise, a simple look is  
best ;  
Native grace becomes a face, though ne'er so rudely  
drest.  
Now such new found toys are sold, these women to  
disguise,  
That before the year grows old the newest fashion  
dies.

Dames of yore contended more in goodness to exceed  
Than in pride to be envied, for that which least they  
need.  
Little lawn then serve[d] the Pawn, if Pawn at all  
there were ;  
Homespun thread, and household bread, then held  
out all the year. 10

But th' attires of women now wear out both house  
and land ;

That the wives in silks may flow, at ebb the good  
men stand.

Once again, Astrea, then, from heaven to earth  
descend,

And vouchsafe in their behalf these errors to amend !  
Aid from heaven must make all even, things are so  
out of frame ;

For let man strive all he can, he needs must please  
his dame.

Happy man, content that gives and what he gives,  
enjoys !

Happy dame, content that lives and breaks no sleep  
for toys !

## VI

So sweet is thy discourse to me,  
And so delightful is thy sight,  
As I taste nothing right but thee.  
O why invented Nature light ?  
Was it alone for beauty's sake,  
That her graced words might better take ?

No more can I old joys recall :  
They now to me become unknown,  
Not seeming to have been at all.  
Alas ! how soon is this love grown      10  
To such a spreading height in me  
As with it all must shadowed be ?

## VII

THERE is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies grow ;  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
There cherries grow, which none may buy  
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row ;  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds filled with snow. 10  
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy  
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
All that attempt, with eye or hand,  
Those sacred cherries to come nigh  
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

## VIII

To his sweet lute Apollo sung the motions of the  
spheres ;  
The wondrous order of the stars, whose course divides  
the years ;

And all the mysteries above :  
But none of this could Midas move,  
Which purchased him his ass's ears.

Then Pan with his rude pipe began the country wealth  
 t' advance,  
 To boast of cattle, flocks of sheep, and goats on hills  
 that dance ;  
     With much more of this churlish kind,  
     That quite transported Midas' mind,  
 And held him rapt as in a trance. 10

This wrong the God of Music scorned from such a  
 sottish judge,  
 And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the  
 piper trudge :  
     Then Midas' head he so did trim  
     That every age yet talks of him  
 And Phœbus' right-revenged grudge.

## IX

YOUNG and simple though I am,  
 I have heard of Cupid's name :  
 Guess I can what thing it is  
 Men desire when they do kiss.  
 Smoke can never burn, they say,  
 But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foul or fair  
 To be proud nor to despair ;

Yet my lips have oft observed :  
 Men that kiss them press them hard, 10  
 As glad lovers use to do  
 When their new-met loves they woo.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind !  
 Yet, methinks, a heat I find,  
 Like thirst-longing, that doth bide  
 Ever on my weaker side,  
 Where they say my heart doth move.  
 Venus, grant it be not love !

If it be, alas, what then !  
 Were not women made for men ? 20  
 As good 'twere a thing were past,  
 That must needs be done at last.  
 Roses that are overblown,  
 Grow less sweet ; then fall alone.

Yet not churl, nor silken gull,  
 Shall my maiden blossom pull ;  
 Who shall not I soon can tell ;  
 Who shall, would I could as well !  
 This I know, whoe'er he be,  
 Love he must or flatter me. 30

l. 9. *Yet my lips . . . new-met loves they woo.* This is the reading given in Ferrabosco's *Airs*, 1609. In Campion's Song-book we have a repetition of "Guess I can . . . follow may" from the first stanza.



## X

LOVE me or not, love her I must or die ;  
Leave me or not, follow her, needs must I.  
O that her grace would my wished comforts give !  
How rich in her, how happy should I live !  
All my desire, all my delight should be,  
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me :  
Envy should cease, her would I love alone :  
Who loves by looks, is seldom true to one.  
Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,  
Her would I charm softly that none should hear. 10  
But love enforced rarely yields firm content ;  
So would I love that neither should repent.

## XI

WHAT means this folly, now to brave it so,  
And then to use submission ?  
Is that a friend that straight can play the foe ?  
Who loves on such condition ?  
Though briars breed roses, none the briar affect ;  
But with the flower are pleased.  
Love only loves delight and soft respect :  
He must not be diseased.  
These thorny passions spring from barren breasts,  
Or such as need much weeding. 10  
Love only loves delight and soft respect ;  
But sends them not home bleeding.

xi. l. 11. *Love . . . respect.* This line has been repeated,  
by an error of the copyist or printer, from the previous stanza.

Command thy humour, strive to give content,  
And shame not love's profession.  
Of kindness never any could repent  
That made choice with discretion.

## XII

DEAR, if I with guile would gild a true intent,  
Heaping flatt'ries that in heart were never meant :  
Easily could I then obtain  
What now in vain I force ;  
Falsehood much doth gain,  
Truth yet holds the better course.

Love forbid that through dissembling I should thrive,  
Or in praising you myself of truth deprive !  
Let not your high thoughts debase  
A simple truth in me : 10  
Great is Beauty's grace,  
Truth is yet as fair as she !

Praise is but the wind of pride, if it exceeds ;  
Wealth, prized in itself, no outward value needs.  
Fair you are, and passing fair ;  
You know it, and 'tis true :  
Yet let none despair  
But to find as fair as you.

## XIII

O LOVE, where are thy shafts, thy quiver, and thy  
bow ?

Shall my wounds only weep, and he ungaged go ?

Be just, and strike him, too, that dares contemn thee  
so !

No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose thee  
blind ;

So fair they level when the mark they list to find :

Then, strike, -O strike the heart that bears the cruel  
mind !

Is my fond sight deceived ? or do I Cupid spy,

Close aiming at his breast by whom, despised, I die ?

Shoot home, sweet Love, and wound him, that he  
may not fly !

O then we both will sit in some unhaunted shade, 10  
And heal each other's wound which Love hath justly  
made :

O hope, O thought too vain ! how quickly dost thou  
fade !

At large he wanders still : his heart is free from pain ;

While secret sighs I spend, and tears, but all in vain.

Yet, Love, thou knowest, by right, I should not thus  
complain.

## XIV

BEAUTY is but a painted hell :  
Ay me, ay me !  
She wounds them that admire it,  
She kills them that desire it.  
Give her pride but fuel,  
No fire is more cruel.

Pity from every heart is fled :  
Ay me, ay me !  
Since false desire could borrow  
Tears of dissembled sorrow, 10  
Constant vows turn truthless,  
Love cruel, Beauty ruthless.

Sorrow can laugh, and Fury sing :  
Ay me, ay me !  
My raving griefs discover  
I lived too true a lover.  
The first step to madness  
Is the excess of sadness.

## XV

ARE you, what your fair looks express ?  
O then be kind !  
From law of nature they digress  
Whose form suits not their mind :  
Fairness seen in th' outward shape,  
Is but th' inward beauty's ape.

Eyes that of earth are mortal made,  
    What can they view ?  
All's but a colour or a shade,  
    And neither always true :                   10  
Reason's sight, that is etern,  
E'en the substance can discern.

Soul is the Man : for who will so  
    The body name ?  
And to that power all grace we owe  
    That decks our living frame.  
What, or how had housen bin,  
But for them that dwell therein ?

Love in the bosom is begot,  
    Not in the eyes ;                               20  
No beauty makes the eye more hot,  
    Her flames the sprite surprise :  
Let our loving minds then meet,  
For pure meetings are most sweet.

## XVI

SINCE she, even she, for whom I lived,  
    Sweet she by fate from me is torn,  
Why am not I of sense deprived,  
    Forgetting I was ever born ?  
Why should I languish, hating light ?  
Better to sleep an endless night.

Be it either true, or aptly feigned,  
 That some of Lethe's water write,  
 'Tis their best medicine that are pained  
 All thought to lose of past delight. 10  
 O would my anguish vanish so !  
 Happy are they that neither know.

## XVII

I MUST complain, yet do enjoy my love ;  
 She is too fair, too rich in lovely parts :  
 Thence is my grief, for Nature, while she strove  
 With all her graces and divinest arts  
 To form her too too beautiful of hue,  
 She had no leisure left to make her true.  
  
 Should I, aggrieved, then wish she were less fair ?  
 That were repugnant to mine own desires.  
 She is admired, new lovers still repair,  
 That kindles daily love's forgetful fires. 10  
 Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,—  
 She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste.

## XVIII

THINK'ST thou to seduce me then with words that  
 have no meaning ?  
 Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech by pieces  
 gleaning :  
 Nurses teach their children so about the time of  
 weaning.

Learn to speak first, then to woo : to wooing, much  
pertaineth :

He that courts us, wanting art, soon falters when he  
feigneth,

Looks asquint on his discourse, and smiles, when he  
complaineth.

Skilful anglers hide their hooks, fit baits for every  
season ;

But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes do, that  
want reason :

Gudgeons only can be caught with such poor tricks of  
treason.

Ruth forgive me, if I erred, from human hearts com-  
passion, 10

When I laughed sometimes too much to see thy foolish  
fashion :

But, alas, who less could do that found so good occa-  
sion !

## XIX

HER fair inflaming eyes,

Chief authors of my cares,

I prayed in humblest wise

With grace to view my tears :

They beheld me broad awake,

But, alas, no ruth would take.

Her lips with kisses rich,

And words of fair delight,

I fairly did beseech,  
To pity my sad plight : 10  
But a voice from them brake forth,  
As a whirlwind from the north.

Then to her hands I fled,  
That can give heart and all ;  
To them I long did plead,  
And loud for pity call :  
But, alas, they put me off,  
With a touch worse than a scoff.

So back I straight returned,  
And at her breast I knocked ; 20  
Where long in vain I mourned,  
Her heart, so fast was locked :  
Not a word could passage find,  
For a rock enclosed her mind.

Then down my prayers made way  
To those most comely parts,  
That make her fly or stay,  
As they affect deserts :  
But her angry feet, thus moved,  
Fled with all the parts I loved. 30

Yet fled they not so fast,  
As her enraged mind :  
Still did I after haste,  
Still was I left behind ;  
Till I found 'twas to no end  
With a Spirit to contend.



## XX

TURN all thy thoughts to eyes,  
Turn all thy hairs to ears,  
Change all thy friends to spies,  
And all thy joys to fears :  
    True love will yet be free,  
    In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,  
Conjectures into truth,  
Believe what th' envious say,  
Let age interpret youth :  
    True love will yet be free,  
    In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look,  
Rack every hidden thought,  
Or fish with golden hook ;  
True love cannot be caught.  
    For that will still be free,  
    In spite of jealousy !

## XXI

IF any hath the heart to kill,  
    Come rid me of this woeful pain !  
For while I live I suffer still  
    This cruel torment all in vain :  
Yet none alive but one can guess  
What is the cause of my distress.

Thanks be to heaven, no grievous smart,  
No maladies my limbs annoy ;  
I bear a fond and sprightly heart,  
Yet live I quite deprived of joy : 10  
Since what I had in vain I crave,  
And what I had not now I have.

A love I had, so fair, so sweet,  
As ever wanton eye did see :  
Once by appointment we did meet :  
She would, but ah, it would not be !  
She gave her heart, her hand she gave ;  
All did I give, she nought could have.

What hag did then my powers forespeak,  
That never yet such taint did feel ! 20  
Now she rejects me as one weak,  
Yet am I all composed of steel.  
Ah, this is it my heart doth grieve :  
Now though she sees, she'll not believe.

## XXII

BEAUTY, since you so much desire  
To know the place of Cupid's fire,  
About you somewhere doth it rest,  
Yet never harbour'd in your breast,  
Nor gout-like in your heel or toe,—  
What fool would seek Love's flame so low ?  
But a little higher, but a little higher,  
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Think not, when Cupid most you scorn,  
Men judge that you of ice were born ;                    10  
For though you cast love at your heel,  
His fury yet sometimes you feel :  
And whereabouts if you would know,  
I tell you still not in your toe :  
But a little higher, but a little higher,  
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

## XXIII

YOUR fair looks urge my desire :  
Calm it, sweet, with love !  
Stay ; O why will you retire ?  
Can you churlish prove ?  
If love may persuade,  
Love's pleasures, dear, deny not :  
Here is a grove secured with shade :  
O then be wise, and fly not.  
  
Hark, the birds delighted sing,  
Yet our pleasure sleeps ;                    10  
Wealth to none can profit bring,  
Which the miser keeps.  
O come, while we may,  
Let's chain love with embraces ;  
We have not all times time to stay,  
Nor safety in all places.  
  
What ill find you now in this,  
Or who can complain ?  
There is nothing done amiss  
That breeds no man pain                    20

'Tis now flow'ry May ;  
But even in cold December,  
When all these leaves are blown away,  
This place shall I remember.

## XXIV

FAIN would I wed a fair young man that day and  
night could please me,  
When my mind or body grieved that had the power to  
ease me.  
Maids are full of longing thoughts that breed a blood-  
less sickness,  
And that, oft I hear men say, is only cured by quick-  
ness.  
Oft I have been wooed and prayed, but never could be  
moved ;  
Many for a day or so I have most dearly loved,  
But this foolish mind of mine straight loathes the thing  
resolved ;  
If to love be sin in me that sin is soon absolved.  
Sure I think I shall at last fly to some holy order ;  
When I once am settled there then can I fly no  
farther. 10  
Yet I would not die a maid, because I had a mother :  
As I was by one brought forth I would bring forth  
another.

*Songs of Mourning: Bewailing the vntimely death  
of Prince Henry. Worded by Tho. Campion. And  
set forth to be sung with one voyce to the Lute, or  
Viol: by John Coprario. London: Printed for John  
Browne, and are to be sould in S. dunstons Church-  
yard. 1613. fol.*

Prince Henry died 6 November, 1612, at the age of eighteen. His death was a national calamity, for he was a youth of high character and brilliant ability. By his patronage of letters he had endeared himself to the poets; and many were the elegies dedicated to his memory. Drayton, Chapman, Webster, Donne, Drummond and others passionately bewailed his loss. Campion's tribute was worthy of the occasion.

John Coprario, or Coperario, was an English composer. His real name was John Cooper; but he adopted the more sonorous name during his residence in Italy. There is an excellent account of him, by Mr. Barclay Squire, in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

ILLUSTRISSIMO POTENTISSIMOQUE  
PRINCIPI, FREDRICO QUINTO, RHENI  
COMITI PALATINO, DUCI  
BAVARIAE, ETC.

COGIMUR ; invitis (Clarissime) parce querelis  
Te salvo ; laetis non sinit esse Deus :  
Nec speratus Hymen procedit lumine claro ;  
Principis extincti nubila fata vetant.  
Illius inferias maesto jam Musica cantu  
Prosequitur, miseros hæc Dea sola juvat.  
Illa suos tibi summittit (Dux inclite) quaestus,  
Fraternus fletu quem sociavit amor :  
Sed nova gaudia, sed tam dulcia foedera rupit  
Fati infelicitis livor, et hora nocens. 10  
Quod superest, nimios nobis omni arte dolores  
Est mollire animus, spes meliora dabit :  
Cunctatosque olim cantabimus ipsi Hymenaeos,  
Laeta simul fas sit reddere vota Deo.

1. 1. querelis. Old ed. "quærelis."

AN ELEGY UPON THE UNTIMELY  
DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY.

READ, you that have some tears left yet unspent,  
Now weep yourselves heart-sick, and ne'er repent :  
For I will open to your free access  
The sanctuary of all heaviness,  
Where men their fill may mourn, and never sin :  
And I their humble Priest thus first begin.

Fly from the skies, ye blessed beams of light !  
Rise up in horrid vapours, ugly night,  
And fettered bring that ravenous monster Fate,  
The felon and the traitor to our state ! 10  
Law-eloquence we need not to convince  
His guilt ; all know it, 'tis he stole our Prince,  
The Prince of men, the Prince of all that bore  
Ever that princely name : O now no more  
Shall his perfections, like the sunbeams, dare  
The purblind world ! in heav'n those glories are.  
What could the greatest artist, Nature, add  
T' increase his graces ? divine form he had,  
Striving in all his parts which should surpass ;  
And like a well-tuned chime his carriage was, 20  
Full of celestial witchcraft, winning all  
To admiration and love personal.  
His lance appeared to the beholders' eyes,  
When his fair hand advanced it to the skies,  
Larger than truth, for well could he it wield,  
And make it promise honour in the field.



When Court and Music called him, off fell arms,  
And as he had been shaped for love's alarms,  
In harmony he spake, and trod the ground  
In more proportion than the measured sound. 30  
How fit for peace was he, and rosy beds !  
How fit to stand in troops of iron heads,  
When time had with his circles made complete  
His charmed rounds ! All things in time grow great.

This fear, even like a comet that hangs high,  
And shoots his threat'ning flashes through the sky,  
Held all the eyes of Christendom intent  
Upon his youthful hopes, casting th' event  
Of what was in his power, not in his will :  
For that was close concealed, and must lie still, 40  
As deeply hid as that design which late  
With the French Lion died. O earthly state,  
How doth thy greatness in a moment fall,  
And feasts in highest pomp turn funeral !

But our young Henry armed with all the arts  
That suit with Empire, and the gain of hearts,  
Bearing before him fortune, power, and love,  
Appeared first in perfection, fit to move  
Fixt admiration : though his years were green  
Their fruit was yet mature : his care had been 50  
Surveying India, and implanting there  
The knowledge of that God which he did fear :  
And ev'n now, though he breathless lies, his sails  
Are struggling with the winds, for our avails  
T' explore a passage hid from human tract,  
Will fame him in the enterprise or fact.  
O Spirit full of hope, why art thou fled

From deeds of honour? why's that virtue dead  
 Which dwelt so well in thee? a bower more sweet,  
 If Paradise were found, it could not meet. 60

Curst then be Fate that stole our blessing so,  
 And had for us now nothing left but woe,  
 Had not th' All-seeing Providence yet kept  
 Another joy safe, that in silence slept :  
 And that same Royal workman, who could frame  
 A Prince so worthy of immortal fame,  
 Lives ; and long may he live, to form the other  
 His expressed image, and grace of his brother,  
 To whose eternal peace we offer now  
 Gifts which he loved, and fed ; musics that flow 70  
 Out of a sour and melancholic vein,  
 Which best sort with the sorrows we sustain.

#### TO THE MOST SACRED KING JAMES.

##### I

O GRIEF, how divers are thy shapes wherein men  
 languish !

The face sometime with tears thou fill'st,

Sometime the heart thou kill'st

With unseen anguish.

Sometime thou smilest to view how Fate

Plays with our human state :

So far from surety here

Are all our earthly joys,

That what our strong hope builds, when least we fear,

A stronger power destroys. 10

## II

O Fate, why shouldst thou take from Kings their joy  
and treasure ?

Their image if men should deface

'Twere death, which thou dost race

Even at thy pleasure.

Wisdom of holy kings yet knows

Both what it hath, and owes.

Heaven's hostage, which you bred

And nursed with such choice care,

Is ravished now, great King, and from us fled

When we were least aware.

20

## TO THE MOST SACRED QUEEN ANNE.

## I

'Tis now dead night, and not a light on earth,

Or star in heaven, doth shine :

Let now a mother mourn the noblest birth

That ever was both mortal and divine.

O sweetness peerless ! more than human grace !

O flowery beauty ! O untimely death !

Now, Music, fill this place

With thy most doleful breath :

O singing wail a fate more truly funeral,

Than when with all his sons the sire of Troy did  
fall.

10

## II

Sleep, Joy ! die, Mirth ! and not a smile be seen,  
 Or show of heart's content !  
 For never sorrow nearer touched a Queen,  
 Nor were there ever tears more duly spent.  
 O dear remembrance, full of rueful woe !  
 O ceaseless passion ! O unhuman hour !  
 No pleasure now can grow,  
 For withered is her flower.  
 O anguish do thy worst and fury tragical,  
 Since fate in taking one hath thus disordered all. 20

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY  
 PRINCE CHARLES.

## I

FORTUNE and Glory may be lost and won,  
 But when the work of Nature is undone  
 That loss flies past returning ;  
 No help is left but mourning.  
 What can to kind youth more spiteful prove  
 Than to be robbed of one sole brother ?  
 Father and Mother  
 Ask reverence, a brother only love.  
 Like age and birth like thoughts and pleasures move :  
 What gain can he heap up, though showers of  
 crowns descend, 10  
 Who for that good must change a brother and a  
 friend ?

## II

Follow, O follow yet thy brother's fame,  
 But not his fate : let's only change the name,  
     And find his worth presented  
     In thee, by him prevented.  
 O[']e'r past example of the dead be great,  
     Out of thyself begin thy story :  
                 Virtue and glory  
 Are eminent being placed in princely seat.  
 Oh, heaven, his age prolong with sacred heat,      20  
     And on his honoured head let all the blessings light  
     Which to his brother's life men wished, and wished  
     them right.

TO THE MOST PRINCELY AND VIRTUOUS  
 THE LADY ELIZABETH.

## I.

So parted you as if the world for ever  
     Had lost with him her light :  
 Now could your tears hard flint to ruth excite,  
     Yet may you never  
     Your loves again partake in human sight :  
 O why should fate such two kind hearts dis sever  
 As nature never knit more fair or firm together ?

## II

So loved you as sister should a brother  
     Not in a common strain,

l. 6. *fate*. Old ed. "love." The correction "fate" is written (in a handwriting of the early seventeenth century) in the margin of the British Museum copy (G. 18).



TO THE MOST DISCONSOLATE GREAT  
BRITAIN.

## I

WHEN pale famine fed on thee,  
 With her unsatiate jaws ;  
 When civil broils set murder free  
 Contemning all thy laws ;  
 When heav'n enraged consumed thee so  
 With plagues that none thy face could know,  
 Yet in thy looks affliction then showed less  
 Than now for one's fate all thy parts express.

## II

Now thy highest states lament  
 A son, and brother's loss ; 10  
 Thy nobles mourn in discontent,  
 And rue this fatal cross ;  
 Thy commons are with passion sad  
 To think how brave a Prince they had :  
 If all thy rocks from white to black should turn  
 Yet could'st thou not in show more amply mourn.

## TO THE WORLD.

## I

O POOR distracted world, partly a slave  
 To pagans' sinful rage, partly obscured  
 With ignorance of all the means that save !  
 And ev'n those parts of thee that live assured

l. 8. *Than now.* This is the reading in the music-text : the *repeat* gives " Thou now for one's fall," &c.

Of heav'nly grace, oh how they are divided  
 With doubts late by a kingly pen decided !  
     O happy world, if what the sire begun  
     Had been closed up by his religious son !

## II

Mourn all you souls oppressed under the yoke  
 Of Christian-hating Thrace ! never appeared 10  
 More likelihood to have that black league broke,  
     For such a heavenly Prince might well be feared  
 Of earthly fiends. Oh how is Zeal inflamed  
 With power, when Truth wanting defence is shamed !  
     O princely soul, rest thou in peace, while we  
     In thine expect the hopes were ripe in thee.

A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED  
 IN THIS BOOK.

1. O Grief.
2. 'Tis now dead night.
3. Fortune and glory.
4. So parted you.
5. How like a golden dream.
6. When pale famine.
7. O poor distracted world.

FINIS



*The Discription of a Maske, Presented before the Kinges Maiestie at White-Hall, on Twelfth Night last, in honour of the Lord Hayes, and his Bride, Daughter and Heire to the Honourable the Lord Denny, their Marriage hauing been the same Day at Court solemnized. To this by occasion other small Poemes are adioyned. Inuented and set forth by Thomas Campion Doctor of Phisicke. London Imprinted by Iohn Windet for Iohn Brown and are to be solde at his shop in S. Dunstones Churchyard in Fleetstreet. 1607. 4to.*

Sir James Hay, created in 1615 Baron Hay of Sawley, and raised in 1622 to the dignity of Earl of Carlisle, was noted for his magnificent style of living (particularly during his embassy in France and Germany, 1619-1622), by which he greatly impoverished his estate. He married, in 1613, his second wife, Lucy, youngest daughter of Henry Earl of Northumberland, and died in 1636, leaving by his first wife a son James, second Earl of Carlisle. Clarendon has a character of him ; and he is extolled in Lloyd's "State Worthies."

The present masque (which has been reprinted in the second volume of Nichols's "Progresses of King James") is of great rarity. On the back of the title-page is a copper-plate engraving (rudely coloured in the two copies that I have seen) of one of the masquers.





TO THE MOST PUISSANT AND GRACIOUS  
JAMES KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE disunited Scythians when they sought  
To gather strength by parties, and combine  
That perfect league of friends which once being  
wrought

No turn of time or fortune could untwine,  
This right they held : a massy bowl was brought,  
And ev'ry right arm shot his several blood  
Into the mazer till 'twas fully fraught.  
Then having stirred it to an equal flood  
They quaffed to th' union, which till death should  
last,

In spite of private foe, or foreign fear ; 10

And this blood-sacrament being known t' have past.

Their names grew dreadful to all far and near.

O then, great Monarch, with how wise a care

Do you these bloods divided mix in one,

And with like consanguinities prepare

The high, and everliving Union

'Tween Scots and English ! who can wonder then

If he that marries kingdoms, marries men ?

AN EPIGRAM.

*MERLIN, the great King Arthur being slain,  
Foretold that he should come to life again,  
And long time after wield great Britain's state  
More powerful ten-fold, and more fortunate.  
Prophet, 'tis true, and well we find the same,  
Save only that thou didst mistake the name.*

AD INVICTISSIMUM SERENISSIMUMQUE  
IACOBUM, MAGNAE BRITANNIAE  
REGEM.

*ANGLIAE, et unanimis Scotiae pater, anne maritus  
Sis dubito, an neuter, (Rex) vel uterque simul.  
Uxores pariter binas sibi jungat ut unus,  
Credimus hoc, ipso te prohibente, nefas.  
Atque, maritali natus violare parentem  
Complexu, quis non cogitat esse scelus?  
At tibi divinis successibus utraque nubit;  
Una tamen conjux, conjugis unus amor.  
Connubium O mirum, binas qui ducere et unam  
Possis! tu solus sic, Iacobe, potes. 10  
Divisas leviter terras componis in unam  
Atque unam aeternum nomine reque facis:  
Natisque, et nuptis, pater et vir factus utrisque es;  
Unitis conjux vere, et amore parens.*

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS  
THEOPHILUS HOWARD,  
LORD OF WALDEN, SON AND HEIR TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL  
OF SUFFOLK.

If to be sprung of high and princely blood,  
If to inherit virtue, honour, grace,  
If to be great in all things, and yet good,  
If to be facile, yet t' have power and place,  
If to be just, and bountiful, may get  
The love of men, your right may challenge it.

The course of foreign manners far and wide,  
The courts, the countries, cities, towns and state,  
The blossom of your springing youth hath tried,  
Honoured in ev'ry place and fortunate, 10  
Which now grown fairer doth adorn our Court  
With princely revelling and timely sport.

But if th' admired virtues of your youth  
Breed such despairing to my daunted muse,  
That it can scarcely utter naked truth,  
How shall it mount as ravished spirits use  
Under the burden of your riper days,  
Or hope to reach the so far distant bays?

My slender Muse shall yet my love express,  
And by the fair Thames' side of you she'll sing ; 20  
The double streams shall bear her willing verse  
Far hence with murmur of their ebb and spring.  
But if you favour her light tunes, ere long  
She'll strive to raise you with a loftier song.

TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS, AND  
HONOURABLE, THE LORD  
AND LADY HAYES.

SHOULD I presume to separate you now,  
That were so lately joined by holy vow,  
For whom this golden dream which I report  
Begot so many waking eyes at Court,

And for whose grace so many nobles changed,  
 Their names and habits, from themselves estranged ?  
 Accept together, and together view  
 This little work which all belongs to you,  
 And live together many blessed days,  
 To propagate the honoured name of Hayes. 10

## EPIGRAMMA.

*HÆREDEM (ut spes est) pariet nova nupta Scot'  
 Anglum ;  
 Quem gignet posthac ille, Britannus erit :  
 Sic nova posteritas, ex regnis orta duobus,  
 Utrinque egregios nobilitabit avos.*

## THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE,

*Presented before the King's Majesty at White Hall, on  
 twelfth night last, in honour of the Lord Hayes and  
 his bride, daughter and heir to the honourable the Lord  
 Denny, their marriage having been the same day at  
 Court solemnized.*

As in battles, so in all other actions that are to be reported, the first, and most necessary part is the description of the place, with his opportunities and properties, whether they be natural or artificial. The great hall (wherein the Masque was presented) received this division, and order. The upper part where the cloth and chair of state were placed, had scaffolds and seats on either side continued to the screen ; right before it was made a partition for the dancing-place ;



on the right hand whereof were consorted ten musicians, with bass and mean lutes, a bandora, a double sackbut and an harpsichord, with two treble violins ; on the other side somewhat nearer the screen were placed nine violins and three lutes, and to answer both the consorts (as it were in a triangle) six cornets, and six chapel voices, were seated almost right against them, in a place raised higher in respect of the piercing sound of those instruments ; eighteen foot from the screen, another stage was raised higher by a yard than that which was prepared for dancing. This higher stage was all enclosed with a double veil, so artificially painted, that it seemed as if dark clouds had hung before it : within that shroud was concealed a green valley, with green trees round about it, and in the midst of them nine golden trees of fifteen foot high, with arms and branches very glorious to behold. From the which grove toward the state was made a broad descent to the dancing place, just in the midst of it ; on either hand were two ascent, like the sides of two hills, drest with shrubs and trees ; that on the right hand leading to the bower of Flora : the other to the house of Night ; which bower and house were placed opposite at either end of the screen, and between them both was raised a hill, hanging like a cliff over the grove below, and on the top of it a goodly large tree was set, supposed to be the tree of Diana ; behind the which toward the window was a small descent, with another spreading hill that climbed up to the top of the window, with many trees on the height of it, whereby those that played on the haut-

boys at the King's entrance into the hall were shadowed. The bower of Flora was very spacious, garnished with all kind of flowers, and flowery branches with lights in them ; the house of Night ample and stately, with black pillars, whereon many stars of gold were fixed : within it, when it was empty, appeared nothing but clouds and stars, and on the top of it stood three turrets underpropt with small black starred pillars, the middlemost being highest and greatest, the other two of equal proportion : about it were placed on wire artificial bats and owls, continually moving ; with many other inventions, the which for brevity sake I pass by with silence.

Thus much for the place, and now from thence let us come to the persons.

The Masquers' names were these (whom both for order and honour I mention in the first place).

1. *Lord Walden.*
2. *Sir Thomas Howard.*
3. *Sir Henry Carey, Master of the Jewel house.*
4. *Sir Richard Preston* } *Gent. of the K. Privy*
5. *Sir John Ashley* } *Chamber.*
6. *Sir Thomas Jarret, Pensioner.*
7. *Sir John Digby, one of the King's Carvers.*
8. *Sir Thomas Badger, Master of the King's Harriers.*
9. *Master Goringe.*

Their number nine, the best and amplest of numbers, for as in music seven notes contain all variety, the eight[h] being in nature the same with the first, so in numbering after the ninth we begin

again, the tenth being as it were the diapason in arithmetic. The number of *nine* is framed by the Muses and Worthies, and it is of all the most apt for change and diversity of proportion. The chief habit which the Masquers did use is set forth to your view in the first leaf: they presented in their feigned persons the knights of Apollo, who is the father of heat and youth, and consequently of amorous affections.

*The Speakers were in number four.*

*Flora*, the queen of flowers, attired in a changeable taffeta gown, with a large veil embroidered with flowers, a crown of flowers, and white buskins painted with flowers.

*Zephyrus*, in a white loose robe of sky-coloured taffeta, with a mantle of white silk propped with wire, still waving behind him as he moved; on his head he wore a wreath of palm deckt with primroses and violets, the hair of his head and beard were flaxen, and his buskins white, and painted with flowers.

*Night*, in a close robe of black silk and gold, a black mantle embroidered with stars, a crown of stars on her head, her hair black and spangled with gold, her face black, her buskins black, and painted with stars; in her hand she bore a black wand, wreathed with gold.

*Hesperus*, in a close robe of a deep crimson taffeta mingled with sky-colour, and over that a large loose robe of a lighter crimson taffeta; on his head he wore a wreathed band of gold, with a star in the

front thereof, his hair and beard red, and buskins yellow.

These are the principal persons that bear sway in this invention, others that are but seconders to these, I will describe in their proper places, discoursing the Masque in order as it was performed.

As soon as the King was entered the great Hall, the Hautboys (out of the wood on the top of the hill) entertained the time till his Majesty and his train were placed, and then after a little expectation the consort of ten began to play an air, at the sound whereof the veil on the right hand was withdrawn, and the ascent of the hill with the bower of Flora were discovered, where Flora and Zephyrus were busily plucking flowers from the bower, and throwing them into two baskets, which two Sylvens held, who were attired in changeable taffeta, with wreathes of flowers on their heads. As soon as the baskets were filled, they came down in this order ; first Zephyrus and Flora, then the two Sylvens with baskets after them ; four Sylvens in green taffeta and wreathes, two bearing mean lutes, the third, a bass lute, and the fourth a deep bandora.

As soon as they came to the descent toward the dancing place, the consort of ten ceased, and the four Sylvens played the same air, to which Zephyrus and the two other Sylvens did sing these words in a bass, tenor, and treble voice, and going up and down as they sung they strewed flowers all about the place.

## — SONG.

*Now hath Flora robbed her bowers  
To befriend this place with flowers :  
    Strow about, strow about !  
The sky rained never kindlier showers.  
Flowers with bridals well agree,  
Fresh as brides and bridegrooms be :  
    Strow about, strow about !  
And mix them with fit melody.  
Earth hath no princelier flowers  
Than roses white and roses red,  
But they must still be mingled :  
And as a rose new plucked from Venus' thorn,  
So doth a bride her bridegroom's bed adorn.*

*Divers divers flowers affect  
For some private dear respect :  
    Strow about, strow about !  
Let every one his own protect ;  
But he's none of Flora's friend  
That will not the rose commend.  
    Strow about, strow about !  
Let princes princely flowers defend :  
Roses, the garden's pride,  
Are flowers for love and flowers for kings,  
In courts desired and weddings :  
And as a rose in Venus' bosom worn,  
So doth a bridegroom his bride's bed adorn.*

The music ceaseth and Flora speaks.

Flora. *Flowers and good wishes Flora doth present*

*Sweet flowers, the ceremonious ornament  
Of maiden marriage, Beauty figuring,  
And blooming youth ; which though we  
careless fling*

*About this sacred place, let none profane  
Think that these fruits from common  
hills are ta'en,*

*Or vulgar vallies which do subject  
lie*

*To winter's wrath and cold mortality.*

*But these are hallowed and immortal  
flowers*

*With Flora's hands gathered from  
Flora's bowers.*

*Such are her presents, endless as her  
love,*

*And such for ever may this night's joy  
prove.*

*Zephyrus,  
the western  
wind, of all  
the most  
mild and  
pleasant,  
who with  
Venus, the  
Queen of  
love, is said  
to bring in  
the spring,  
when na-  
tural heat  
and appetite  
reviveth,  
and the glad*

Zeph. *For ever endless may this night's joy  
prove !*

*So echoes Zephyrus the friend of Love,  
Whose aid Venus implores when she  
doth bring*

*Into the naked world the green-leaved  
spring.*

*When of the sun's warm beams the nets  
we weave*

*That can the stubborn'st heart with love  
deceive.*

*That Queen of Beauty and Desire by earth begins  
me to be beauti-*

*Breathes gently forth this bridal flowers.*

*prophecy:*

*Faithful and fruitful shall these bed-  
mates prove,*

*Blest in their fortunes, honoured in  
their love.*

Flor. *All grace this night, and, Sylvans, so  
must you,*

*Off'ring your marriage song with  
changes new.*

#### THE SONG IN FORM OF A DIALOGUE.

Can. *Who is the happier of the two,  
A maid, or wife?*

Ten. *Which is more to be desired,  
Peace or strife?*

Can. *What strife can be where two are one,  
Or what delight to pine alone?*

Bas. *None such true friends, none so sweet life,  
As that between the man and wife.*

Ten. *A maid is free, a wife is tied.*

Can. *No maid but fain would be a bride.*

Ten. *Why live so many single then?  
'Tis not I hope for want of men.*

Can. *The bow and arrow both may fit,  
And yet 'tis hard the mark to hit.*

Bas. *He levels fair that by his side  
Lays at night his lovely Bride.*

Cho. *Sing Io, Hymen! Io, Io, Hymen!*

This song being ended the whole veil is suddenly drawn, the grove and trees of gold, and the hill with Diana's tree are at once discovered.

Night appears in her house with her Nine Hours, appareled in large robes of black taffeta, painted thick with stars, their hairs long, black, and spangled with gold, on their heads coronets of stars, and their faces black. Every Hour bore in his hand a black torch, painted with stars, and lighted. Night presently descending from her house spake as followeth.

*Diana, the  
Moon and  
Queen of  
Virginity,  
is said to be  
Regent and  
Empress of  
Night, and  
is therefore  
by Night de-  
fended, as in  
her quarrel  
for the loss  
of the Bride,  
her virgin.*

Night. *Vanish, dark veils! let night in glory  
shine*

*As she doth burn in rage: come leave  
our shrine,*

*You black-haired Hours, and guide us  
with your lights,*

*Flora hath wakened wide our drowsy  
sprites:*

*See where she triumphs, see her flowers  
are thrown,*

*And all about the seeds of malice  
sown!*

*Despiteful Flora, is't not enough of  
grief*

*That Cynthia's robbed, but thou must  
grace the thief?*

*Or didst not hear Night's sovereign  
Queen complain*



*Hymen had stolen a Nymph out of her  
train,  
And matched her here, plighted hence-  
forth to be  
Love's friend, and stranger to vir-  
ginity?  
And makest thou sport for this?*

Flora. *Be mild, stern Night ;  
Flora doth honour Cynthia, and her  
right.*

*Virginity is a voluntary power,  
Free from constraint, even like an un-  
touched flower  
Meet to be gathered when 'tis thoroughly  
blown.*

*The Nymph was Cynthia's while she  
was her own,  
But now another claims in her a right,  
By fate reserved thereto and wise fore-  
sight.*

Zeph. *Can Cynthia one kind virgin's loss be-  
moan ?*

*How if perhaps she brings her ten for  
one ?*

*Or can she miss one in so full a train ?  
Your Goddess doth of too much store  
complain.*

*If all her Nymphs would ask advice of  
me*

*There should be fewer virgins than  
there be.*

*Nature ordained not men to live alone,  
Where there are two a woman should  
be one.*

Night. *Thou breath'st sweet poison, wanton  
Zephyrus,  
But Cynthia must not be deluded thus.  
Her holy forests are by thieves profaned,  
Her virgins frightened, and lo, where  
they stand  
That late were Phæbus' knights, turned  
now to trees  
By Cynthia's vengeance for their  
injuries  
In seeking to seduce her nymphs with  
love:  
Here they are fixt, and never may  
remove  
But by Diana's power that stuck them  
here.  
Apollo's love to them doth yet appear,  
In that his beams hath gilt them as  
they grow,  
To make their misery yield the greater  
show.  
But they shall tremble when sad Night  
doth speak,  
And at her stormy words their boughs  
shall break*

Toward the end of this speech Hesperus  
begins to descend by the house of Night, and

by that time the speech was finished he was ready to speak.

— Hesp. *Hail, reverend angry Night, hail, Hesperus, the Evening  
Queen of Flowers, star, fore-  
Mild-spirited Zephyrus, hail, Sylvans shews that  
and Hours. the wished  
marriage-  
Hesperus brings peace, cease then your night is at  
hand, and  
needless jars for that  
cause is sup-  
posed to be  
Here in this little firmament of stars. the friend of  
Cynthia is now by Phœbus pacified, bridegrooms  
And well content her nymph is made a and brides.  
bride.*

*Since the fair match was by that  
Phœbus graced  
Which in this happy Western Isle is  
placed  
As he in heaven, one lampenlight'ning  
all  
That under his benign aspect doth fall.  
Deep oracles he speaks, and he alone  
For arts and wisdom's meet for Phœbus'  
throne.  
The nymph is honoured, and Diana  
pleased:  
Night, be you then and your black  
Hours appeased:  
And friendly listen what your queen by  
me  
Farther commands: let this my credence  
be,*

- View it, and know it for the highest  
gem,  
That hung on her imperial diadem.*
- Night. *I know, and honour it, lovely Hesperus,  
Speak then your message, both are wel-  
come to us.*
- Hesp. *Your Sovereign from the virtuous gem  
she sends  
Bids you take power to retransform the  
friends  
Of Phæbus, metamorphosed here to  
trees,  
And give them straight the shapes  
which they did lese.  
This is her pleasure.*
- Night. *Hesperus, I obey,  
Night must needs yield when Phæbus  
gets the day.*
- Flora. *Honoured be Cynthia for this generous  
deed.*
- Zeph. *Pity grows only from celestial seed.*
- Night. *If all seem glad, why should we only  
lower?  
Since t'express gladness we have now  
most power,  
Frolic, graced captives, we present you  
here  
This glass, wherein your liberties  
appear:  
Cynthia is pacified, and now blithe  
Night*

*Begins to shake off melancholy quite.*

Zeph. *Who should grace mirth and revels but  
the Night?*

*Next Love she should be goddess of  
delight.*

Night. *'Tis now a time when (Zephyrus) all  
with dancing*

*Honour me, above Day my state ad-  
vancing.*

*I'll now be frolic, all is full of heart,  
And ev'n these trees for joy shall bear  
a part:*

*Zephyrus, they shall dance.*

Zeph. *Dance, Goddess? how?*

Night. *Seems that so full of strangeness to you  
now?*

*Did not the Thracian harp long since  
the same?*

*And (if we rip the old records of  
fame)*

*Did not Amphion's lyre the deaf stones  
call,*

*When they came dancing to the Theban  
wall?*

*Can music, then joy: joy mountains  
moves*

*And why not trees? joy's powerful  
when it loves.*

*Could the religious Oak speak Oracle*

*Like to the Gods? and the tree wounded  
tell*

*T' Aeneas his sad story ? have trees therefore  
The instruments of speech and hearing more  
Than th' have of pacing, and to whom but*

*Night*

*Belong enchantments ? who can more affright  
The eye with magic wonders ? Night alone  
Is fit for miracles, and this shall be one  
Apt for this Nuptial dancing jollity.*

*Earth, then be soft and passable to free  
These fettered roots : joy, trees ! the time draws  
near*

*When in your better forms you shall appear.  
Dancing and music must prepare the way,  
There's little tedious time in such delay.*

This spoken, the four Sylvans played on their instruments the first strain of this song following : and at the repetition thereof the voices fell in with the instruments which were thus divided : a treble and a bass were placed near his Majesty, and another treble and bass near the grove, that the words of the song might be heard of all, because the trees of gold instantly at the first sound of their voices began to move and dance according to the measure of the time which the musicians kept in singing, and the nature of the words which they delivered.

## SONG.

*Move now with measured sound,  
You charmed grove of gold,  
Trace forth the sacred ground  
That shall your forms unfold.*

*Diana and the starry Night for your Apollo's  
sake*

*Endue your Sylvan shapes with power this  
strange delight to make.*

*Much joy must needs the place betide where  
trees for gladness move:*

*A fairer sight was ne'er beheld, or more ex-  
pressing love.*

*Yet nearer Phæbus' throne  
Meet on your winding ways,  
Your bridal mirth make known  
In your high-graced Hayes.*

*Let Hymen lead your sliding rounds, and guide  
them with his light,*

*While we do Io Hymen sing in honour of this  
night,*

*Join three by three, for so the Night by triple  
spell decrees,*

*Now to release Apollo's knights from these  
enchanted trees.*

This dancing-song being ended, the golden  
trees stood in ranks three by three, and Night

ascended up to the grove, and spake thus, touching the first three severally with her wand.

Night. *By virtue of this wand, and touch divine,*

*These Sylvan shadows back to earth resign :*

*Your native forms resume, with habit fair,*

*While solemn music shall enchant the air.*

*Either by the simplicity, negligence, or conspiracy of the painter, the passing away of the trees was somewhat hazarded; the pattern of them the same day having been shown with much advantage and the nine trees being left unset together even to the same night.*

Presently the Sylvans with their four instruments, and five voices, began to play, and sing together the song following; at the beginning whereof that part of the stage whereon the first three trees stood began to yield, and the three foremost trees gently to sink, and this was effected by an engine placed under the stage. When the trees had sunk a yard they cleft in three parts, and the Masquers appeared out of the tops of them, the trees were suddenly conveyed away, and the first three Masquers were raised again by the engine. They appeared then in a false habit, yet very fair, and in form not much unlike their principal and true robe. It was made of green taffeta cut into leaves, and laid upon cloth of silver, and their hats were suitable to the same.



## SONG OF TRANSFORMATION.

*Night and Diana charge,  
                     And th' Earth obeys,  
 Opening large  
                     Her secret ways,  
 While Apollo's charmed men  
                     Their forms receive again.  
 Give gracious Phœbus honour then,  
 And so fall down, and rest behind the train:  
 Give gracious Phœbus honour then  
 And so fall, &c.*

When those words were sung, the three Masquers made an honour to the King, and so falling back the other six trees, three by three, came forward, and when they were in their appointed places, Night spake again thus :

*Night. Thus can celestials work in human  
                     fate,  
 Transform and form as they do love or  
                     hate ;  
 Like touch and change receive. The  
                     Gods agree :  
 The best of numbers is contained in  
                     three.*

## THE SONG OF TRANSFORMATION AGAIN.

*Night and Diana, &c.*

Then Night touched the second three trees and the stage sunk with them as before : and

in brief the second three did in all points as the first.  
Then Night spake again.

Night. *The last, and third of nine, touch, magic  
wand,  
And give them back their forms at Night's  
command.*

Night touched the third three trees, and the same charm of Night and Diana was sung the third time ; the last three trees were transformed, and the Masquers raised, when presently the first Music began his full Chorus.

*Again this song revive and sound it high :  
Long live Apollo, Britain's glorious eye !*

This chorus was in manner of an Echo, seconded by the cornets, then by the consort of ten, then by the consort of twelve, and by a double chorus of voices standing on either side, the one against the other, bearing five voices apiece, and sometime every chorus was heard severally, sometime mixed, but in the end all together : which kind of harmony so distinguished by the place, and by the several nature of instruments, and changeable conveyance of the song, and performed by so many excellent masters as were actors in that music, (their number in all amounting to forty two voices and instruments) could not but yield great satisfaction to the hearers.

While this chorus was repeated twice over, the nine masters in their green habits solemnly descended to

the dancing-place, in such order as they were to begin their dance, and as soon as the chorus ended, the violins, or consort of twelve began to play the second new dance, which was taken in form of an echo by the cornets, and then caught in like manner by the consort of ten, (sometime they mingled two musics together ; sometime played all at once ;) which kind of echoing music rarely became their sylvan attire, and was so truly mixed together, that no dance could ever be better graced than that, as (in such distraction of music) it was performed by the masquers. After this dance Night descended from the grove, and addressed her speech to the masquers, as followeth.

Night. *Phæbus is pleased, and all rejoice to see  
His servants from their golden prison free.  
But yet since Cynthia hath so friendly smiled,  
And to you tree-born knights is reconciled,  
First ere you any more work undertake,  
About her tree solemn procession make,  
Diana's tree, the tree of Chastity,  
That placed alone on yonder hill you see.  
These green-leaved robes, wherein disguised you  
made  
Stealths to her nymphs through the thick  
forest's shade,  
There to the goddess offer thankfully,  
That she may not in vain appeased be.  
The Night shall guide you, and her Hours  
attend you  
That no ill eyes, or spirits shall offend you.*

At the end of this speech Night began to lead the way alone, and after her an Hour with his torch, and after the Hour a masquer; and so in order one by one, a torch-bearer and a masquer, they march on towards Diana's tree. When the masquers came by the house of Night, every one by his Hour received his helmet, and had his false robe plucked off, and, bearing it in his hand, with a low honour offered it at the tree of Chastity, and so in his glorious habit, with his Hour before him, marched to the bower of Flora. The shape of their habit the picture before discovers, the stuff was of carnation satin laid thick with broad silver lace, their helmets being made of the same stuff. So through the bower of Flora they came, where they joined two torch-bearers, and two masquers, and when they past down to the grove, the Hours parted on either side, and made way between them for the masquers, who descended to the dancing-place in such order as they were to begin their third new dance. All this time of procession the six cornets, and six chapel voices sung a solemn motet of six parts made upon these words.

*With spotless minds now mount we to the tree*

*Of single chastity.*

*The root is temperance grounded deep,*

*Which the cold-juiced earth doth steep :*

*Water it desires alone,*

*Other drink it thirsts for none :*

*Therewith the sober branches it doth feed,*

*Which though they fruitless be,*

*Yet comely leaves they breed,  
To beautify the tree.  
Cynthia protectress is, and for her sake  
We this grave procession make.  
Chaste eyes and ears, pure hearts and voices,  
Are graces wherein Phœbe most rejoices.*

The motet being ended, the violins began the third new dance, which was lively performed by the masquers, after which they took forth the ladies, and danced the measures with them ; which being finished, the masquers brought the ladies back again to their places : and Hesperus with the rest descended from the grove into the dancing-place, and spake to the masquers as followeth.

Hesperus. *Knights of Apollo, proud of your new birth,  
Pursue your triumphs still with joy and  
mirth :  
Your changed fortunes, and redeemed estate,  
Hesperus to your Sovereign will relate.  
'Tis now high time he were far hence  
retired,  
Th' old bridal friend, that ushers Night  
desired  
Through the dim evening shades, then  
taking flight  
Gives place and honour to the nuptial  
Night.  
I, that wished evening star, must now  
make way*

*To Hymen's rights much wronged by my  
 delay.  
 But on Night's princely state you ought  
 t' attend,  
 And t' honour your new reconciled friend.*  
 Night. *Hesperus as you with concord came, ev'n so  
 'Tis meet that you with concord hence  
 should go.  
 Then join you, that in voice and art excel,  
 To give this star a musical farewell.*

A DIALOGUE OF FOUR VOICES, TWO BASSES  
 AND TWO TREBLES.

1. *Of all the stars which is the kindest  
 To a loving Bride ?*
2. *Hesperus when in the west  
 He doth the day from night divide.*
1. *What message can be more respected  
 Than that which tells wished joys shall be effected ?*
2. *Do not Brides watch the evening star ?*
1. *O they can discern it far.*
2. *Love Bridegrooms revels ?*
  1. *But for fashion.*
2. *And why ?*
  1. *They hinder wished occasion.*
2. *Longing hearts and new delights,  
 Love short days and long nights.*
- Chorus. *Hesperus, since you all stars excel  
 In bridal kindness, kindly farewell, farewell.*

While these words of the Chorus (*kindly farewell, farewell*) were in singing often repeated, Hesperus

took his leave severally of Night, Flora, and Zephyrus, the Hours and Sylvens, and so while the chorus was sung over the second time, he was got up to the grove, where turning again to the singers, and they to him, Hesperus took a second farewell of them, and so past away by the house of Night. Then Night spake these two lines, and therewith all retired to the grove where they stood before.

Night. *Come, Flora, let us now withdraw our train  
That th' eclipsed revels may shine forth again.*

Now the masquers began their lighter dances as corantoës, levaltas and galliards, wherein when they had spent as much time as they thought fit, Night spake thus from the grove, and in her speech descended a little into the dancing-place.

Night. *Here stay : Night leaden-eyed and sprited  
grows,  
And her late Hours begin to hang their brows.  
Hymen long since the bridal bed hath drest,  
And longs to bring the turtles to their nest.  
Then with one quick dance sound up your  
delight,  
And with one song we'll bid you all good-night.*

At the end of these words, the violins began the 4 new dance, which was excellently discharged by the Masquers, and it ended with a light change of music and measure. After the dance followed this dialogue of 2 voices, a bass and tenor sung by a Sylvan and an Hour.

172 *MASQUE AT THE MARRIAGE*

- Ten. Sylvan. *Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,  
Wherein dost thou most delight?*
- Bas. Ho. *Not in sleep. Syl. Wherein then?*
- Hour. *In the frolic view of men?*
- Syl. *Lovest thou music? Hour. O 'tis  
sweet.*
- Syl. *What's dancing? Hour. Ev'n the  
mirth of feet.*
- Syl. *Joy you in fairies and in elves?*
- Hour. *We are of that sort ourselves.  
But, Sylvan, say why do you love  
Only to frequent the grove?*
- Syl. *Life is fullest of content,  
Where delight is innocent.*
- Hour. *Pleasure must vary, not be long.  
Come then let's close, and end our song.*
- Chorus. *Yet, ere we vanish from this princely  
sight,  
Let us bid Phœbus and his states good-  
night.*

This chorus was performed with several Echoes of music, and voices, in manner as the great chorus before. At the end whereof the Masquers, putting off their vizards and helmets, made a low honour to the King, and attended his Majesty to the banqueting place.

To the Reader.

*Neither buskin now, nor bays  
Challenge I: a Lady's praise  
and in elves. Old ed. "and id elues."*



*Shall content my proudest hope.  
 Their applause was all my scope ;  
 And to their shrines properly  
 Revels dedicated be :  
 Whose soft ears none ought to pierce  
 But with smooth and gently verse,  
 Let the tragic Poem swell,  
 Raising raging fiends from hell ;  
 And let epic dactyls range  
 Swelling seas and countries strange :  
 Little room small things contains ;  
 Easy praise quites easy pains.  
 Suffer them whose brows do sweat  
 To gain honour by the great :  
 It's enough if men me name  
 A retailer of such fame.*

*Epigramma.*

Quid tu te numeris immisces? anne medentem  
 Metra cathedratum ludicra scripta decent?  
 Musicus et medicus, celebris quoque, Phœbe, poeta es,  
 Et lepor aegrotos, arte rogante, juvat.  
 Crede mihi doctum qui carmen non sapit, idem  
 Non habet ingenuum, nec genium medici.

FINIS.

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[In the old edition follow five songs with the musical notes: "These songs were used in the Masque; whereof the first two airs were made by M. Campion; the third and last by M. Lupo; the fourth by M.

Tho. Giles: and though the last three airs were devised only for dancing, yet they are here set forth with words that they may be sung to the lute or viol." Song 1, "Now hath Flora" (p. 153); Song 2, "Move now with measured" (p. 163).

*Song 3*

*Shows and nightly revels, signs of joy and peace,  
Fill royal Britain's Court while cruel war far off doth  
rage, for ever hence exiled.  
Fair and princely branches with strong arms increase  
From that deep-rooted tree whose sacred strength and  
glory foreign malice hath beguiled.  
Our divided kingdoms now in friendly kindred meet  
And old debate to love and kindness turns, our power  
with double force uniting;  
Truly reconciled, grief appears at last more sweet  
Both to ourselves and faithful friends, our undermin-  
ing foes affrighting.*

*Song 4*

*Triumph now with joy and mirth!  
The God of Peace hath blessed our land:  
We enjoy the fruits of earth  
Through favour of His bounteous hand.  
We through His most loving grace  
A king and kingly seed behold,  
Like a sun with lesser stars  
Or careful shepherd to his fold:  
Triumph then, and yield Him praise  
That gives us blest and joyful days.*

## —Song 5

*Time, that leads the fatal round,  
Hath made his centre in our ground,*

*With swelling seas embraced ;  
And there at one stay he rests,  
And with the Fates keeps holy feasts,*

*With pomp and pastime graced.*

*Light Cupids there do dance and Venus sweetly sings  
With heavenly notes tuned to sound of silver strings :  
Their songs are all of joy, no sign of sorrow there,  
But all as starres <sup>1</sup> glist'ring fair and blithe appear. 10]*

<sup>1</sup> I keep the old spelling, as the word is here a dissyllable.



*A Relation Of The Late Royal Entertainment  
Given By The Right Honorable The Lord Knowles,  
At Cawsome-House neere Redding: to our most  
Gracious Queene, Queene Anne, in her Progresse  
toward the Bathe, vpon the seuen and eight and  
twentie dayes of Aprill, 1613. Whereunto is annexed  
the Description, Speeches, and Songs of the Lords  
Maske, presented in the Banqueting-house on the  
Mariage night of the High and Mightie, Count  
Palatine, and the Royally descended the Ladie Eliza-  
beth. Written by Thomas Campion.<sup>1</sup> London, printed  
for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold at his Shop at the  
South-doore of S. Pauls, and at Britaines Bursse.  
1613. 4<sup>to</sup>.*

<sup>1</sup> In some copies the name is "Campian."

Sir William Knollys, second son of Sir Francis Knollys, was created Baron Knollys of Greys in Oxfordshire, by King James in the first year of his reign, Viscount Wallingford in 1616, and Earl of Banbury in 1626. He died 25 May, 1632, at the age of 88. It was his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, who received Queen Anne on her progress towards Bath. The *Relation* is reprinted in the second volume of Nichols' "Progresses of King James."

A RELATION OF THE LATE ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD KNOWLES AT CAWSOME-HOUSE NEAR READING TO OUR MOST GRACIOUS QUEEN, QUEEN ANNE, IN HER PROGRESS TOWARD THE BATH UPON THE SEVEN AND EIGHT AND TWENTY DAYS OF APRIL, 1613.

*Forasmuch as this late Entertainment hath been much desired in writing, both of such as were present at the performance thereof, as also of many which are yet strangers both to the business and place, it shall be convenient, in this general publication, a little to touch at the description and situation of Cawsome seat. The house is fairly built of brick, mounted on the hill-side of a park, within view of Reading, they being severed about the space of two miles. Before the park-gate, directly opposite to the house, a new passage was forced through earable land, that was lately paled in, it being from the park about two flight-shots in length; at the further end whereof, upon the Queen's approach, a Cynic appeared out of a bower, drest in a skin-coat, with bases, of green calico, set thick with leaves and boughs: his nakedness being also artificially shadowed with leaves; on his head he wore a false hair, black and disordered, stuck carelessly with flowers.*

*The speech of the Cynic to the Queen and her Train.*

*Cynic.* Stay; whether you human be or divine, here is no passage; see you not the earth furrowed? the region solitary? Cities and Courts fit tumultuous

multitudes : this is a place of silence ; here a kingdom I enjoy without people ; myself commands, myself obeys ; host, cook, and guest myself ; I reap without sowing, owe all to Nature, to none other beholding : my skin is my coat, my ornaments these boughs and flowers, this bower my house, the earth my bed, herbs my food, water my drink ; I want no sleep, nor health ; I envy none, nor am envied, neither fear I nor hope, nor joy, nor grieve : if this be happiness, I have it ; which you all that depend on others' service, or command, want : will you be happy ? be private, turn palaces to hermitages, noises to silence, outward felicity to inward content.

*A stranger on horse-back was purposely thrust into the troupe disguised, and wrapt in a cloak that he might pass unknown, who at the conclusion of this speech began to discover himself as a fantastic Traveller in a silken suit of strange checker-work, made up after the Italian cut, with an Italian hat, and a band of gold and silk, answering the colours of his suit, with a courtly feather, long gilt spurs, and all things answerable.*

*The Traveller's speech on horse-back.*

*Travell.* Whither travels thy tongue, ill nurtured man ? thy manners shew madness, thy nakedness poverty, thy resolution folly. Since none will undertake thy presumption, let me descend, that I may make thy ignorance know how much it hath injured sacred ears.



*The Traveller then dismounts and gives his cloak and horse to his foot-man : in the meantime the Cynic speaks.*

*Cyn.* Naked I am, and so is truth ; plain, and so is honesty ; I fear no man's encounter, since my cause deserves neither excuse, nor blame.

*Trav.* Shall I now chide or pity thee ? thou art as miserable in life, as foolish in thy opinion. Answer me ? dost thou think that all happiness consists in solitariness ?

*Cyn.* I do.

*Trav.* And are they unhappy that abide in society ?

*Cyn.* They are.

*Trav.* Dost thou esteem it a good thing to live ?

*Cyn.* The best of things.

*Trav.* Hadst thou not a father and mother ?

*Cyn.* Yes.

*Trav.* Did they not live in society ?

*Cyn.* They did.

*Trav.* And wert not thou one of their society when they bred thee, instructing thee to go and speak ?

*Cyn.* True.

*Trav.* Thy birth then and speech in spite of thy spleen make thee sociable ; go, thou art but a vain-glorious counterfeit, and wanting that which should make thee happy, contemneth the means. View but the heavens : is there not above us a sun and moon, giving and receiving light ? are there not millions of stars that participate their glorious beams ? is there any element simple ? is there not a mixture of all

things? and wouldst thou only be singular? action is the end of life, virtue the crown of action, society the subject of virtue, friendship the band of society, solitariness the breach. Thou art yet young, and fair enough, wert thou not barbarous; thy soul, poor wretch, is far out of tune, make it musical; come, follow me, and learn to live.

*Cyn.* I am conquered by reason, and humbly ask pardon for my error, henceforth my heart shall honour greatness, and love society; lead now, and I will follow, as good a fellow as the best.

*The Traveller and Cynic instantly mount on horse-back, and hasten to the park-gate, where they are received by two Keepers, formally attired in green perpetuana, with jerkins and long hose, all things else being in colour suitable, having either of them a horn hanging formally at their backs, and on their heads they had green Monmouth-caps, with green feathers, the one of them in his hand bearing a hook-bill, and the other a long pike-staff, both painted green: with them stood two Robin-Hood men in suits of green striped with black, drest in doublets with great bellies and wide sleeves, shaped fardingale-wise at the shoulders, without wings; their hose were round, with long green stockings; on their heads they wore broad flat caps with green feathers crost quite over them, carrying green bows in their hands, and green arrows by their sides.*

*In this space cornets at sundry places entertain the*

*Monmouth-caps.* Old ed. "Mommoth-caps."

*time, till the Queen with her train is entered into the park: and then one of the Keepers presents her with this short speech.*

*Keeper.* More than most welcome, renowned and gracious Queen, since your presence vouchsafes to beautify these woods, whereof I am keeper, be it your pleasure to accept such rude entertainment, as a rough wood-man can yield. This is to us a high holiday, and henceforth yearly shall be kept and celebrated with our country sports, in honour of so royal a guest; come, friends and fellows, now prepare your voices, and present your joys in a sylvan dance.

*Here standing on a smooth green, and environed with the horse-men, they present a song of five parts, and withall a lively sylvan-dance of six persons: the Robin-Hood men feign two trebles; one of the Keepers with the Cynic sing two counter-tenors, the other Keeper the bass; but the Traveller being not able to sing, gapes in silence, and expresseth his humour in antic gestures.*

A song and dance of six, two Keepers, two Robin-Hood men, the fantastic Traveller, and the Cynic.

I

*Dance now and sing; the joy and love we owe  
Let cheerful voices and glad gestures show:*

*The Queen of grace is she whom we receive:  
Honour and state are her guides,  
Her presence they can never leave.*

*Then in a stately sylvan form salute  
 Her ever-flowing grace ;  
 Fill all the woods with echoed welcomes,  
 And strew with flowers this place ;  
 Let ev'ry bough and plant fresh blossoms yield,  
 And all the air refine :  
 Let pleasure strive to please our goddess,  
 For she is all divine.*

## 2

*Yet once again let us our measures move,  
 And with sweet notes record our joyful love.  
 An object more divine none ever had :  
 Beauty, and heav'n-born worth,  
 Mixt in perfection never fade.  
 Then with a dance triumphant let us sing  
 Her high advanced praise,  
 And ev'n to heav'n our gladsome welcomes  
 With wings of music raise ;  
 Welcome, O welcome, ever-honoured Queen,  
 To this now-blessed place !  
 That grove, that bower, that house is happy  
 Which you vouchsafe to grace.*

This song being sung and danced twice over, they fall instantly into a kind of coranto, with these words following :—

*No longer delay her,  
 'Twere sin now to stay her  
 From her ease with tedious sport ;*

*coranto.* Old ed. "curranta."

*Then welcome still crying  
And swiftly hence flying,  
Let us to our homes resort.*

*In the end whereof the two Keepers carry away the Cynic ; and the two Robin-Hood men the Traveller ; when presently cornets begin again to sound in several places, and so continue with variety, while the Queen passeth through a long smooth green way, set on each side with trees in equal distance ; all this while her Majesty being carried in her caroch.*

*But because some wet had fallen that day in the forenoon (though the garden-walks were made artificially smooth and dry) yet all her foot-way was spread with broad-cloth, and so soon as her Majesty with her train were all entered into the lower garden, a Gardener, with his man and boy, issued out of an arbour to give her Highness entertainment. The Gardener was suited in gray with a jerkin double jagged all about the wings and skirts ; he had a pair of great slops with a cod-piece, and buttoned gamachios all of the same stuff : on his head he had a strawn hat, piebaldly drest with flowers, and in his hand a silvered spade. His man was also suited in gray with a great buttoned flap on his jerkin, having large wings and skirts with a pair of great slops and gamachios of the same ; on his head he had a strawn hat, and in his hand a silvered mattox. The Gardener's boy was in a pretty suit of flowery stuff, with a silvered rake in his hand. When they approached near the Queen, they all vailed bonnet ; and lowting low, the Gardener began after his antic fashion this speech.*

*Gard.* Most magnificent and peerless deity, lo I, the surveyor of Lady Flora's works, welcome your grace with fragrant phrases into her bowers, beseeching your greatness to bear with the late wooden entertainment of the wood-men ; for woods are more full of weeds than wits, but gardens are weeded, and gardeners witty, as may appear by me. I have flowers for all fancies. Thyme for truth, rosemary for remembrance, roses for love, heartsease for joy, and thousands more, which all harmoniously rejoice at your presence ; but myself, with these my Paradisians here, will make you such music as the wild woodists shall be ashamed to here the report of it. Come, sirs, prune your pipes, and tune your strings, and agree together like birds of a feather.

*A song of a treble and bass, sung by the Gardener's boy and man, to music of instruments, that was ready to second them in the arbour.*

## I

Welcome to this flowery place,  
Fair Goddess and sole Queen of grace :  
All eyes triumph in your sight,  
Which through all this empty space  
Casts such glorious beams of light.

## 2

Paradise were meeter far  
To entertain so bright a star :  
But why errs my folly so ?

*deity.* Here and elsewhere the old ed. reads "Diety"—which was an old form of "Deity."

Paradise is where you are :  
Heav'n above, and heav'n below.

3

Could our powers and wishes meet,  
How well would they your graces greet !  
Yet accept of our desire :  
Roses, of all flowers most sweet,  
Spring out of the silly briar.

*After this song, the Gardener speaks again.*

*Gard.* Wonder not (great goddess) at the sweetness of our garden-air (though passing sweet it be). Flora hath perfumed it for you (Flora our mistress, and your servant) who invites you yet further into her Paradise ; she invisibly will lead your grace the way, and we (as our duty is) visibly stay behind.

*From thence the Queen ascends by a few steps into the upper garden, at the end whereof, near the house, this song was sung by an excellent counter-tenor voice, with rare variety of division unto two unusual instruments, all being concealed within the arbour.*

I

O joys exceeding,  
From love, from power of your wished sight proceed-  
ing !  
As a fair morn shines divinely,  
Such is your view, appearing more divinely.

Your steps ascending,  
Raise high your thoughts for your content contending ;  
All our hearts of this grace vaunting,  
Now leap as they were moved by enchanting.

*So ended the entertainment without the house for that time ; and the Queen's pleasure being that night to sup privately, the King's violins attended her with their solemnest music, as an excellent consort in like manner did the next day at dinner.*

*Supper being ended, her Majesty, accompanied with many Lords and Ladies, came into the hall, and rested herself in her chair of state, the scaffolds of the hall being on all parts filled with beholders of worth. Suddenly forth came the Traveller, Gardener, Cynic, with the rest of their crew, and others furnished with their instruments, and in manner following entertain the time.*

*Traveller.* A hall ! a hall ! for men of moment, rationals and irrationals, but yet not all of one breeding. For I an Academic am, refined by travel, that have learned what to courtship belongs, and so divine a presence as this ; if we press past good manners, laugh at our follies, for you cannot shew us more favour than to laugh at us. If we prove ridiculous in your sights, we are gracious ; and therefore we beseech you to laugh at us. For mine own part (I thank my stars for it) I have been laughed at in most parts of Christendom.



*Gardener.* I can neither brag of my travels, nor yet am ashamed of my profession ; I make sweet walks for fair ladies ; flowers I prepare to adorn them ; close arbours I build wherein their loves unseen may court them ; and who can do ladies better service, or more acceptable ? When I was a child and lay in my cradle, (a very pretty child) I remember well that Lady Venus appeared unto me, and setting a silver spade and rake by my pillow, bade me prove a gardener. I told my mother of it (as became the duty of a good child) whereupon she provided straight for me two great platters full of pap ; which having dutifully devoured, I grew to this portraiture you see, sprung suddenly out of my cabin, and fell to my profession.

*Trav.* Verily by thy discourse thou hast travelled much, and I am ashamed of myself that I come so far behind thee, as not once to have yet mentioned Venus or Cupid, or any other of the gods to have appeared to me. But I will henceforth boast truly, that I have now seen a deity as far beyond theirs, as the beauty of light is beyond darkness, or this feast, whereof we have had our share, is beyond thy sallets.

*Cynic.* Sure I am, it hath stirred up strange thoughts in me ; never knew I the difference between wine and water before. Bacchus hath opened mine eyes ; I now see bravery and admire it, beauty and adore it. I find my arms naked, my discourse rude, but my heart soft as wax, ready to melt with the least beam of a fair eye ; which (till this time) was as untractable as iron.

*Gard.* I much joy in thy conversion, thou hast long

been a mad fellow, and now provest a good fellow ; let us all therefore join together sociably in a song, to the honour of good fellowship.

*Cyn.* A very musical motion, and I agree to it.

*Trav.* Sing that sing can, for my part I will only, while you sing, keep time with my gestures, *à la mode de France.*

-- *A song of three voices with divers instruments.*

## I

Night as well as brightest day hath her delight,  
Let us then with mirth and music deck the night.  
Never did glad day such store  
Of joy to night bequeath :  
Her stars then adore,  
Both in Heav'n, and here beneath.

## 2

Love and beauty, mirth and music yield true joys,  
Though the cynics in their folly count them toys.  
Raise your spirits ne'er so high,  
They will be apt to fall :  
None brave thoughts envy,  
Who had e'er brave thoughts at all.

## 3

Joy is the sweet friend of life, the nurse of blood,  
Patron of all health, and fountain of all good :  
Never may joy hence depart,  
But all your thoughts attend ;  
Nought can hurt the heart,  
That retains so sweet a friend.

*à la mode de France.* Old ed. "*A la more du France.*"

*At the end of this song enters Sylvanus, shaped after the description of the ancient writers ; his lower parts like a goat, and his upper parts in an antic habit of rich taffeta, cut into leaves, and on his head he had a false hair, with a wreath of long boughs and lilies, that hung dangling about his neck, and in his hand a cypress branch, in memory of his love Cyparissus. The Gardener, espying him, speaks thus.*

*Gard.* Silence, sirs, here comes Sylvanus, god of these woods, whose presence is rare, and imports some novelty.

*Trav.* Let us give place, for this place is fitter for deities than us.

*They all vanish and leave Sylvanus alone, who coming nearer to the state, and making a low congee, speaks.*

*Sylvanus.*

That health which harbours in the fresh-aired groves,  
Those pleasures which green hill and valley moves,  
Sylvanus, the commander of them all,  
Here offers to this state imperial ;  
Which as a homager he visits now,  
And to a greater power his power doth bow.  
Withal, thus much his duty signifies :  
That there are certain semi-deities,  
Belonging to his sylvan walks, who come  
Led with the music of a sprightly drum,

To keep the night awake and honour you  
 (Great Queen) to whom all honours they hold due.  
 So rest you full of joy, and wished content,  
 Which though it be not given, 'tis fairly meant.

*At the end of this speech there is suddenly heard a great noise of drums and fifes, and way being made, eight pages first enter, with green torches in their hands lighted; their suits were of green satin, with cloaks and caps of the same, richly and strangely set forth. Presently after them the eight Masquers came, in rich embroidered suits of green satin, with high hats of the same, and all their accoutrements answerable to such noble and princely personages as they concealed under their vizards, and so they instantly fell into a new dance: at the end whereof they took forth the Ladies, and danced with them; and so well was the Queen pleased with her entertainment that she vouchsafed to make herself the head of their revels, and graciously to adorn the place with her personal dancing: much of the night being thus spent with variety of dances, the Masquers made a conclusion with a second new dance.*

*At the Queen's parting on Wednesday in the afternoon, the Gardener with his man and boy and three handsome country maids, the one bearing a rich bag with linen in it, the second a rich apron, and a third a rich mantle, appear all out of an arbour in the lower garden, and meeting the Queen, the Gardener presents this speech.*

*Gardener.*

Stay, goddess ! stay a little space,  
Our poor country love to grace :  
Since we dare not too long stay you,  
Accept at our hands, we pray you,  
These mean presents, to express  
Greater love than we profess,  
Or can utter now for woe  
Of your parting hast'ned so.  
Gifts these are, such as were wrought  
By their hands that them have brought,  
Home-bred things, which they presumed,  
After I had them perfumed  
With my flowery incantation,  
To give you in presentation  
At your parting. Come, feat lasses,  
With fine curtsies, and smooth faces,  
Offer up your simple toys  
To the mistress of our joys ;  
While we the sad time prolong  
With a mournful parting song.

*A song of three voices continuing while the presents  
are delivered and received.*

I

Can you, the author of our joy,  
So soon depart ?  
Will you revive, and straight destroy ?  
New mirth to tears convert ?  
O that ever cause of gladness  
Should so swiftly turn to sadness !

## 2

Now as we droop, so will these flowers,  
Barred of your sight :  
Nothing avail them heav'nly showers  
Without your heav'nly light.  
When the glorious sun forsakes us,  
Winter quickly overtakes us.

## 3

Yet shall our prayers your ways attend,  
When you are gone ;  
And we the tedious time will spend,  
Rememb'ring you alone.  
Welcome here shall you hear ever,  
But the word of parting never.

*Thus ends this ample entertainment, which as it was most nobly performed by the right honourable the lord and lady of the house, and fortunately executed by all that any way were actors in it, so was it as graciously received of her Majesty, and celebrated with her most royal applause.*

THE DESCRIPTION, SPEECHES, AND SONGS, OF THE  
LORDS' MASQUE, PRESENTED IN THE BAN-  
QUETING-HOUSE ON THE MARRIAGE NIGHT OF  
THE HIGH AND MIGHTY COUNT PALATINE, AND  
THE ROYALLY DESCENDED THE LADY ELIZA-  
BETH.<sup>1</sup>

*I have now taken occasion to satisfy many, who long since were desirous that the Lords' masque should be published, which, but for some private lets, had in due time come forth. The Scene was divided into two parts. From the roof to the floor, the lower part being first discovered (upon the sound of a double consort, exprest by several instruments, placed on either side of the room) there appeared a wood in perspective, the innermost part being of relief, or whole round, the rest painted. On the left hand from the seat was a cave, and on the right a thicket, out of which came Orpheus, who was attired after the old Greek manner, his hair,*

<sup>1</sup> The marriage was celebrated on Shrove-Sunday, 14 February, 1612-13. "Of the Lords' Masque," writes Chamberlain, "I hear no great commendation save only for riches, their devices being long and tedious, and more like a play than a masque" (Winwood's "Memorials," iii. 435). But, as Nichols remarks, Chamberlain was not present. Those who were dissatisfied with Campion's masque must have been hard to please. It cost £400 (Nichols' "Progresses of King James," ii. 622),—a small sum compared with the lavish expenses frequently incurred on such occasions.

*curled and long, a laurel wreath on his head, and in his hand he bare a silver bird ; about him tamely placed several wild beasts : and upon the ceasing of the consort Orpheus spake.*

*Orpheus.*

Again, again, fresh kindle Phoebus' sounds,  
T'exhale Mania from her earthly den ;  
Allay the fury that her sense confounds,  
And call her gently forth ; sound, sound again.

*The consorts both sound again, and Mania, the goddess of madness, appears wildly out of her cave. Her habit was confused and strange, but yet graceful ; she as one amazed speaks.*

*Mania.* What powerful noise is this importunes me,  
T'abandon darkness which my humour fits ?  
Jove's hand in it I feel, and ever he  
Must be obeyed ev'n of the frantic'st wits.

*Orpheus.* Mania !

*Mania.* Hah !

*Orpheus.* Brain-sick, why start'st thou so ?  
Approach yet nearer, and thou then shall  
know  
The will of Jove, which he will breathe  
from me.

*Mania.* Who art thou ? if my dazzled eyes can see,  
Thou art the sweet enchanter heav'nly  
Orpheus.

*Orpheus.* The same, Mania, and Jove greets thee  
thus :



Though several power to thee and charge  
he gave

T'enclose in thy dominions such as rave  
Through blood's distemper, how durst thou  
attempt

T'imprison Entheus whose rage is exempt  
From vulgar censure ? it is all divine,  
Full of celestial rapture, that can shine  
Through darkest shadows : therefore Jove  
by me

Commands thy power straight to set Entheus  
free.

*Mania.* How can I ? Frantics with him many more  
In one cave are locked up ; ope once the door,  
All will fly out, and through the world disturb  
The peace of Jove ; for what power then  
can curb

Their reinless fury ?

*Orpheus.* Let not fear in vain  
Trouble thy crazed fancy ; all again,  
Save Entheus, to thy safeguard shall retire,  
For Jove into our music will inspire  
The power of passion, that their thoughts  
shall bend

To any form or motion we intend.  
Obey Jove's will then ; go, set Entheus free.

*Mania.* I willing go, so Jove obeyed must be.

*Orph.* Let Music put on Protean changes now ;  
Wild beasts it once tamed, now let Frantics  
bow.

*will.* Old ed. "willing."

*At the sound of a strange music twelve Frantics enter, six men and six women, all presented in sundry habits and humours. There was the lover, the self-lover, the melancholic man full of fear, the school-man overcome with fantasy, the over-watched usurer, with others that made an absolute medley of madness; in midst of whom Entheus (or poetic fury) was hurried forth, and tost up and down, till by virtue of a new change in the music, the Lunatics fell into a mad measure, fitted to a loud fantastic tune; but in the end thereof the music changed into a very solemn air, which they softly played, while Orpheus spake.*

*Orph.* Through these soft and calm sounds, Mania,  
pass  
With thy Fantastics hence; here is no place  
Longer for them or thee; Entheus alone  
Must do Jove's bidding now: all else be  
gone.

*During this speech Mania with her Frantics depart, leaving Entheus behind them, who was attired in a close curace of the antic fashion, bases with labels, a robe fastened to his shoulders, and hanging down behind; on his head a wreath of laurels, out of which grew a pair of wings; in the one hand he held a book, and in the other a pen.*

*Enth.* Divinest Orpheus, O how all from thee  
Proceed with wondrous sweetness! Am I  
free?  
Is my affliction vanished?

*Oph.*

Too, too long,

Alas, good Entheus, hast thou brooked this  
wrong.

What ! number thee with madmen ! O mad  
age,

Senseless of thee, and thy celestial rage !

For thy excelling rapture, ev'n through things

That seems most light, is borne with sacred  
wings :

Nor are these musics, shows, or revels vain,

When thou adorn'st them with thy Phœbean  
brain.

Th'are palate-sick of much more vanity,

That cannot taste them in their dignity.

Jove therefore lets thy prisoned sprite obtain

Her liberty and fiery scope again ;

And here by me commands thee to create

Inventions rare, this night to celebrate,

Such as become a nuptial by his will

Begun and ended.

*Ent.*

Jove I honour still,

And must obey. Orpheus, I feel the fires

Are ready in my brain, which Jove inspires.

Lo, through that veil I see Prometheus  
stand

Before those glorious lights which his false  
hand

Stole out of heav'n, the dull earth to inflame

With the affects of Love and honoured Fame.

I view them plain in pomp and majesty,

Such as being seen might hold rivalry

With the best triumphs. Orpheus, give a  
call

With thy charmed music, and discover all.

*Orph.* Fly, cheerful voices, through the air, and  
clear

These clouds, that yon hid beauty may  
appear.

*A Song.*

I

Come away ; bring thy golden theft,  
Bring, bright Prometheus, all thy lights ;  
Thy fires from Heav'n bereft  
Show now to human sights.

Come quickly, come ! thy stars to our stars straight  
present,

For pleasure being too much deferred loseth her best  
content.

What fair dames wish, should swift as their own  
thoughts appear ;

To loving and to longing hearts every hour seems a  
year.

2

See how fair, O how fair, they shine !

What yields more pomp beneath the skies ?

Their birth is yet divine,

And such their form implies.

Large grow their beams, their near approach afford  
them so ;

By nature sights that pleasing are, cannot too amply  
show.

SONGS OF THE LORDS' MASQUE 201

O might these flames in human shapes descend this  
place,  
How lovely would their presence be, how full of  
grace !

*In the end of the first part of this song, the upper part of the scene was discovered by the sudden fall of a curtain ; then in clouds of several colours (the upper part of them being fiery, and the middle heightened with silver) appeared eight stars of extraordinary bigness, which so were placed, as that they seemed to be fixed between the firmament and the earth. In the front of the scene stood Prometheus, attired as one of the ancient heroes.*

*Enth.* Patron of mankind, powerful and bounteous,  
Rich in thy flames, reverend Prometheus,  
In Hymen's place aid us to solemnise  
These royal nuptials ; fill the lookers' eyes  
With admiration of thy fire and light,  
And from thy hand let wonders flow to-night.

*Prom.* Enthaus and Orpheus, names both dear to me,  
In equal balance I your third will be  
In this night's honour. View these heav'n-  
born stars,  
Who by my stealth are become sublunars ;  
How well their native beauties fit this place,  
Which with a choral dance they first shall  
grace ;  
Then shall their forms to human figures turn,  
And these bright fires within their bosoms  
burn.

Orpheus, apply thy music, for it well  
 Helps to induce a courtly miracle.  
*Orp.* Sound, best of musics, raise yet higher our  
 sprites,  
 While we admire Prometheus' dancing lights.

*A Song.*

## I

Advance your choral motions now,  
 You music-loving lights :  
 This night concludes the nuptial vow,  
 Make this the best of nights :  
 So bravely crown it with your beams  
 That it may live in fame  
 As long as Rhenus or the Thames  
 Are known by either name.

## 2

Once more again, yet nearer move  
 Your forms at willing view ;  
 Such fair effects of joy and love  
 None can express but you.  
 Then revel midst your airy bowers  
 Till all the clouds do sweat,  
 That pleasure may be poured in showers  
 On this triumphant seat.

## 3

Long since hath lovely Flora thrown  
 Her flowers and garlands here ;  
 Rich Ceres all her wealth hath shown,  
 Proud of her dainty cheer.

SONGS OF THE LORDS' MASQUE 203

Changed them to human shape, descend,  
Clad in familiar weed,  
That every eye may here commend  
The kind delights you breed.

*According to the humour of this song, the stars moved in an exceeding strange and delightful manner, and I suppose few have ever seen more neat artifice than Master Inigo Jones shewed in contriving their motion, who in all the rest of the workmanship which belonged to the whole invention shewed extraordinary industry and skill, which if it be not as lively exprest in writing as it appeared in view, rob not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his instructions for the adorning of his art. But to return to our purpose ; about the end of this song, the stars suddenly vanished, as if they had been drowned amongst the clouds, and the eight masquers appeared in their habits, which were infinitely rich, befitting states (such as indeed they all were) as also a time so far heightened the day before with all the richest show of solemnity that could be invented. The ground of their attires was massy cloth of silver, embossed with flames of embroidery ; on their heads, they had crowns, flames made all of gold-plate enameled, and on the top a feather of silk, representing a cloud of smoke. Upon their new transformation, the whole scene being clouds dispersed, and there appeared an element of artificial fires, with several circles of lights, in continual motion, representing the house of Prometheus, who then thus applies his speech to the masquers.*

*They are transformed.*

*Prometh.* So pause awhile, and come, ye fiery sprites,  
Break forth the earth like sparks t'attend  
these knights.

*Sixteen pages, like fiery spirits, all their attires being alike composed of flames, with fiery wings and bases, bearing in either hand a torch of virgin wax, come forth below, dancing a lively measure, and the dance being ended, Prometheus speaks to them from above.*

*The Torch-bearers' Dance.*

*Pro.* Wait, spirits, wait, while through the clouds  
we pace,  
And by descending gain a higher place.

*The pages return toward the scene, to give their attendance to the masquers with their lights: from the side of the scene appeared a bright and transparent cloud, which reached from the top of the heavens to the earth: on this cloud the masquers, led by Prometheus, descended with the music of a full song; and at the end of their descent, the cloud brake in twain, and one part of it (as with a wind) was blown overthwart the scene.*

*While this cloud was vanishing, the wood being the under-part of the scene, was insensibly changed, and in place thereof appeared four noble women-statues of silver, standing in several niches, accompanied with*

*sprites.* Old ed. "spirits."



ornaments of architecture, which filled all the end of the house, and seemed to be all of gold-smith's work. The first order consisted of pilasters all of gold, set with rubies, sapphires, emeralds, opals and such like. The capitals were composed, and of a new invention. Over this was a bastard order with cartouches reversed coming from the capitals of every pilaster, which made the upper part rich and full of ornament. Over every statue was placed a history in gold, which seemed to be of base relief; the conceits which were figured in them were these. In the first was Prometheus, embossing in clay the figure of a woman, in the second he was represented stealing fire from the chariot-wheel of the sun; in the third he is exprest putting life with this fire into his figure of clay; and in the fourth square Jupiter, enraged, turns these new-made women into statues. Above all, for finishing, ran a cornice, which returned over every pilaster, seeming all of gold and richly carved.

*A full Song.*

Supported now by clouds descend,  
 Divine Prometheus, Hymen's friend :  
 Lead down the new transformed fires  
 And fill their breasts with love's desires,  
 That they may revel with delight,  
 And celebrate this nuptial night.  
 So celebrate this nuptial night  
 That all which see may say  
 They never viewed so fair a sight  
 Even on the clearest day.

say. Old ed. "stay."

*While this song is sung, and the masquers court the four new transformed ladies, four other statues appear in their places.*

*Entheus.* See, see, Prometheus, four of these first  
dames  
Which thou long since out of thy purchased  
flames,  
Didst forge with heav'nly fire, as they were  
then  
By Jove transformed to statues, so again  
They suddenly appear by his command  
At thy arrival. Lo, how fixed thy stand ;  
So did Jove's wrath too long, but now at  
last,  
It by degrees relents, and he hath placed  
These statues, that we might his aid im-  
plore,  
First for the life of these, and then for  
more.  
*Prom.* Entheus, thy counsels are divine and just,  
Let Orpheus deck thy hymn, since pray we  
must.

*The first invocation in a full song.*

Powerful Jove, that of bright stars,  
Now hast made men fit for wars,  
Thy power in these statues prove  
And make them women fit for love.

*Orpheus.* See, Jove is pleased ; statues have life and  
move !

Go, new-born men, and entertain with love  
The new-born women, though your number  
yet

Exceeds their's double, they are armed with  
wit

To bear your best encounters. Court them  
fair :

When words and music please, let none  
despair.

*The Song.*

I

Woo her, and win her, he that can !

Each woman hath two lovers,

So she must take and leave a man,

Till time more grace discovers.

This doth Jove to shew that want

Makes beauty most respected :

If fair women were more scant,

They would be more affected.

2

Courtship and music suit with love,

They both are works of passion ;

Happy is he whose words can move,

Yet sweet notes help persuasion.

Mix your words with music then,  
 That they the more may enter ;  
 Bold assaults are fit for men,  
 That on strange beauties venter.

*Promet.* Cease, cease your wooing strife ! see, Jove  
 intends  
 To fill your number up, and make all friends.  
 Orpheus and Entheus, join your skills once  
 more,  
 And with a hymn the deity implore.

*The second invocation to the tune of the first.*

Powerful Jove, that hast given four,  
 Raise this number but once more,  
 That complete, their numerous feet  
 May aptly in just measures meet.

*The other four statues are transformed into women,  
 in the time of this invocation.*

*Enth.* The number's now complete, thanks be to  
 Jove !  
 No man needs fear a rival in his love ;  
 For all are sped, and now begins delight  
 To fill with glory this triumphant night.

*The masquers, having every one entertained his lady,  
 begin their first new entering dance : after it, while  
 they breathe, the time is entertained with a dialogue-  
 song.*

*venter.* Old ed. gives "venture;" but "venter"—which is  
 recognized old form of "venture"—is needed for the rhyme

Breathe you now, while Io Hymen  
To the bride we sing :  
O how many joys and honours,  
From this match will spring !  
Ever firm the league will prove,  
Where only goodness causeth love.  
Some for profit seek  
What their fancies most disleek ;  
These love for virtue's sake alone :  
Beauty and youth unite them both in one.

*Chorus.*

Live with thy bridegroom happy, sacred bride ;  
How blest is he that is for love envied !

*The masquers' second dance.*

Breathe again, while we with music  
Fill the empty space :  
O but do not in your dances  
Yourselves only grace.  
Ev'ry one fetch out your fere,  
Whom chiefly you will honour here.  
Sights most pleasure breed,  
When their numbers most exceed.  
Choose then, for choice to all is free ;  
Taken or left, none discontent must be.

*Chorus.*

Now in thy revels frolic-fair delight,  
To heap joy on this ever-honoured night.

*The masquers during this dialogue take out others to dance with them ; men women, and women men ; and first of all the princely bridegroom and bride were drawn into these solemn revels, which continued a long space, but in the end were broken off with this short song.*

*A Song.*

Cease, cease you revels, rest a space ;  
New pleasures press into this place,  
Full of beauty and of grace.

*The whole scene was now again changed, and became a prospective with porticoes on each side, which seemed to go in a great way ; in the middle was erected an obelisk, all of silver, and in it lights of several colours : on the side of this obelisk, standing on pedestals, were the statues of the bridegroom and bride, all of gold in gracious postures. This obelisk was of that height, that the top thereof touched the highest clouds, and yet Sibylla did draw it forth with a thread of gold. The grave sage was in a robe of gold tuckt up before to her girdle, a kirtle gathered full and of silver ; with a veil on her head, being bare-necked, and bearing in her hands a scroll of parchment.*

*Entheus.* Make clear the passage to Sibylla's sight,  
Who with her trophy comes to crown this  
night ;  
And, as herself with music shall be led,  
So shall she pull on with a golden thread  
A high vast obelisk, dedicate to Fame,  
Which immortality itself did frame. :

SONGS OF THE LORDS' MASQUE 211

Raise high your voices now ; like trumpets  
fill  
The room with sounds of triumph, sweet and  
shrill.

*A Song.*

Come triumphing, come with state,  
Old Sibylla, reverend dame ;  
Thou keep'st the secret key of fate,  
Preventing swiftest Fame.  
This night breathe only words of joy,  
And speak them plain, now be not coy.

*Sibylla.*

*Debetur alto jure principium Jovi,  
Votis det ipse vim meis, dictis fidem.  
Utrinque decoris splendet egregium jubar ;  
Medio triumphus mole stat dignus sua,  
Cælumque summo capite dilectum petit.  
Quam pulchra pulchro sponsa respondet viro !  
Quam plena numinis ! Patrem vultu exprimit,  
Parens futura masculae prolis, parens  
Regum, imperatorum. Additur Germaniae  
Robur Britannicum : ecquid esse par potest ?  
Utramque junget una mens gentem, fides,  
Disque cultus unus, et simplex amor.  
Idem erit utrique hostis, sodalis idem, idem  
Votum perichlitantium, atque eadem manus.  
Favebit illis pax, favebit bellica  
Fortuna, semper aderit adjutor Deus.*

*Sic, sic Sibylla; vocibus nec his deest  
 Pondus, nec hoc inane monumentum trahit.  
 Et aureum est, et quale nec flammæ timet,  
 Nec fulgura, ipsi quippe sacratur Jovi.*

*Pro.* The good old sage is silenced, her free tongue  
 That made such melody, is now unstrung :  
 Then grace her trophy with a dance triumphant ;  
 Where Orpheus is none can fit music want.

*A song and dance triumphant of the masquers.*

## I

Dance, dance ! and visit now the shadows of our joy,  
 All in height, and pleasing state, your changed forms  
 employ.  
 And as the bird of Jove salutes with lofty wing the  
 morn,  
 So mount, so fly, these trophies to adorn.  
 Grace them with all the sounds and motions of  
 delight,  
 Since all the earth cannot express a lovelier sight.  
 View them with triumph, and in shades the truth  
 adore :  
 No pomp or sacrifice can please Jove's greatness  
 more.

## 2

Turn, turn ! and honour now the life these figures  
 bear :  
 Lo, how heav'nly natures far above all art appear !

*monumentum.* Old ed. "momumentum."



SONGS OF THE LORDS' MASQUE 213

Let their aspects revive in you the fire that shined so late,

Still mount and still retain your heavenly state.

Gods were with dance and with music served of old.

Those happy days derived their glorious style from gold :

This pair, by Hymen joined, grace you with measures then,

Since they are both divine and you are more than men.

*Orph.* Let here Sibylla's trophy stand,  
Lead her now by either hand,  
That she may approach yet nearer,  
And the bride and bridegroom hear her  
Bless them in her native tongue,  
Wherein old prophecies she sung,  
Which time to light hath brought.  
She speaks that which Jove hath taught :  
Well may he inspire her now,  
To make a joyful and true vow.

*Sib.* *Sponsam sponse toro tene pudicam,  
Sponsum sponsa tene toro pudicum.  
Non haec unica nox datur beatīs,  
At vos perpetuo haec beabit una  
Prole multiplici, parique amore.  
Laeta ac vera refert Sibylla ; ab alto  
Ipse Juppiter annuit loquenti.*

*Pro.* So be it ever, joy and peace,  
And mutual love give you increase,  
That your posterity may grow  
In fame, as long as seas do flow.

*Enth.* Live you long to see your joys,  
 In fair nymphs and princely boys ;  
 Breeding like the garden flowers,  
 Which kind heav'n draws with her warm  
 showers.

*Orph.* Enough of blessing, though too much  
 Never can be said to such ;  
 But night doth waste, and Hymen chides,  
 Kind to bridegrooms and to brides.  
 Then, singing, the last dance induce,  
 So let good night present excuse.

*The Song.*

No longer wrong the night  
 Of her Hymenæan right ;  
 A thousand Cupids call away,  
 Fearing the approaching day ;  
 The cocks already crow :  
 Dance then and go !

*The last new dance of the masquers, which concludes  
 all with a lively strain at their going out.*

FINIS.

*The description of a Maske: presented in the Banqueting roome at Whitehall, on Saint Stephens night last, At the Mariage of the Right Honourable the Earle of Somerset: And the right noble the Lady Frances Howard. Written by Thomas Campion. Whereunto are annexed diuers choice Ayres composed for this Maske that may be sung with a single voyce to the Lute or Base-Viall. London Printed by E. A. for Laurence Li'sle, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Tygers head. 1614. 4to.*

The ill-omened marriage of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, with the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex was celebrated at Whitehall, 26 December, 1613, in the presence of the King, Queen, Prince Charles, and many nobles and bishops. Campion's masque was worthy of a better occasion. Chamberlain's account of the reception of the masque is by no means flattering. In a letter to Mrs. Alice Carleton, sister to Sir Dudley Carleton, he writes; "I hear little or no commendation of the masque made by the Lords that night, either for device or dancing, only it was rich and costly" (Nichols' "Progresses of James I.," ii. 725). He had given the same unfavourable report about the masque that Campion prepared for the Princess Elizabeth's marriage.

---

*Pulchro pulchra datur sociali fœdere; amanti  
Tandem nubit amans; ecquid amabilius?*

---

*Venæ ut sup. rsint nuptiæ  
Præite duplici face:  
Prætendat alteram necesse  
Hymen, alteram par est Amor.*

---

*Uni ego mallem placuisse docto,  
Candido, et fastu sine judicanti,  
Millium quam millibus imperitorum  
Inque videntium.*

*Venæ ut supersint, etc.*] The same sentiment is more neatly and metrically expressed in Campion's first book of Latin Epigrams (No. 68):—

“ *De Nuptiis*

Rite ut celebres nuptias,  
Dupla tibi face est opus;  
Prætendat unum Hymen necesse,  
At alteram par est Amor.”

*The description of a Masque, presented in the Banqueting room at Whitehall, on St. Stephen's night last : At the Marriage of the right Honourable the Earl of Somerset, and the right noble the Lady Frances Howard.*

IN ancient times, when any man sought to shadow or heighten his invention, he had store of feigned persons ready for his purpose, as satyrs, nymphs, and their like : such were then in request and belief among the vulgar. But in our days, although they have not utterly lost their use, yet find they so little credit, that our modern writers have rather transferred their fictions to the persons of enchanters and commanders of spirits, as that excellent poet Torquato Tasso hath done, and many others.

In imitation of them (having a presentation in hand for persons of high state) I grounded my whole invention upon enchantments and several transformations. The workmanship whereof was undertaken by M. Constantine, an Italian, architect to our late Prince Henry : but he being too much of himself, and no way to be drawn to impart his intentions, failed so far in the assurance he gave that the main invention, even at the last cast, was of force drawn into a far narrower compass than was from the beginning intended : the description whereof, as it was performed, I will as briefly as I can deliver. The place wherein the masque was presented being the Banqueting house at Whitehall : the upper part, where the state is placed, was theatred with pillars, scaffolds, and all

things answerable to the sides of the room. At the lower end of the hall, before the scene, was made an arch triumphal, passing beautiful, which enclosed the whole works. The scene itself (the curtain being drawn) was in this manner divided.

On the upper part there was formed a sky with clouds very artificially shadowed. On either side of the scene below was set a high promontory, and on either of them stood three large pillars of gold: the one promontory was bounded with a rock standing in the sea, the other with a wood. In the midst between them appeared a sea in perspective with ships, some cunningly painted, some artificially sailing. On the front of the scene, on either side, was a beautiful garden, with six seats apiece to receive the masquers: behind them the main land, and in the midst a pair of stairs made exceeding curiously in the form of a scallop shell. And in this manner was the eye first of all entertained. After the King, Queen, and Prince were placed, and preparation was made for the beginning of the masque, there entered four Squires, who as soon as they approached near the presence, humbly bowing themselves, spake as followeth.

*The first Squire.*

That fruit that neither dreads the Syrian heats,  
Nor the sharp frosts which churlish Boreas threats,  
The fruit of peace and joy our wishes bring  
To this high state, in a perpetual spring.  
Then pardon (sacred majesty) our grief  
Unreasonably that presseth for relief.

The ground whereof (if your blest ears can spare  
A short space of attention) we'll declare.  
Great Honour's herald, Fame, having proclaimed  
This nuptial feast, and with it all enflamed,  
From every quarter of the earth twelve knights  
(In courtship seen, as well as martial fights)  
Assembled in the continent, and there  
Decreed this night a solemn service here.  
For which, by six and six embarked they were  
In several keels ; their sails for Britain bent.  
But (they that never favoured good intent)  
Deformed Error, that enchanting fiend,  
And wing-tongued Rumour, his infernal friend,  
With Curiosity and Credulity,  
Both sorceresses, all in hate agree  
Our purpose to divert ; in vain they strive,  
For we in spite of them came near t'arrive,  
When suddenly (as heaven and hell had met)  
A storm confused against our tackle beat,  
Severing the ships : but after what befel  
Let these relate, my tongue's too weak to tell.

*The second Squire.*

A strange and sad ostent our knights distrest ;  
For while the tempest's fiery rage increased,  
About our decks and hatches, lo, appear  
Serpents, as Lerna had been poured out there,  
Crawling about us ; which fear to eschew,  
The knights the tackle climbed, and hung in view,

*twelve.* Old ed. " three."

When violently a flash of lightning came,  
 And from our sights did bear them in the flame :  
 Which past, no serpent there was to be seen,  
 And all was hushed, as storm had never been.

*The third Squire.*

At sea their mischiefs grew, but ours at land,  
 For being by chance arrived, while our knights stand  
 To view their storm-tost friends on two cliffs near,  
 Thence, lo, they vanished, and six pillars were  
 Fixed in their footsteps ; pillars all of gold,  
 Fair to our eyes, but woeful to behold.

*The fourth Squire.*

Thus with prodigious hate and cruelty,  
 Our good knights for their love afflicted be ;  
 But, O, protect us now, majestic grace,  
 For see, those curst enchanters press in place  
 That our past sorrows wrought : these, these alone  
 Turn all the world into confusion.

Towards the end of this speech, two enchanters,  
 and two enchantresses appear : Error first, in a skin  
 coat scaled like a serpent, and an antic habit painted  
 with snakes, a hair of curled snakes, and a deformed  
 vizard. With him Rumour in a skin coat full of  
 winged tongues, and over it an antic robe ; on his head  
 a cap like a tongue, with a large pair of wings to it.

Curiosity in a skin coat full of eyes, and an antic  
 habit over it, a fantastic cap full of eyes.

Credulity in the like habit painted with ears, and an  
 antic cap full of ears.



When they had whispered awhile as if they had rejoiced at the wrongs which they had done to the knights, the music and their dance began : straight forth rushed the four Winds confusedly.

The Eastern Wind in a skin coat of the colour of the sun-rising, with a yellow hair, and wings both on his shoulders and feet.

The Western Wind in a skin coat of dark crimson, with crimson hair and wings.

The Southern Wind in a dark russet skin coat, hair and wings suitable.

The Northern Wind in a grisled skin coat, with hair and wings accordingly.

After them in confusion came the four Elements :

Earth, in a skin coat of grass green, a mantle painted full of trees, plants and flowers, and on his head an oak growing.

Water, in a skin coat waved, with a mantle full of fishes, on his head a dolphin.

Air, in a sky-coloured skin coat, with a mantle painted with fowl, and on his head an eagle.

Fire, in a skin coat, and a mantle painted with flames, on his head a cap of flames, with a salamander in the midst thereof.

Then entered the four parts of the earth in a confused measure.

Europe in the habit of an empress, with an imperial crown on her head.

Asia in a Persian lady's habit, with a crown on her head.

Africa like a queen of the Moors, with a crown.

America in a skin coat of the colour of the juice of mulberries, on her head large round brims of many-coloured feathers, and in the midst of it a small crown.

All these having danced together in a strange kind of confusion, passed away, by four and four.

At which time, Eternity appeared in a long blue taffeta robe, painted with stars, and on her head a crown.

Next, came the three Destinies, in long robes of white taffeta like aged women, with garlands of Narcissus flowers on their heads ; and in their left hands they carried distaffs according to the descriptions of Plato and Catullus, but in their right hands they carried altogether a tree of gold.

After them, came Harmony with nine musicians more, in long taffeta robes and caps of tinsel, with garlands gilt, playing and singing this song.

Chorus.

*Vanish, vanish hence, confusion !*

*Dim not Hymen's golden light*

*With false illusion.*

*The Fates shall do him right,*

*And fair Eternity,*

*Who pass through all enchantments free.*

Eternity sings alone.

*Bring away this sacred tree,*

*The tree of grace and bounty,*

*Set it in Bel-Anna's eye,*

*For she, she, only she*

*Can all knotted spells untie.*

THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE 223

*Pulled from the stock, let her blest hands convey  
To any suppliant hand a bough,  
And let that hand advance it now  
Against a charm, that charm shall fade away.*

Toward the end of this song the three Destinies set the tree of gold before the Queen.

Chorus.

*Since knightly valour rescues dames distressed,  
By virtuous dames let charmed knights be released.*

*After this Chorus, one of the Squires speaks.*

Since knights by valour rescue dames distrest,  
Let them be by the Queen of Dames released.  
So sing the Destinies, who never err,  
Fixing this tree of grace and bounty here,  
From which for our enchanted knights we crave  
A branch, pulled by your sacred hand, to have ;  
That we may bear it as the Fates direct,  
And manifest your glory in th' effect.  
In virtue's favour then, and pity now,  
(Great Queen) vouchsafe us a divine touched bough.

At the end of this speech, the Queen pulled a branch from the tree and gave it to a nobleman, who delivered it to one of the squires.

A song while the Squires descend with the bough toward the scene.

*Go, happy man, like th' evening star  
Whose beams to bridegrooms welcome are :*

*May neither hag, nor fiend withstand  
 The power of thy victorious hand.  
 The uncharmed knights surrender now,  
 By virtue of thy raised bough.*

*Away, enchantments ! vanish quite,  
 No more delay our longing sight :  
 'Tis fruitless to contend with Fate,  
 Who gives us power against your hate.  
 Brave knights, in courtly pomp appear,  
 For now are you long-looked-for here.*

Then out of the air a cloud decends, discovering six of the knights alike, in strange and sumptuous attires, and withall on either side of the cloud, on the two promontories, the other six masquers are suddenly transformed out of the pillars of gold ; at which time, while they all come forward to the dancing-place, this chorus is sung, and on the sudden the whole scene is changed : for whereas before all seemed to be done at the sea and sea coast, now the promontories are suddenly removed, and London with the Thames is very artificially presented in their place.

The Squire lifts up the bough.

Chorus.

*Virtue and grace, in spite of charms,  
 Have now redeemed our men-at-arms,  
 There's no enchantment can withstand,  
 Where Fate directs the happy hand.*

The masquers' first dance.

The third song of three parts, with a chorus of five parts, sung after the first dance.

*While dancing rests, fit place to music granting,  
Good spells the Fates shall breathe, all envy daunting,  
Kind ears with joy enchanting, chanting.*

Chorus.

*Io, Io Hymen !*

*Like looks, like hearts, like loves are linked together :  
So must the Fates be pleased, so come they hether,  
To make this joy persever, ever.*

Chorus.

*Io, Io Hymen !*

*Love decks the spring, her buds to th' air exposing  
Such fire here in these bridal breasts reposing,  
We leave with charms enclosing, closing.*

Chorus.

*Io, Io Hymen !*

The masquers' second dance.

The 'fourth'-song, a dialogue of three, with a chorus after the second dance.

1. *Let us now sing of Love's delight,  
For he alone is lord to-night.*
2. *Some friendship between man and man prefer,  
But I th' affection between man and wife.*
3. *What good can be in life,  
Whereof no fruits appear ?*

*hether*] I keep the old spelling ("hether" for "hither") for the sake of the rhyme.

1. *Set is that tree in ill hour,  
That yields neither fruit nor flower.*
2. *How can man perpetual be,  
But in his own posterity?*

Chorus.

*That pleasure is of all most bountiful and kind,  
That fades not straight, but leaves a living joy behind.*

After this dialogue the masquers dance with the ladies, wherein spending as much time as they held fitting, they returned to the seats provided for them.

Straight in the Thames appeared four barges with skippers in them, and withall this song was sung.

*Come ashore, come, merry mates,  
With your nimble heels and pates :  
Summon ev'ry man his knight,  
Enough honoured is this night.  
Now, let your sea-born goddess come,  
Quench these lights, and make all dumb.  
Some sleep ; others let her call :  
And so good-night to all, good-night to all.*

At the conclusion of this song arrived twelve skippers in red caps, with short cassocks and long flops wide at the knees, of white canvas striped with crimson, white gloves and pumps, and red stockings : these twelve danced a brave and lively dance, shouting and triumphing after their manner.

After this followed the masquers' last dance, where-with they retired.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE 227

At the embarking of the Knights, the Squires approach the state and speak.

*The first Squire.*

All that was ever asked, by vow of Jove,  
To bless a state with, plenty, honour, love,  
Power, triumph, private pleasure, public peace,  
Sweet springs, and Autumns filled with due increase,  
All these, and what good else thought can supply,  
Ever attend your triple majesty.

*The second Squire.*

All blessings which the Fates prophetic sung  
At Peleus' nuptials, and whatever tongue  
Can figure more this night, and aye betide  
The honoured bridegroom and the honoured bride.

*All the Squires together.*

Thus speaks in us th' affection of our knights,  
Wishing your health, and myriads of good nights.

The squires' speeches being ended, this song is sung while the boats pass away.

*Haste aboard, haste now away !  
Hymen frowns at your delay.  
Hymen doth long nights affect ;  
Yield him then his due respect.  
The sea-born goddess straight will come,  
Quench these lights, and make all dumb.*

*Some sleep ; others she will call :  
And so good-night to all, good-night to all.*

## FINIS.

[The *Description* is followed by *Ayres, made by severall Authors, &c.*, which has a distinct title-page. The *Ayres* are the four songs contained in the masque, with their musical notes. "Bring away this sacred tree" (p. 222) was "made and exprest by Mr. Nicholas Laneir," an Italian musician who had settled in England. "Go, happy man" (p. 223), "While dancing rests" (page 225), and "Come ashore" (p. 226), were "composed by Mr. Coprario and sung by Mr. John Allen, and Mr. Laneir." After these songs a "song made by Th. Campion, and sung in the Lords' Masque at the Count Palatine's Marriage, we have here added, to fill up these empty pages." The song from the Lords' Masque is "Woo her and win her he that can" (p. 207). Then follows—

"The names of the masquers.

- |                            |                           |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. The Duke of Lenox.      | 7. The Lord Scroope.      |
| 2. The Earl of Pembroke.   | 8. The Lord North.        |
| 3. The Earl of Dorset.     | 9. The Lord Hayes.        |
| 4. The Earl of Salisbury.  | 10. Sir Thomas Howard.    |
| 5. The Earl of Montgomery. | 11. Sir Henry Howard.     |
| 6. The Lord Walden.        | 12. Sir Charles Howard."] |



*Observations in the Art of English Poesie. By Thomas Campion. Wherein it is demonstratiuely prooued, and by example confirmed, that the English toong will receiue eight seuerall kinds of numbers, proper to it selfe, which are all in this booke set forth, and were neuer before this time by any man attempted. Printed at London by Richard Field for Andrew Wise.*

1602. 8vo.



TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND WORTHILY HONOURED,  
THE LORD BUCKHURST, LORD HIGH  
TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

IN two things (right honorable) it is generally agreed that man excels all other creatures, in reason and speech : and in them by how much one man surpasseth another, by so much the nearer he aspires to a celestial essence.

Poesy in all kind of speaking is the chief beginner and maintainer of eloquence, not only helping the ear with the acquaintance of sweet numbers, but also raising the mind to a more high and lofty conceit. For this end have I studied to induce a true form of versifying into our language : for the vulgar and unartificial custom of riming hath, I know, deterred many excellent wits from the exercise of English poesy. The observations which I have gathered for this purpose, I humbly present to your Lordship, as to the noblest judge of poesy, and the most honorable protector of all industrious learning ; which if your honour shall vouchsafe to receive, who both in your public and private poems have so divinely crowned your fame, what man will dare to repine or not strive to imitate them ? Wherefore with all humility I subject myself and them to your gracious favour beseech-

ing you in the nobleness of your mind to take in worth so simple a present, which by some work drawn from my more serious studies I will hereafter endeavour to excuse.

Your Lordship's humbly devoted

THOMAS CAMPION.

THE WRITER TO HIS BOOK.

*Whither thus hastes my little book so fast ?  
To Paul's Churchyard. What ? in those cells to stand,  
With one leaf like a rider's cloak put up.  
To catch a termier ? or lie musty there  
With rimes a term set out, or two, before ?  
Some will redeem me. Few. Yes, read me too.  
Fewer. Nay love me. Now thou doat'st, I see.  
Will not our English Athens art defend ?  
Perhaps. Will lofty courtly wits not aim  
Still at perfection ? If I grant ? I fly.  
Whither ? To Paul's. Alas, poor book, I rue  
Thy rash self-love. Go, spread thy pap'ry wings ;  
Thy lightness cannot help or hurt my fame.*



OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESY,

BY THOMAS CAMPION.

*The first Chapter, entreating of numbers in general.*

THERE is no writing too brief that, without obscurity, comprehends the intent of the writer. These my late observations in English poesy I have thus briefly gathered, that they might prove the less troublesome in perusing, and the more apt to be retained in memory. And I will first generally handle the nature of numbers. Number is *discreta quantitas*; so that, when we speak simply of number, we intend only the dissevered quantity; but when we speak of a poem written in number, we consider not only the distinct number of the syllables, but also their value, which is contained in the length or shortness of their sound. As in music we do not say a strain of so many notes, but so many sem'briefs (though sometimes there are no more notes than sem'briefs), so in a verse the numeration of the syllables is not so much to be observed as their weight and due proportion. In joining of words to harmony there is nothing more offensive to the ear than to place a long syllable with a short note, or a short syllable with a long note, though in the last the vowel often bears it out. The world is made by symmetry and proportion, and is in that respect compared to music, and music to poetry: for Terence saith, speaking of poets, *artem qui*


*tractant musicam*, confounding music and poesy together. What music can there be where there is no proportion observed? Learning first flourished in Greece, from thence it was derived unto the Romans, both diligent observers of the number, and quantity of syllables, not in their verses only, but likewise in their prose. Learning after the declining of the Roman Empire, and the pollution of their language through the conquest of the barbarians, lay most pitifully deformed, till the time of Erasmus, Rewcline, Sir Thomas More, and other learned men of that age, who brought the Latin tongue again to light, redeeming it with much labour out of the hands of the illiterate monks and friars: as a scoffing book, entituled *Epistola obscurorum virorum*, may sufficiently testify. In those lack-learning times, and in barbarized Italy, began that vulgar and easy kind of poesy which is now in use throughout most parts of Christendon, which we abusively call rime and metre, of *rithmus* and *metrum*, of which I will now discourse.

*The second Chapter, declaring the unaptness of rime in poesy.*

I am not ignorant that whosoever shall by way of reprehension examine the imperfections of rime, must encounter with many glorious enemies, and those very expert, and ready at their weapon, that can, if need be, extempore (as they say) rime a man to death. Besides there is grown a kind of prescription in the use of rime, to forestall the right of true numbers, as also the consent of many nations, against all which it



may seem a thing almost impossible and vain to contend. All this and more can not yet deter me from a lawful defence of perfection, or make me any whit the sooner adhere to that which is lame and unbeseeeming. For custom, I allege that ill uses are to be abolished, and that things naturally imperfect can not be perfected by use. Old customs, if they be better, why should they not be recalled? as the yet flourishing custom of numerous poesy used among the Romans and Grecians: but the unaptness of our tongues, and the difficulty of imitation disheartens us; again the facility and popularity of rime creates as many poets, as a hot summer flies. But let me now examine the nature of that which we call rime. By rime is understood that which ends in the like sound, so that verses in such manner composed, yield but a continual repetition of that rhetorical figure which we term *similiter desinentia*, and that being but *figura verbi*, ought (as Tully and all other rhetoricians have judicially observed) sparingly to be used, lest it should offend the ear with tedious affectation. Such was that absurd following of the letter amongst our English so much of late affected, but now hissed out of Paul's Churchyard: which foolish figurative repetition crept also into the Latin tongue, as it is manifest in the book of P<sup>s</sup> called *prælia porcorum*, and another pamphlet all of F<sup>s</sup>, which I have seen imprinted; but I will leave these follies to their own ruin, and return to the matter intended. The ear is a rational sense and a chief judge of proportion, but in our kind of riming what proportion is there kept, where there remains



such a confused inequality of syllables? Iambic and trochaic feet which are opposed by nature, are by all rimers confounded, nay oftentimes they place instead of an iambic the foot Pyrrychius, consisting of two short syllables, curtailing their verse, which they supply in reading with a ridiculous, and unapt drawing of their speech. As for example :

*Was it my destiny, or dismal chance?*

In this verse the two last syllables of the word *destiny*, being both short, and standing for a whole foot in the verse, cause the line to fall out shorter than it ought by nature. The like impure errors have in time of rudeness been used in the Latin tongue, as the *Carmina proverbialia* can witness, and many other such reverend bables. But the noble Grecians and Romans whose skilful monuments outlive barbarism, tied themselves to the strict observation of poetical numbers, so abandoning the childish titillation of riming, that it was imputed a great error to Ovid for setting forth this one riming verse,

*Quot cælum stellas tot habet tua Roma puellas.*

For the establishing of this argument what better confirmation can be had, than that of Sir Thomas More in his book of Epigrams, where he makes two sundry epitaphs upon the death of a singing-man at Westminster, the one in learned numbers and disliked, the other in rude rime and highly extolled : so that he concludes, *tales lactucas talia labra petunt*, like lips, like lettuce. But there is yet another fault in rime

altogether intolerable, which is, that it enforceth a man oftentimes to abjure his matter, and extend a short conceit beyond all bounds of art ; for in quatorzains, methinks, the poet handles his subject as tyrannically as Procrustes the thief his prisoners, whom when he had taken, he used to cast upon a bed, which if they were too short to fill, he would stretch them longer, if too long, he would cut them shorter. Bring before me now any the most self-loved rimer, and let me see if without blushing he be able to read his lame halting rimes. Is there not a curse of nature laid upon such rude poesy, when the writer is himself ashamed of it, and the hearers in contempt call it riming and ballating? What divine in his sermon, or grave counsellor in his oration, will allege the testimony of a rime? But the divinity of the Romans and Grecians was all written in verse ; and Aristotle, Galen, and the books of all the excellent philosophers are full of the testimonies of the old poets. By them was laid the foundation of all human wisdom, and from them the knowledge of all antiquity is derived. I will propound but one question, and so conclude this point. If the Italians, Frenchmen and Spaniards, that with commendation have written in rime, were demanded whether they had rather the books they have published (if their tongue would bear it) should remain as they are in rime, or be translated into the ancient numbers of the Greeks and Romans, would they not answer into numbers? What honour were it then for our English language to be the first that after so many years of barbarism could second the perfection of the indus-

trious Greeks and Romans? which how it may be effected I will now proceed to demonstrate.

*The third Chapter, of our English numbers in general.*

There are but three feet which generally distinguish the Greek and Latin verses : the dactyl, consisting of one long syllable and two short, as *vīvērē* ; the trochee, of one long and one short, as *vītā* ; and the iambic of one short and one long, as *āmōr*. The spondee of two long, the tribrach of three short, the anapæstic of two short and a long, are but as servants to the first. Divers other feet, I know, are by the grammarians cited, but to little purpose. The heroical verse that is distinguished by the dactyl hath been oftentimes attempted in our English tongue, but with passing pitiful success ; and no wonder, seeing it is an attempt altogether against the nature of our language. For both the concourse of our monosyllables make our verses unapt to slide ; and also, if we examine our polysyllables, we shall find few of them, by reason of their heaviness, willing to serve in place of a dactyl. Thence it is, that the writers of English heroics do so often repeat *Amyntas*, *Olympus*, *Avernus*, *Erinnis*, and such-like borrowed words, to supply the defect of our hardly entreated dactyl. I could in this place set down many ridiculous kinds of dactyls which they use, but that it is not my purpose here to incite men to laughter. If we therefore reject the dactyl as unfit for our use (which of necessity we are enforced to do) there remain only the iambic foot, of which the iambic verse is framed, and the trochee from which the

trochaic numbers have their original. Let us now then examine the property of these two feet, and try if they consent with the nature of our English syllables. And first for the iambics, they fall out so naturally in our tongue, that if we examine our own writers, we shall find they unawares hit oftentimes upon the true iambic numbers, but always aim at them as far as their ear without the guidance of art can attain unto, as it shall hereafter more evidently appear. The trochaic foot, which is but an iambic turned over and over, must of force in like manner accord in proportion with our British syllables, and so produce an English trochaical verse. Then having these two principal kinds of verses, we may easily out of them derive other forms, as the Latins and Greeks before us have done : whereof I will make plain demonstration, beginning at the iambic verse.

*The fourth Chapter, of the iambic verse.*

I have observed, and so may any one that is either practised in singing, or hath a natural ear able to time a song, that the Latin verses of six feet, as the heroic and iambic, or of five feet as the trochaic, are in nature all of the same length of sound with our English verses of five feet ; for either of them, being timed with the hand *quinque perficiunt tempora*, they fill up the quantity (as it were) of five sem'briefs ; as for example, if any man will prove to time these verses with his hand.

A pure iambic.

*Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.*

A licentiate iambic.

*Ducunt volentes fata, nolentes trahunt.*

An heroic verse.

*Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

A trochaic verse.

*Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

English iambs pure.

*The more secure, the more the stroke we feel  
Of unprevented harms ; so gloomy storms  
Appear the sterner if the day be clear.*

The English iambic licentiate.

*Hark how these winds do murmur at thy flight.*

The English trochee.

*Still where envy leaves, remorse doth enter.*

The cause why these verses differing in feet yield the same length of sound, is by reason of some rests which either the necessity of the numbers, or the heaviness of the syllables, do beget. For we find in music that oftentimes the strains of a song cannot be reduced to true number without some rests prefixed in the beginning and middle, as also at the close if need requires. Besides, our English monosyllables enforce many breathings which no doubt greatly lengthen a verse, so that it is no wonder if for these reasons our English verses of five feet hold pace with the Latins of six. The pure iambic in English needs small demonstration,

because it consists simply of iambic feet, but our iambic licentiate offers itself to a farther consideration ; for in the third and fifth place we must of force hold the iambic foot ; in the first, second, and fourth place we may use a spondee or iambic and sometime a tribrach or dactyl, but rarely an anapæstic foot, and that in the second or fourth place. But why an iambic in the third place ? I answer, that the forepart of the verse may the gentlier slide into his dimetre, as for example sake divide this verse :

*Hark how these winds do murmur at thy flight.*

*Hark how these winds*, there the voice naturally affects a rest ; then *murmur at thy flight*, that is of itself a perfect number, as I will declare in the next chapter ; and therefore the other odd syllable between them ought to be short, lest the verse should hang too much between the natural pause of the verse, and the dimetre following : the which dimetre, though it be naturally trochaical, yet it seems to have his original out of the iambic verse. But the better to confirm and express these rules, I will set down a short poem in licentiate iambics, which may give more light to them that shall hereafter imitate these numbers.

*Go, numbers, boldly pass, stay not for aid  
Of shifting rime, that easy flatterer,  
Whose witchcraft can the ruder ears beguile ;  
Let your smooth feet, inured to purer art,  
True measures tread. What if your pace be slow,  
And hops not like the Grecian elegies ?*

*It is yet graceful, and well fits the state  
 Of words ill-breathed and not shaped to run.  
 Go then, but slowly, till your steps be firm ;  
 Tell them that pity, or perversely scorn,  
 Poor English poesy as the slave to rime,  
 You are those lofty numbers that revive  
 Triumphs of princes, and stern tragedies :  
 And learn henceforth t'attend those happy sprites  
 Whose bounding fury height and weight affects.  
 Assist their labour, and sit close to them,  
 Never to part away till for desert  
 Their brows with great Apollo's bays are hid.  
 He first taught number and true harmony,  
 Nor is the laurel his for rime bequeathed ;  
 Call him with numerous accents paused by art,  
 He'll turn his glory from the sunny climes  
 The North-bred wits alone to patronise :  
 Let France their Bargas, Italy Tasso praise ;  
 Phæbus shuns none but in their flight from him.*

Though, as I said before, the natural breathing-place of our English iambic verse is in the last syllable of the second foot, as our trochee after the manner of the Latin heroic and iambic rests naturally in the first of the third foot ; yet no man is tied altogether to observe this rule, but he may alter it, after the judgment of his ear, which poets, orators, and musicans of all men ought to have most excellent. Again, though I said peremptorily before, that the third, and fifth place of our licentiate iambic must always hold an iambic foot, yet I will shew you example in both places



where a tribrach may be very formally taken, and first in the third place :

*Some trade in Barbary, some in Turkey trade.*

Another example :

*Men that do fall to misery, quickly fall.*

If you doubt whether the first of *misery* be naturally short or no, you may judge it by the easy sliding of these two verses following.

The first :

*Whom misery cannot alter, time devours.*

The second :

*What more unhappy life, what misery more ?*

Example of the tribrach in the fifth place, as you may perceive in the last foot of the fourth verse :

*Some from the starry throne his fame derives,  
Some from the mines beneath, from trees or herbs :  
Each hath his glory, each his sundry gift,  
Renowned in every art there lives not any.*

To proceed farther, I see no reason why the English iambic in his first place may not as well borrow a foot of the trochee as our trochee, or the Latin hendecasyllable, may in the like case make bold with the iambic : but it must be done ever with this caveat, which is, that a spondee, dactyl, or tribrach do supply the next place : for an iambic beginning with a single

*fourth.* Old ed. "fift."

short syllable, and the other ending before with the like, would too much drink up the verse if they came immediately together.

The example of the spondee after the trochee :

*As the fair sun the lightsome heav'n adorns.*

The example of the dactyl.

*Noble, ingenious, and discreetly wise.*

The example of the tribrach.

*Beauty to jealousy brings joy, sorrow, fear.*

Though I have set down these second licenses as good and airable enough, yet for the most part my first rules are general.

These are those numbers which nature in our English destines to the tragic and heroic poem : for the subject of them both being all one, I see no impediment why one verse may not serve for them both, as it appears more plainly in the old comparison of the two Greek writers, when they say, *Homerus est Sophocles heroicus*, and again, *Sophocles est Homerus tragicus*, intimating that both Sophocles and Homer are the same in height and subject, and differ only in the kind of their numbers.

The iambic verse in like manner being yet made a little more licentiate, that it may thereby the nearer serve for comedies, and then may we use a spondee in the fifth place, and in the third place any foot except a trochee, which never enters into our iambic

verse but in the first place, and then with his caveat of the other feet which must of necessity follow.

*The fifth Chapter, of the iambic dimetre, or English march.*

The dimetre (so called in the former chapter) I intend next of all to handle, because it seems to be a part of the iambic, which is our most natural and ancient English verse. We may term this our English march, because the verse answers our warlike form of march in similitude of number. But call it what you please, for I will not wrangle about names, only intending to set down the nature of it and true structure. It consists of two feet and one odd syllable. The first foot may be made either a trochee, or a spondee, or an iambic at the pleasure of the composer, though most naturally that place affects a trochee or spondee; yet by the example of Catullus in his hendecasyllables, I add in the first place sometimes an iambic foot. In the second place we must ever insert a trochee or tribrach, and so leave the last syllable (as in the end of a verse it is always held) common. Of this kind I will subscribe three examples, the first being a piece of chorus in a tragedy.

*Raving war, begot  
In the thirsty sands  
Of the Libyan Isles,  
Wastes our empty fields :  
What the greedy rage  
Of fell wintry storms*

*Could not turn to spoil,  
Fierce Bellona now  
Hath laid desolate,  
Void of fruit, or hope.  
Th' eager thrifty hind,  
Whose rude toil revived  
Our sky-blasted earth,  
Himself is but earth,  
Left a scorn to fate  
Through seditious arms :  
And that soil, alive  
Which he duly nurst,  
Which him duly fed,  
Dead his body feeds :  
Yet not all the glebe  
His tough hands manured  
Now one turf affords  
His poor funeral.  
Thus still needy lives,  
Thus still needy dies  
Th' unknown multitude.*

An example lyrical.

*Greatest in thy wars,  
Greater in thy peace,  
Dread Elizabeth ;  
Our muse only truth.  
Figments cannot use,  
Thy rich name to deck  
That itself adorns :*

*But should now this age  
Let all poesy feign,  
Feigning poesy could  
Nothing feign at all  
Worthy half thy fame.*

An example epigrammatical.

*Kind in every kind  
This, dear Ned, resolve.  
Never of thy praise  
Be too prodigal ;  
He that praiseth all  
Can praise truly none.*

*The sixth Chapter, of the English trochaic verse.*

Next in course to be entreated of is the English trochaic, being a verse simple, and of itself depending. It consists, as the Latin trochaic of five feet, the first whereof may be a trochee, a spondee, or an iambic, the other four of necessity all trochees, still holding this rule authentical, that the last syllable of a verse is always common. The spirit of this verse most of all delights in epigrams, but it may be diversely used, as shall hereafter be declared. I have written divers light poems in this kind, which for the better satisfaction of the reader, I thought convenient here in way of example to publish. In which though sometimes under a known name I have shadowed a feigned conceit, yet is it done without reference, or offence to any person, and only to make the style appear the more English.

## The first Epigram.

*Lockly spits apace, the rheum he calls it,  
 But no drop (though often urged) he straineth  
 From his thirsty jaws, yet all the morning  
 And all day he spits, in ev'ry corner ;  
 At his meals he spits, at ev'ry meeting ;  
 At the bar he spits before the fathers ;  
 In the court he spits before the graces ;  
 In the church he spits, thus all profaning  
 With that rude disease, that empty spitting :  
 Yet no cost he spares, he sees the doctors,  
 Keeps a strict diet, precisely useth  
 Drinks and baths drying, yet all prevails not.  
 'Tis not China (Lockly), Salsa Guacum,  
 Nor dry Sassafras can help, or ease thee ;  
 'Tis no humour hurts, it is thy humour.*

## The second Epigram.

*Cease, fond wretch, to love, so oft deluded,  
 Still made rich with hopes, still unrelieved.  
 Now fly her delays ; she that debateth  
 Feels not true desire ; he that, deferred,  
 Others' times attends, his own betrayeth :  
 Learn t' affect thyself, thy cheeks deformed  
 With pale care revive by timely pleasure,  
 Or with scarlet heat them, or by paintings  
 Make thee lovely ; for such art she useth  
 Whom in vain so long thy folly loved.*

## The third Epigram.

*Kate can fancy only beardless husbands,  
That's the cause she shakes off ev'ry suitor,  
That's the cause she lives so stale a virgin,  
For before her heart can heat her answer,  
Her smooth youths she finds all hugely bearded.*

## The fourth Epigram.

*All in satin Oteny will be suited,  
Beaten satin (as by chance he calls it) ;  
Oteny sure will have the bastinado.*

## The fifth Epigram.

*Toasts as snakes or as the mortal henbane  
Hunks detests when huffcap ale he tipples,  
Yet the bread he grants the fumes abateth :  
Therefore apt in ale : true, and he grants it ;  
But it drinks up ale : that Hunks detesteth.*

## The sixth Epigram.

*What though Harry brags, let him be noble ;  
Noble Harry hath not half a noble.*

## The seventh Epigram.

*Phæbe, all the rights Elisa claimeth,  
Mighty rival, in this only diff'ring  
That she's only true, thou only feigned.*

## The eighth Epigram.

*Barnzy stiffly vows that he's no cuckold,  
Yet the vulgar ev'rywhere salutes him*

*With strange signs of horns, from ev'ry corner ;  
 Wheresoe'er he comes a sundry cuckoo  
 Still frequents his ears, yet he's no cuckold.  
 But this Barnzy knows that his Matilda  
 Scorning him with Harvy plays the wanton ;  
 Knows it ? nay desires it, and by prayers  
 Daily begs of heav'n, that it for ever  
 May stand firm for him, yet he's no cuckold :  
 And 'tis true, for Harvy keeps Matilda,  
 Fosters Barnzy, and relieve his household,  
 Buys the cradle, and begets the children,  
 Pays the nurses, ev'ry charge defraying,  
 And thus truly plays Matilda's husband :  
 So that Barnzy now becomes a cipher  
 And himself th' adult' rer of Matilda.  
 Mock not him with horns, the case is altered ;  
 Harvy bears the wrong, he proves the cuckold.*

The ninth Epigram.

*Buffe loves fat viands, fat ale, fat all things.  
 Keeps fat whores, fat offices, yet all men  
 Him fat only wish to feast the gallows.*

The tenth Epigram.

*Smith, by suit divorced, the known adult' res  
 Freshly weds again ; what ails the mad-cap  
 By this fury ? ev'n so thieves by frailty  
 Of their hemp reserved, again the dismal  
 Tree embrace, again the fatal halter.*



## The eleventh Epigram.

*His late loss the wiveless Higs in order  
 Ev'rywhere bewails to friends, to strangers ;  
 Tells them how by night a youngster armed  
 Sought his wife (as hand in hand he held her)  
 With drawn sword to force ; she cried, he mainly  
 Roaring ran for aid, but (ah), returning,  
 Fled was with the prize the beauty-forcer,  
 Whom in vain he seeks, he threats, he follows.  
 Changed is Helen, Helen hugs the stranger  
 Safe as Paris in the Greek triumphing.  
 Therewith his reports to tears he turneth,  
 Pierced through with the lovely dame's remembrance  
 Straight he sighs, he raves, his hair he teareth,  
 Forcing pity still by fresh lamenting.  
 Cease, unworthy, worthy of thy fortunes.  
 Thou that couldst so fair a prize deliver,  
 For fear unregarded, undefended,  
 Hadst no heart, I think ; I know, no liver.*

## The twelfth Epigram.

*Why droopst thou, Trefeild ? will Hurst the banker  
 Make dice of thy bones ? by heav'n he cannot.  
 Cannot ? What's the reason ? I'll declare it,  
 They're all grown so pocky and so rotten.*

*The seventh Chapter, of the English elegiac verse.*

The elegiac verses challenge the next place, as being of all compound verses the simplest. They are derived out of our own natural numbers as near the

imitation of the Greeks and Latins as our heavy syllables will permit. The first verse is a mere licentiate iambic ; the second is framed of two united dimetres. In the first dimetre we are tied to make the first foot either a trochee or a spondee, the second a trochee and the odd syllable of it always long. The second dimetre consists of two trochees (because it requires more swiftness than the first) and an odd syllable, which being last, is ever common. I will give you example both of elegy and epigram, in this kind.

An Elegy.

*Constant to none, but ever false to me,  
 Traitor still to love through thy faint desires,  
 Not hope of pity now nor vain redress  
 Turns my griefs to tears and renewed laments.  
 Too well thy empty vows and hollow thoughts  
 Witness both thy wrongs and remorseless heart.  
 Rue not my sorrow, but blush at my name,  
 Let thy bloody cheeks guilty thoughts betray.  
 My flames did truly burn, thine made a show,  
 As fires painted are which no heat retain,  
 Or as the glossy pyrop feigns to blaze,  
 But, touched, cold appears, and an earthy stone.  
 True colours deck thy cheeks, false foils thy breast,  
 Frailer than thy light beauty is thy mind.  
 None canst thou long refuse, nor long affect,  
 But turn'st fear with hopes, sorrow with delight,  
 Delaying, and deluding ev'ry way  
 Those whose eyes are once with thy beauty chained.*

*Thrice happy man that ent'ring first thy love,  
Can so guide the straight reins of his desires,  
That both he can regard thee, and refrain :  
If graced firm he stands, if not, eas'ly falls.*

Example of Epigrams, in elegiac verse.

The first Epigram.

*Arthur brooks only those that brook not him,  
Those he most regards, and devoutly serves :  
But them that grace him his great brav'ry scorns,  
Counting kindness all duty, not desert :  
Arthur wants forty pounds, tries ev'ry friend,  
But finds none that holds twenty due for him.*

The second Epigram.

*If fancy cannot err which virtue guides,  
In thee, Laura, then fancy cannot err.*

The third Epigram.

*Drue feasts no Puritans ; the churls, he saith,  
Thank no men, but eat, praise God, and depart.*

The fourth Epigram.

*A wise man wary lives, yet most secure,  
Sorrows move not him greatly, nor delights.  
Fortune and death he scorning, only makes  
Th' earth his sober inn, but still heav'n his home.*

The fifth Epigram.

*Thou tell'st me, Barnzy, Dawson hath a wife :  
Thine he hath, I grant ; Dawson hath a wife.*

*tries.* Old ed. "tyres."

## The sixth Epigram.

*Drue gives thee money, yet thou thank'st not him,  
 But thank'st God for him, like a godly man.  
 Suppose, rude Puritan, thou begst of him,  
 And he saith "God help!" who's the godly man?*

## The seventh Epigram.

*All wonders Barnzy speaks, all grossly feigned:  
 Speak some wonder once, Barnzy; speak the truth.*

## The eighth Epigram.

*None then should through thy beauty, Laura, pine,  
 Might sweet words alone ease a love-sick heart:  
 But your sweet words alone, that quit so well  
 Hope of friendly deeds, kill the love-sick heart.*

## The ninth Epigram.

*At all thou frankiy throw'st, while Frank, thy wife,  
 Bars not Luke the main; Oteny, bar the bye.*

*The eighth Chapter, of ditties and odes.*

To descend orderly from the more simple numbers to them that are more compounded, it is now time to handle such verses as are fit for ditties or odes; which we may call lyrical, because they are apt to be sung to an instrument, if they were adorned with convenient notes. Of that kind I will demonstrate three in this chapter, and in the first we will proceed after the manner of the Sapphic, which is a trochaical verse as well as the hendecasyllable in Latin. The

first three verses therefore in our English Sapphic are merely those trochaics which I handled in the sixth chapter, excepting only that the first foot of either of them must ever of necessity be a spondee to make the number more grave. The fourth and last closing verse is compounded of three trochees together, to give a more smooth farewell, as you may easily observe in this poem made upon a triumph at Whitehall, whose glory was dashed with an unwelcome shower, hindering the people from the desired sight of her Majesty.

The English Sapphic.

*Faith's pure shield, the Christian Diana,  
England's glory crowned with all divineness,  
Live long with triumphs to bless thy people*

*At thy sight triumphing.*

*Lo, they sound; the knights, in order armed,  
Ent'ring threat the list, addressed to combat  
For their courtly loves; he, he's the wonder*

*Whom Eliza graceth.*

*Their plumed pomp the vulgar heaps detaineth,  
And rough steeds: let us the still devices  
Close observe, the speeches and the musics*

*Peaceful arms adorning.*

*But whence show'rs so fast this angry tempest,  
Clouding dim the place? behold, Elisa  
This day shines not here! this heard, the lances  
And thick heads do vanish.*

The second kind consists of dimetre, whose first foot may either be a spondee or a trochee. The two verses following are both of them trochaical, and consist of four feet, the first of either of them being a spondee or trochee, the other three only trochees. The fourth and last verse is made of two trochees. The number is voluble and fit to express any amorous conceit.

†                    The example.

*Rose-cheeked Laura, come ;  
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's  
Silent music, either other  
   Sweetly gracing,  
Lovely forms do flow  
From concent divinely framed ;  
Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's  
   Birth is heavenly.  
These dull notes we sing  
Discords need for helps to grace them,  
Only beauty purely loving  
   Knows no discord,  
But still moves delight,  
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,  
Ever perfect, ever in them-  
   selves eternal.*

The third kind begins as the second kind ended, with a verse consisting of two trochee feet ; and then, as the second kind had in the middle two trochaic verses of four feet, so this hath three of the same nature,

and ends in a dimetre as the second begun. The dimetre may allow in the first place a trochee or a spondee, but no iambic.

The example.

*Just beguiler,  
Kindest love, yet only chastest,  
Royal in thy smooth denials,  
Frowning or demurely smiling,  
Still my pure delight.*

*Let me view thee  
With thoughts and with eyes affected,  
And if then the flames do murmur,  
Quench them with thy virtue, charm them  
With thy stormy brows.*

*Heav'n so cheerful  
Laughs not ever, hoary winter  
Knows his season ; ev'n the freshest  
Summer morns from angry thunder  
Jet not still secure.*

*The ninth Chapter, of the Anacreontic verse.*

If any shall demand the reason why this number being in itself simple, is placed after so many compounded numbers, I answer, because I hold it a number too licentiate for a higher place, and in respect of the rest imperfect, yet is it passing graceful in our English tongue, and will excellently fit the subject of a madrigal, or any other lofty or tragical matter. It

consists of two feet, the first may be either a spondee or trochee, the other must ever represent the nature of a trochee, as for example :

*Follow, follow,  
Though with mischief  
Armed, like whirlwind  
Now she flies thee ;  
Time can conquer  
Love's unkindness ;  
Love can alter  
Time's disgraces :  
Till death faint not  
Then, but follow.  
Could I catch that  
Nimble traitor  
Scornful Laura,  
Swift-foot Laura,  
Soon then would I  
Seek avengement.  
What's th' avengement ?  
Ev'n submissly  
Prostrate then to  
Beg for mercy.*

Thus have I briefly described eight several kinds of English numbers simple or compound. The first was our iambic pure and licentiate. The second, that which I call our dimetre, being derived either from the end of our iambic, or from the beginning of our trochaic. The third which I delivered was our English



trochaic verse. The fourth our English elegiac. The fifth, sixth, and seventh, were our English Sapphic and two other lyrical numbers, the one beginning with that verse which I call our dimetre, the other ending with the same. The eighth and last was a kind of Anacreontic verse, handled in this chapter. These numbers which by my long observation I have found agreeable with the nature of our syllables, I have set forth for the benefit of our language, which I presume the learned will not only initiate, but also polish and amplify with their own inventions. Some ears accustomed altogether to the fatness of rime, may perhaps except against the cadences of these numbers, but let any man judiciously examine them, and he shall find they close of themselves so perfectly, that the help of rime were not only in them superfluous, but also absurd. Moreover, that they agree with the nature of our English it is manifest, because they entertain so willingly our own British names, which the writers in English heroics could never aspire unto, and even our rimers themselves have rather delighted in borrowed names than in their own, though much more apt and necessary. But it is now time that I proceed to the censure of our syllables, and that I set such laws upon them as by imitation, reason, or experience, I can confirm. Yet before I enter into that discourse, I will briefly recite and dispose in order all such feet as are necessary for composition of the verses before described. They are six in number, three whereof consist of two syllables, and as many of three.

Feet of two syllables.

<i>Iambic</i> :	} as {	<i>rěvěnge</i>
<i>Trochaic</i> :		<i>běautŷ</i>
<i>Spondee</i> :		<i>cōnstānt</i>

Feet of three syllables.

<i>Tribrach</i> :	} as {	<i>mĭsěřŷ</i>
<i>Anapaestic</i> :		<i>mĭsěřĭes</i>
<i>Dactyl</i> :		<i>děstĭnŷ.</i>

*The tenth Chapter, of the quantity of English syllables.*

The Greeks in the quantity of their syllables were far more licentious than the Latins, as Martial in his epigram of Earinon witnesseth, saying, *Musas qui colimus severiores*. But the English may very well challenge much more license than either of them, by reason it stands chiefly upon monosyllables, which in expressing with the voice, are of a heavy carriage, and for that cause the dactyl, tribrach, and anapaestic are not greatly missed in our verses. But above all the accent of our words is diligently to be observed, for chiefly by the accent in any language the true value of the syllables is to be measured. Neither can I remember any impediment except position that can alter the accent of any syllable in our English verse. For though we accent the second of *Trumpington* short, yet is it naturally long, and so of necessity must be held of every composer. Wherefore the first rule that is to be observed is the nature of the accent, which we must ever follow.

The next rule is position, which makes every syllable

long, whether the position happens in one or in two words, according to the manner of the Latins, where-in is to be noted that *h* is no letter.

Position is when a vowel comes before two consonants, either in one or two words. In one, as in *best*, *e* before *st*, makes the word *best* long by position. In two words, as in *settled love*: *e* before *d* in the last syllable of the first word, and *l* in the beginning of the second makes *led* in *settled* long by position.

A vowel before a vowel is always short, as *flīing*, *dīing*, *gōing*, unless the accent alter it, as in *dēniing*.

The diphthong in the midst of a word is always long, as *plāiing*, *deceīving*.

The synalæphas or elisions in our tongue are either necessary to avoid the hollowness and gaping in our verse as *to*, and *the*, *l'enchant*, *th' enchanter*, or may be used at pleasure, as for *let us* to say *let's*; for *we will*, *we'll*; for *every*, *ev'ry*; for *they are*, *th' are*; for *he is*, *he's*; for *admired*, *admir'd*; and such like.

Also, because our English orthography (as the French) differs from our common pronunciation, we must esteem our syllables as we speak, not as we write; for the sound of them in a verse is to be valued, and not their letters; as for *follow*, we pronounce *follo*; for *perfect*, *perfet*; for *little*, *littel*; for *love-sick*, *love-sik*; for *honour*, *honor*; for *money*, *mony*; for *dangerous*, *dangerus*; for *raunsome*, *raunsum*; for *though*, *tho*; and their like.

Derivatives hold the quantities of their primitives, *flīing*. I have kept the old spelling in *flīing*, *dīing*, &c.

as *děvout*, *děvoutlŷ*, *pröfāne*, *pröfānelŷ* ; and so do the compositives, as *děsěrv'd*, *ünděsěrv'd*.

In words of two syllables, if the last have a full and rising accent that sticks long upon the voice, the first syllable is always short, unless position, or the diphthong doth make it long, as *děsĭre*, *prěsěrvē*, *děfine*, *pröfāne*, *rěgārd*, *mānūre*, and such like.

If the like dissyllables at the beginning have double consonants of the same kind, we may use the first syllable as common, but more naturally short, because in their pronunciation we touch but one of those double letters, as *ătēnd*, *ăpēar*, *öpōse*. The like we may say when silent and melting consonants meet together, as *ădrĕst*, *rĕdrĕst*, *öprĕst*, *rĕprĕst*, *rĕtrĭv'd*, and such like.

Words of two syllables that in their last syllable maintain a flat or falling accent, ought to hold their first syllable long, as *rĭgōr*, *glōrŷ*, *spĭrit*, *fūrŷ*, *lāboiŭr*, and the like : *ăny*, *măny*, *prĕty*, *hōly*, and their like, are excepted.

One observation which leads me to judge of the difference of these dissyllables whereof I last spake, I take from the original monosyllable ; which if it be grave, as *shāde*, I hold that the first of *shāđŷ* must be long ; so *trūe*, *trūlŷ* ; *hāve*, *hāvĭng* ; *tĭre*, *tĭrĭng*.

Words of three syllables for the most part are derived from words of two syllables, and from them take the quantity of their first syllable, as *fłōurĭsh*, *fłōurĭshĭng*, long ; *hōlŷ*, *hōlĭness*, short ; but *mĭ* in *mĭser* being long, hinders not the first of *mĭsery* to be short, because the sound of the *i* is a little altered.

*De*, *dē*, and *pro*, in trisyllable (the second being short) are long, as *dēsōlāte*, *dīlīgēnt*, *prōdīgal*. *Re* is ever short, as *rēmēdāj*, *rěšěrēnce*, *rědōlēnt*, *rěvērēnd*.

Likewise the first of these trisyllables is short, as the first of *bēnčfīt*, *gěnčral*, *hīdčous*, *mēmōrj*, *nūmčrous*, *pčnčtrāte*, *sčpārate*, *tīmčrous*, *vāriānt*, *vāričous*, and so may we esteem of all that yield the like quickness of sound.

In words of three syllables the quantity of the middle syllable is lightly taken from the last syllable of the original dissyllable, as the last of *dčvīne*, ending in a grave or long accent, make the second of *dčvīnīng* also long, and so *čspīe*, *čspīīng*, *dčnīe*, *dčnīīng*: contrarywise it falls out if the last of the dissyllable bears a flat or falling accent, as *glčrīe*, *glčrīīng*, *čnvīe*, *čnvīīng*, and so forth.

Words of more syllables are either borrowed and hold their own nature, or are likewise derived and so follow the quantity of their primitives, or are known by their proper accents, or may be easily censured by a judicial ear.

All words of two or more syllables ending with a falling accent in *y* or *ye*, as *fāīrlīe*, *dčmurelīe*, *beawtīe*, *pīttīe*; or in *ue*, as *vīrtuč rčscuč*; or in *ow*, as *fōllčw*, *hōllčw*; or in *e*, as *parlē*, *Daphnč*; or in *a*, as *mannč*; are naturally short in their last syllables. Neither let anyman cavil at this licentiate abbreviating of syllables, contrary to the custom of the Latins, which made all their last syllables that ended in *u* long, but let him consider that our verse of five feet, and for the most part but of ten syllables, must equal theirs of six feet

and of many syllables, and therefore may with sufficient reason adventure upon this allowance. Besides, every man may observe what an infinite number of syllables both among the Greeks and Romans are held as common. But words of two syllables ending with a rising accent in *y* or *ye*, as *denye*, *descrie*, or in *ue*, as *ensue*, or in *ee*, as *forsee*, or in *oe*, as *foregoe*, are long in their last syllables, unless a vowel begins the next word.

All monosyllables that end in a grave accent are ever long, as *wrāth*, *hāth*, *thēse*, *thōse*, *tōoth*, *sōoth*, *thrōugh dāy*, *plāy*, *feāte*, *speēde*, *strife*, *flōw*, *grōw*, *shēw*.

The like rule is to be observed in the last of dissyllables, bearing a grave rising sound, as *devine*, *delaie*, *retire*, *refuse*, *manure*, or a grave falling sound, as *fortune*, *pleasure*, *rampire*.

All such as have a double consonant lengthening them, as *wārre*, *bārre*, *stārre*, *fūrre*, *mūrre*, appear to me rather long than any way short.

There are of these kinds other, but of a lighter sound, that if the word following do begin with a vowel are short, as *doth*, *though*, *thou*, *now*, *they*, *two*, *too*, *flye*, *dye*, *true*, *due*, *see*, *are*, *far*, *you*, *thee*, and the like.

These monosyllables are always short, as *ā*, *thě*, *thŕ*, *shě*, *wě*, *bě*, *hě*, *ně*, *tě*, *gě*, *sě*, *dě*, and the like.

But if *i* or *y* are joined at the beginning of a word with any vowel, it is not then held as a vowel, but as a consonant, as *jealousy*, *juice*, *jade*, *joy*, *Judas*, *ye*, *yet*, *yel*, *youth*, *yoke*. The like is to be observed in *w*, as *winde*, *wide*, *wood*; and in all words that begin with

*va, ve, vi, vo, or vu, as vacant, vew, vine, voide, and vulture.*

All monosyllables or polysyllables that end in single consonants, either written, or sounded with single consonants, having a sharp lively accent, and standing without position of the word following, are short in their last syllable, as *scăb, fľed, părted, Gđd, of, if, bāndōg, ānguish, sick, quick, rīvāl, will, pēoplē, simplē, comē, somē, hīm, thēm, frōm, sūmmōn, thēn, prōp, prōspēr, hōnoūr, lāboūr, this, hīs, spēechēs, gōddēsse, pērfēct, bīt, whăt, thăt*, and their like.

The last syllable of all words in the plural number that have two or more vowels before *s*, are long, as *virtūes, dutiēs, miseriēs, fellowēs*.

These rules concerning the quantity of our English syllables I have disposed as they came next into my memory; others, more methodical, time and practice may produce. In the mean season, as the grammarians leave many syllables to the authority of poets, so do I likewise leave many to their judgments; and withal thus conclude, that there is no art begun and perfected at one enterprise.

FINIS.

## SCATTERED VERSES.

From *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602.<sup>1</sup>

### *A Hymn in praise of Neptune.*

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,  
At whose command the waves obey :  
To whom the rivers tribute pay,  
Down the high mountains sliding :  
To whom the scaly nation yields  
Homage for the crystal fields  
Wherein they dwell :  
And every sea-god pays a gem  
Yearly out of his wat'ry cell  
To deck great Neptune's diadem. 10

<sup>1</sup> The song was written in 1594 for the Gray's Inn Masque "Gesta Graiorum," which is printed in Nichols' "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth." Nichols' text differs slightly from Davison's. In l. 3 Nichols omits "the," and in l. 6 gives "their" for "the." For "echoes" (l. 13) Nichols reads "trumpets"; for "echoing rock" (l. 18), "echoing voice"; for "murmuring" (l. 19), "mourning"; and for "The praise" (l. 20), "In praise." Two absurd misreadings are given by Nichols,— "praise again" (l. 8) for "pays a gem," and "The waiters" (l. 13) for "The water."

Three other songs of Campion are given in the "Rhapsody,"—"And would you see my mistress' face," "Blame not my cheeks," and "When to her lute Corinna sings." They are from Campion and Rosseter's "Book of Airs."



The Tritons dancing in a ring  
 Before his palace gates do make  
 The water with their echoes quake,  
 Like the great thunder sounding :  
 The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,  
 And the sirens, taught to kill

With their sweet voice,  
 Make ev'ry echoing rock reply  
 Unto their gentle murmuring noise  
 The praise of Neptune's empery.

20

Prefixed to JOHN DOWLAND'S  
*The First Book of Songs or  
 Aires*, 1597.

*Thomae Campiani Epigramma.  
 De instituto Authoris.*

FAMAM, posteritas quam dedit Orpheo,  
 Dolandi melius Musica dat sibi,  
 Fugaces reprimens Archetypis sonos ;  
 Quas et delicias praebuit auribus,  
 Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facit.

Prefixed to BARNABE BARNES'  
*Four Books of Offices*, 1606.<sup>1</sup>

*In Honour of the Author by Tho : Campion, Doctor in  
 Physic.*

To the Reader.

THOUGH neither thou dost keep the keys of state  
 Nor yet the counsels, reader, what of that ?

<sup>1</sup> In some copies Campion's verses are not found. Concerning  
 the relations between Campion and Barnes see *Introduction*.

Though th' art no law-pronouncer marked by fate,  
 Nor field-commander, reader, what of that?  
 Blanch not this book ; for if thou mind'st to be  
 Virtuous and honest it belongs to thee.  
 Here is the school of temperance and wit,  
 Of Justice and all forms that tend to it ;  
 Here Fortitude doth teach to live and die :  
 Then, Reader, love this book, or rather buy. 10

Ejusdem ad Authorem.

Personas propriis recte virtutibus ornas,  
 Barnesi ; liber hic vivet, habet genium.  
 Personae virtus umbra est, hanc illa refulcit ;  
 Nec scio splendescat corpus an umbra magis.

From RICHARD ALISON'S *An  
 Hour's Recreation in Music*,  
 1606.<sup>1</sup>

4 WHAT if a day, or a month, or a year  
 Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings?  
 Cannot a chance of a night or an hour  
 Cross thy desires with as many sad tormentings?  
     Fortune, Honour, Beauty, Youth  
     Are but blossoms dying ;  
     Wanton Pleasure, doting Love,  
     Are but shadows flying.

<sup>1</sup> Alison gives only two stanzas ; and probably the three bracketed stanzas—which are found in “The Golden Garland of Princely Delights” and in the “Roxburghe Ballads”—do not belong to Campion. In the “Golden Garland” and in the “Roxburghe Ballads” the third stanza, “What if a smile,” follows the

All our joys are but toys,  
 Idle thoughts deceiving ; 10  
 None hath power of an hour  
 In our lives' bereaving.

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first stanza ; and Alison's second stanza, "Earth's but a point," is placed at the end of the song, altered as follows—

"Then if all this have declared thine amiss,  
 Take this from me for a gentle friendly warning ;  
 If thou refuse and good counsel abuse,  
 Thou mayst hereafter dearly buy thy warning.  
 All is hazard that we have," &c.

In the "Roxburghe Ballads" a "Second Part" is appended. I have not reproduced it.

Chappell, in "Popular Music of the Olden Time," i, 310, has a long notice of the present song. "The music," he remarks, "is in a volume of transcripts of virginal music, by Sir John Hawkins ; in *Logonomia Anglica*, by Alexander Gil, 1619 ; in *Friesche Lust-Hof*, 1634 ; in D. R. Camphuysen's *Stichtelycke Rymen*, 4to, Amsterdam, 1647 ; in the Skene MS. ; in Forbes' *Cantus*, &c. The same words are differently set by Richard Allison." When Chappell stated that "neither the words nor music are found in Campion's printed collection," he overlooked the fact that "Thomas Campion, M. D." is printed below the song in Alison's song-book.

There was a fifteenth century song to which Campion was indebted ; for J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps pointed out (in 1840) "that one of the songs in Ryman's well-known collection of the fifteenth century in the Cambridge Public Library commences

'What yf a daye, or night, or howe,  
 Crowne my desyres wythe every delyghte ;'

and that in Sanderson's Diary in the British Museum, MSS. Lansdowne 241, fol. 49, temp. Elizabeth, are the two first stanzas of the song, more like the copy in Ryman, and differing in its minor arrangements from the latter version. Moreover,

Earth's but a point to the world, and a man  
 Is but a point to the world's compared centre :  
 Shall then a point of a point be so vain  
 As to triumph in a silly point's adventure ?

that the tune in Dowland's Musical Collection in the Public Library, Cambridge, is entitled 'What if a day or a night or an hour !' agreeing with Sanderson's copy."

The first two stanzas were anonymously printed as early as 1603, at the end of "Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitult Philotvs. Qvharin we may persave the greit inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage betwene age and zouth," Edinburgh, 4to. A few textual variations occur. "Philotus" gives:—

- l. 2. "thy desire ;" "wisched contentings."
- l. 3. "the chance."
- l. 4. "thy delightes ;" "a thousand sad."
- l. 7. "wanton plesoures."
- l. 13. "of the world."
- l. 14. "of the earths."
- l. 15. "the point of."
- l. 16. "As to delight."
- l. 18. "Here is nothing."
- l. 19. "are but streams."
- ll. 21-22. "Well or wo tyme dois go, in tyme is no returning. (In the "Golden Garland" and "Roxburghe Ballads" the reading is "Wealth or woe. . . There is no returning.")

[What<sup>1</sup> if a smile, or a beck, or a look,  
 Feed thy fond thoughts with many a sweet conceiving ;  
 May not that smile, or that beck, or that look,  
 Tell thee as well they are but vain deceiving ?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In these bracketed stanzas I follow—with some slight corrections—the text of the "Golden Garland" and "Roxburghe Ballads." Chappell's text is somewhat different.

<sup>2</sup> "Golden Garland" and "Roxburghe Ballads" give "decieungs."

All is hazard that we have,  
 There is nothing biding ;  
 Days of pleasure are like streams  
 Through fair meadows gliding. 20

Why should beauty be so proud,  
 In things of no surmounting ?  
 All her wealth is but [a] shroud,  
 Of<sup>3</sup> a rich accounting.  
 Then in this repose no bliss,  
 Which is vain and idle ;  
 Beauty's flow'rs have their hours,  
 Time doth hold the bridle.

What if the world, with allures of her wealth,  
 Raise thy degree to a place of high advancing ;  
 May not the world, by a check of that wealth,  
 Bring thee again to as low despised chancing ?  
     Whilst the sun of wealth doth shine  
     Thou shalt have friends plenty ;  
     But, come want, then they repine,  
     Not one abides of twenty.  
     Wealth and friends holds and ends,  
     As your fortunes rise and fall :  
     Up and down, smile<sup>4</sup> and frown,  
     Certain is no state at all.

✱

What if a grief, or a strain, or a fit,  
 Pinch thee with pain of the feeling pangs of sickness ;  
 May not that gripe, or that strain, or that fit  
 Shew thee the form of thine own true perfect likeness ?  
     Health is but a glimpse of joy,  
     Subject to all changes ;  
     Mirth is but a silly toy,  
     Which mishap estranges.

<sup>3</sup> Chappell's reading "Nothing of accounting" is far better.

<sup>4</sup> So Chappell.—"Golden Garland" and "Roxburghe Ballads" give "rise" (caught from the preceding line).

Weal and woe, time doth go,  
 Time is never turning :  
 Secret fates guide our states,  
 Both in mirth and mourning.

Prefixed to ALFONSO FERRA-  
 BOSCO'S *Airs*, 1609.

*To the Worthy Author.*

MUSIC's rich master and the offspring  
 Of rich music's father,<sup>1</sup>  
 Old Alfonso's image living,  
 These fair flowers you gather  
 Scatter through the British soil ;  
 Give thy fame free wing,  
 And gain the merit of thy toil.  
 We whose loves affect to praise thee,  
 Beyond thine own deserts can never raise thee.

By T. Campion, Doctor in Physic.

4

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Tell me, then, silly man,  
 Why art thou so weak of wit,  
 As to be in jeopardy,  
 When thou mayst in quiet sit?]

<sup>1</sup> Alfonso Ferrabosco, the elder, was a famous musician ;  
 "inferior to none" (says Peacham in the "Compleat Gentle-  
 man").

Prefixed to *Coryat's Crudities*,  
1611.

*Incipit Thomas Campianus  
Medicinae Doctor.*

In Peragrantissimi, Itinerosissimi,  
Montiscandentissimique Peditis Tho-  
mae Coryati, viginti hebdomadarium  
Diarium, sex pedibus gradiens,  
partim vero claudicans,  
Encomiasticon.

*Ad Venetos venit corio Coryatus ab uno  
Vectus, et, ut vectus, paene revector erat.  
Nave una Dracus sic totum circuit orbem,  
At rediens retulit te, Coryate, minus.  
Illius undigenas tenet unica charta labores,  
Tota tuos sed vix bibliotheca capit.  
Explicit Thomas Campianus.*

Prefixed to THOMAS RAVENS-  
CROFT'S *A Brief Discourse  
of the true (but neglected) use  
of Charact'ring the Degrees  
by their Perfection, Imper-  
fection, and Diminution  
in Measurable Music, &c.*  
1614. 4to.

MARKS that did limit lands in former times  
 None durst remove ; so much the common good  
 Prevailed with all men : 'twas the worst of crimes.  
 The like in Music may be understood,  
 For that the treasure of the soul is next  
 To the rich store-house of divinity :  
 Both comfort souls that are with care perplexed,  
 And set the spirit both from passions free.  
 The marks that limit Music here are taught,  
 So fixed of old, which none by right can change, 10  
 Though Use much alteration hath wrought,  
 To Music's fathers that would now seem strange.  
 The best embrace, which herein you may find,  
 And th' author praise for his good work and mind



From a *MS. commonplace-book*  
(of the middle of the seven-  
teenth century) belonging to  
his Grace the DUKE OF  
BUCCLEUCH, K.G., K.T.

HIDE not, sweetest Love, a sight so pleasing  
As those smalls so light composed,  
Those fair pillars your knees gently easing,  
That tell wonders, being disclosed.  
O show me yet a little more :  
Here's the way, bar not the door.

How like sister's twines these knees are joined  
To resist my bold approaching !  
Why should beauty lurk, like mines uncoined ?  
Love is right and no encroaching. 10  
O show me yet a little more :  
Here's the way, bar not the door.

I attribute these verses to Campion from internal evidence.  
Compare "Sweet, exclude me not," pp. 74-5.

l. 2. *smalls*. MS. "smales." (*Small* was the term for the stock of a pillar.)

l. 7. *sister's twines*. *Sister* was an old form of *sewster*. The expression *sister's thread* is common : see Dyce's edition of Gifford's *Ford*, iii. 54.

l. 8. *bold*. MS. "blood."

l. 9. *like mines*. MS. "like mine eyes." (Campion is comparing virgin beauty to the uncoined metal in a mine.)



## NOTES



## NOTES.

p. 3. *Sir Thomas Mounson.*] See *Introduction*.

p. 3, l. 11. *challenged*] claimed.

p. 4, l. 11. *censured*] judged.

p. 4, l. 19. *only one song in Sapphic verse*, i. e. "Come, let us sound," &c. p. 22.

p. 7, l. 1. *My sweetest Lesbia*,—Suggested by (and partly translated from) Catullus' "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus."

p. 10, IV. 20. *proved*] approved, admired.

p. 15, XII. *Thou art not fair*.—There are two other versions of this poem (which has been erroneously attributed to Dr. Donne and to Sylvester) in Harley MS. 6910, fol. 150:—

"Thou shalt not love me, neither shall these eyes  
Shine on my soul shrouded in deadly night ;  
Thou shalt not breathe on me thy spiceries,  
Nor rock me in thy quavers of delight.  
Hold off thy hands ; for I had rather die  
Than have my life by thy coy touch reprieved.  
Smile not on me, but frown thou bitterly :  
Slay me outright, no lovers are long lived.  
As for those lips reserved so much in store,  
Their rosy verdure shall not meet with mine.  
Withhold thy proud embracements evermore :  
I'll not be swaddled in those arms of thine.

Now show it if thou be a woman right,—  
Embrace and kiss and love me in despatch."

*Finis. Tho ; Camp :*

"BEAUTY WITHOUT LOVE DEFORMITY.

"Thou art not fair for all thy red and white,  
 For all those rosy temperatures in thee ;  
 Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,  
 Nor fair nor sweet unless thou pity me.  
 Thine eyes are black, and yet their glittering brightness  
 Can night enlume in her darkest den ;  
 Thy hands are bloody, though<sup>1</sup> contrived of whiteness,  
 Both black and bloody, if they murder men ;  
 Thy brows, whereon my good hap doth depend,  
 Fairer than snow or lily in the spring ;  
 Thy tongue which saves (?) at every sweet word's end,  
 That hard as marble, this a mortal sting :  
 I will not soothe thy follies, thou shalt prove  
 That Beauty is no Beauty without Love."

*Finis. Idem.*

p. 17, XVI. *Mistress, since you so much desire*.—Cf. the song "Beauty, since you so much desire" in the *Fourth Book of Airs*, XXII. pp. 128-9.

p. 18, XVII. *Your fair looks*.—There is another version (far better) of this song in the *Fourth Book of Airs*, XXIII, pp. 129-130.

p. 19, XVIII. *The man of life upright*.—This poem (which was reprinted with some textual variations in *Two Books of Airs*, p. 47) has been wrongly attributed to Bacon.

p. 19, XVIII. 11. *Vaults*] old form of "vaults."

p. 21, XX. 4. *White Iope*.—Campion had in his mind a passage of Propertius, II. 28 :—

"Sunt apud infernos tot millia formosarum :  
 Pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis.  
 Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro,  
 Vobiscum Europe, nec proba Pasiphae."

p. 43. *Francis Earl of Cumberland*.—Francis Clifford, fourth Earl of Cumberland, succeeded in 1605 his brother George Clifford, third Earl, the well-known naval adventurer. He died in 1641.

<sup>1</sup> MS. "thoughts."

p. 47, l. 4. *a stray*] Cf. Drayton's *The Cryer* :—

" If you my heart do see,  
Either impound it for a *stray*  
Or send it back to me."

p. 47, l. 7. *recure*] cure.

p. 57, XIV. 16. *the ground*] a musical term,—the air in which variations were played.

p. 62, XX. 19. *tuttyes*] nosegays.

p. 67, III. *Harden now thy tired heart*, &c.—Cf. Catullus, VIII., *Ad Se Ipsum*, ll. 11-19, "*Sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura*," &c.

p. 74, XI. 4. *sure*] affianced.

p. 79, XVI. *Though your strangeness*.—This song is printed, with some textual variations, in Robert Jones's *Musical Dream*, 1609. See *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-book*, 1887, pp. 134-5.

p. 93, VII. 2. *Keeps no day*.—The poet is comparing his mistress to a smooth-spoken debtor who promises to pay at a certain date and does not keep his promise.

p. 94, VIII. *O grief, O spite*, &c.—One is reminded of Shakespeare's sonnet, "*Tired with all these*," &c.

p. 102, XVIII. *Thrice toss these oaken ashes*.

This poem was included in the 1633 edition of Joshua Sylvester's works, among the "*Remains never till now imprinted*." Sylvester has not a shadow of claim to it. There is a MS. copy of it in Harleian MS. 6910, fol. 150, where it is correctly assigned to Campion. The MS. gives it in the form of a sonnet :—

" Thrice toss those oaken ashes in the air,  
And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot ;  
Thrice sit you down in this enchanted chair,  
And murmur soft ' She will or she will not.'  
Go, burn those poisoned weeds in that blue fire,  
This cypress gathered out a dead man's grave,  
These screech-owl's feathers and the prickling briar,  
That all thy thorny cares an end may have.  
Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round  
Dance in a circle, let my love be centre !

Melodiously breathe an enchanted sound :  
Melt her hard heart that some remorse may enter !  
In vain are all the charms I can devise ;  
She hath an art to break them with her eyes."

p. 111, l. 20. *All these songs are mine, if you express them well.*—Campion is borrowing from Martial, 1. xxxix. :—

"Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine, libellus :  
Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus."

p. 114, V. 9. *the Pawn*] A corridor serving as a bazaar in the Royal Exchange (Gresham's).

p. 116, VII. *There is a garden.*—This poem is found in Alison's *Hour's Recreation*, 1606, and Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (1608).

p. 119, XI. 8. *diseased*] put to discomfort.

p. 124, XVII. *I must complain.*

In Christ Church MS. 1, 5, 49, there is a copy of this song which differs considerably from the printed text. After the first stanza the MS. reads :—

"Thus my complaints from her untruth arise,  
Accusing her and nature both in one ;  
For beauty stained is but a false disguise,  
A common wonder that is quickly gone,  
And false fair souls cannot for all their feature,  
Without a true heart make a true fair creature.

What need'[s]t thou plain if thou be still rejected ?  
The fairest creature sometime may prove strange :  
Continual plaints will make thee still rejected,  
If that her wanton mind be given to range :  
And nothing better fits a man's true parts  
Than to disdain t'encounter fair false hearts."

The song is also found (with the same text as in Campion's Song-book) in Dowland's *Third Book of Songs or Aires*, 1603.

p. 124, XVIII. *Think'st thou to seduce me then.*—The following version of this song is given in William Corkine's *Airs*, 1610 :—



"Think you to seduce me so with words that have no meaning?

Parrots can learn so to speak, our voice by pieces glean-  
ing :

Nurses teach their children so about the time of weaning.

Learn to speak first, then to woo : to wooing much  
pertaineth.

He that hath not art to hide soon falters when he  
feigneth,

And as one that wants his wits, he smiles when he  
complaineth.

If with wit we be deceived, our falls may be excused :

Seeming good with flattery graced is but of few refused,

But of all accused are they that are by fools abused."

p. 133, l. 13. *Cunctatosque olim*, &c.—Campion fulfilled his promise by writing a masque (see p. 195) in celebration of the marriage of the Count Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth.

p. 134, l. 15. *dare*] dazzle.

p. 135, l. 55. *T'explore a passage*, &c.—On 26th July, 1612, King James appointed Prince Henry "supreme protector" of the expedition (fitted out by the Muscovy Company and East India Company) for the discovery of the North-West Passage (*Cal. State Papers Colon.*, 1513-1616, 616).

p. 142, l. 6. *With doubts late by a kingly pen decided*.—There may be a particular reference to King James' *Premonition to all most mighty Monarchs, Kings, Free Princes and States of Christendom*, 1609, written against Bellarmine.

p. 149, l. 2. *bandora*] a musical instrument resembling a guitar.

p. 149, l. 3. *sackbut*] bass trumpet.

p. 149, l. 6. *consorts*] bands of musicians.

p. 149, l. 18. *state*] chair of state.

p. 160, l. 8. *lese*] lose.

p. 173, l. 14. *by the great*] wholesale.

p. 179, l. 7. *The house is fairly built of brick*.—"This fair brick house was pulled down in the reign of

George the First by the then possessor, Earl Cadogan, who erected the present elegant structure somewhat further from the Thames, and built a cedar room for the reception of the monarch. Capability Brown was employed in laying out the beautiful grounds. For a view and description of the modern house see Neale's *Seats*, New Series, Vol. 1.—*Nichols*.

p. 179, l. 11. *earable land*] corn-land.

p. 179, l. 12. *flight-shots*] *Flight* was a light far-flying arrow. *Flight-shot* was about a fifth of a mile.

p. 179, l. 15. *bases*] skirts.

p. 182, l. 18. *Monmouth-caps*] the name of a kind of flat cap.

p. 182, l. 24. *wings*] appendages to the shoulders of a doublet.

p. 184, l. 23. *coranto*] a quick lively dance.

p. 185, l. 10. *caroch*] coach.

p. 185, l. 20. *gamachios*] "*Gamashes*. The term was formerly applied to a kind of loose drawers or stockings worn outside the legs over the other clothing."—*Halliwel*.

p. 188, l. 18. *a hall*] *i. e.* make way, give room!

p. 192, l. 25. *a rich bag with linen*, &c.—"The presents are described in Mr. Chamberlain's letter as 'a dainty coverled or quilt, a rich carquet, and a curious cabinet to the value in all of £1500.'"—*Nichols*.

p. 198, l. 19. *curace*] old form of "*cuirass*."

p. 199, l. 22. *affects*] properties, qualities.

p. 200, l. 9. *Come quickly, come! thy stars*, &c.—Cf.

p. 80. "Come quickly, come! the promised hour," &c.

p. 203, l. 18. *states*] persons of rank.

p. 206, l. 5. *purchased*] stolen.

p. 208, l. 11. *numerous*] keeping time.

p. 217, l. 14. *M. Constantine, an Italian*.—"To Constantine de Servi, Prince Henry assigned a yearly pension of £200 in July, 1612."—*Nichols*.

p. 222, l. 12. *The descriptions of Plato and Catullus*.—See *Plato De Re Publica*, 617, d, and *Catullus De Nuptiis Pelei et Thetidis*.

p. 231. *The Lord Buckhurst*. Thomas Sackville, first Baron Buckhurst created Earl of Dorset, 13th March, 1603, d. 1608; author of the famous *Induction* to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and part-author of *Gorboduc*.

From the present dedication we learn that he had written other things that were not published.

p. 232, l. 1. *take in worth*] receive kindly.

p. 233, l. 4. *a termmer*] a name for those who visited London in term-time, the fashionable season.

p. 233, l. 6. *some will redeem me*.—Here Campion is imitating Persius ("Quis leget hæc? min' tu istud ais?" &c.), who was a favourite with the Elizabethan poets.

p. 236, l. 19. *rime*.—The notion that *rime* or *rhyme* was derived from *rhythmus* is of course erroneous.

p. 237, l. 26. *prælia porcorum*.—Campion is referring to the *Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium poetam* [Joan. Leonem] originally published in 1530. It begins:—

"Plaudite, porcelli; porcorum pigra propago."

p. 238, l. 13. *Carmina proverbialia*.—A volume of riming Latin proverbs entitled *Carminum proverbialium . . . Loci Communes in gratiam juventutis selecti* was published in London, 1577, 8vo., and passed through many editions.

p. 238, l. 15. *bables*] old form of *bawbles*.

p. 238, l. 25. *epitaphs upon the death of a singing-man at Westminster*.—Here Campion seems to have made a slip. More's epitaphs were on a singing-man at Abingdon. The riming epitaph begins:—

"Hic jacet Henricus, semper pietatis amicus !

Nomen Abingdon erat, si quis sua nomina quaerat."

p. 239, l. 5. *Procrustes the thief*.—Ben Jonson remembered this passage when in conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, "He cursed Petrarch for reducting verses into sonnets, which, he said, was like that tyrant's bed where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short."

p. 240, l. 7. *one short and one long, as amôr*.—An unlucky example this; for the second syllable of *amor* is short.

p. 244, l. 15. *numerous*] tuneful. *paised*] weighed.

p. 251, fourth Epigram. *beaten satin*] satin on which strips of gold (or silver) were stamped in low relief.

p. 251, fifth Epigram. *huffcap ale*] a term for strong ale.

p. 251, eighth Epigram.—In spite of Campion's assertion that "though sometimes under a known name I have shadowed a feigned conceit, yet it is done without reference or offence to any person," this epigram plainly refers to Barnabe Barnes and Gabriel Harvey.

p. 253, l. 18. *liver*] formerly supposed to be the seat of love.

p. 255, fourth Epigram.—Cf. the last two stanzas of "The man of life upright," p. 20.

p. 255, fifth Epigram.—Again the reference is to Barnabe Barnes, and the same remark applies to the seventh Epigram,

p. 259, l. 18. *jet*] strut.







